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THE GARDEN OF THE SUN

ROUTE NOTES IN SICILY

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WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

PART I

THERE are some lands which have always laid a spell upon the mind, upon the imagination, upon the heart. Greece, above all other countries, has entranced the mind. The imagination has ever loved the East—Egypt, the Indies, forgotten Asia, the almost as mysterious Asia of to-day. For most of us, the homeland is the country of the heart; for many, it may be, it is Palestine, where was lighted the fire at which the hearts of incalculable millions are still warmed. Others are content to say, with Emerson in the fine essay on "Heroism," "That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds." But, above all other lands, there is one which has at once impressed the mind, the imagination, and the heart of Western peoples. When a famous poet declared that on his heart would be found engraven the word *Italy*, the words voiced the emotion of a multitude in every country of Europe and in the great Northern continent oversea.

To see Sicily—the old "Garden of the Sun," as the poets have loved to call it—is not to see Italy, though there may be a measure of truth in Goethe's remark, that not to know Sicily is not to know Italy. In a sense one might more truly say of Sicily, that not to know it is not to know Greece. In another sense, however, we have in this most beautiful of islands the intensification of Italy: whatever is most Italian is in evidence here, though it is Italian of the South and not of the North. What a gulf divides them is known only to those familiar with the whole peninsula.

Two thirds of the travelers to Sicily come by one of the three routes from Naples. Voyagers nervous of even a single night passage naturally prefer the express train which leaves Naples every evening for Reggio, whence there is connection by steam-ferry with Messina for the north express to Palermo and the south to Syracuse. The drawbacks to this route are that, in winter and early spring especially, little or nothing is viewed of

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the beautiful scenery between Naples and the Straits of Messina—a fascinating journey, from the heights of La Cava and the shore-lands of Salerno, from the flats of Pompeii and Herculaneum and desolate Pæstum, to the wild and lovely coasts of Calabria, till the train rushes underneath rock-set Scylla, and beyond Charybdis Sicily rises like a dream. If, however, the traveler does not object to a slow and generally dirty train, as provisionless as the desolate stations stopped at frequently en route, and is willing to break the journey for the sake of what is to be seen on the way, he can leave Naples early in the morning, and reach Paola by five o'clock in the evening or Sta. Eufemia by seven. At either of these places accommodation is to be had, and notwithstanding the possibility of the frequent flea and his burly cousin, notwithstanding the inevitable mosquito, notwithstanding the sour bread and the execrable coffee, few travelers will regret the experiment. Discomforts are soon forgotten; but one never forgets the sunset in the Gulf of Policastro, the marvelous light on the coasts and headlands from Diamante to Monteleone, or sunrise breaking from the mountains of Calabria as the train slowly sweeps round the great promontory of Tropea, with the Æolian Isles—the Isole di Lipari of to-day—like vast sapphires and amethysts rising from the sun-swept sea.

Of the two sea-routes from Naples, that to Palermo is the better, and can be depended upon nightly. Steamers to Messina sail on an average from four to five times a week. In each case landing has to be effected in small boats, a disagreeable experience if the morning be wet, and as regards the clamorous and rapacious boatmen invariably disagreeable, at any rate for travelers not fluent in Italian. If the season of the trip be December or January, it will be better to take Taormina and the east and southeast coast first, and to return via Palermo by steamer to Naples nightly, or via the north coast of Sicily by morning train to Messina, and thence nightly by the north express from Reggio, or by the Naples steamer. At this season Palermo is apt to be cold and wet, or, if Sicilians in general and Palermitans in particular should consider this libelous, at least the beautiful capital of Sicily is sure to know spells of cold and damp about this time, when Syracuse and Girgenti are bathed in radiant warmth and when Taormina is rejoicing in her divine Christmas-summer. So far as regards what is to be seen, local times and convenience and the like, it matters little whether one begins at Messina, and goes thence to Palermo, and so round to Messina again by Syracuse and Taormina, or vice versa. The routes either way, with the cross-routes, lend themselves equally to the traveler's convenience—to the traveler's inconvenience, he will generally add, after efforts to see Segesta, Selinunte, Eryx, and other famous but remote localities. Two months should be allowed for Sicily by those who wish to see the greater part of the island; but of course the chief places can be visited within a couple of weeks, if needs must.

There are three great routes for the ordinary traveler: the north-coast line, from Messina to Palermo, via Tyndaris, the gem of the northern, as Taormina is of the eastern, coast, and Cefalù; the east-coast line, from Messina to Syracuse, via Taormina, Catania, and Augusta; and the central line, from Palermo, via Castrogiovanni (Enna), to Catania. Besides these, there are the branch routes from Sta. Caterina (Xirbi), via the central line, to Girgenti; the south-coast line, via Licata, Terranova, and picturesque Ragusa and Modica, to Syracuse; and the southwestern line, to Marsala and Trapani. Finally there is the picturesque, superbly beautiful, and fascinating mountain-line round Etna, from Giarre Riposto, via Linguaglossa, medieval Randazzo, picturesque Bronte, and so round to Catania.

For convenience' sake, let us give precedence to the route from Messina by the north coast to Palermo. But first a few words as to the famous town of Messina itself, for the majority of visitors the first glimpse of Sicily. And what an impression it can be, whether we approach the ancient Zancle by sea from Naples or catch a first glimpse of it across the narrow straits from Scylla as the train sweeps round that beautiful rocky headland toward Reggio. In certain mornings it lies like a vast magnolia trailed on lovely slopes and serrated heights: it is preeminently, from a distance, a white city.

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

AT THE DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT MESSINA

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

CHATTERING WOMEN AROUND A FOUNTAIN AT FARO

In situation it has few rivals in the whole world; its climate is of the best to be had in southern Italy; it has beautiful architecture and many interests: and yet Messina remains the least known of all the cities of Sicily, or, for that matter, of Italy. Thousands pass through it annually, but perhaps only a few score at most spend more than a day within its precincts. Residentially, it is incomparably superior to Catania, the dreariest of Italian cities. A stay in Messina might well be delightful, and the visitor interested in the art and history of Sicily and of Greece might find days slip into weeks. Unfortunately there is a large "might." Life is not agreeable for the stranger here. The Messinese are poor, and they look upon foreigners as divinely sent objects, in themselves unpleasant and unwelcome, for persistent exploitation. The best hotels are indifferent. The streets are dirty, and though the air of Messina is as good as when of old Hygeia was worshiped here as one of the two guardian deities of the city, the rheumatic and neuralgic complain of enhanced pains, due, no doubt, to the cold currents of air which course the straits, delightful in summer, but very trying in winter. Though Messina is very different from the disheveled town which Goethe found it more than a hundred years back, it is still as dirty and disagreeable as Naples was until a few years ago. The municipality, however, is doing its best to improve the general conditions, and in a few years "the sickle-shaped city" will, no doubt, attract innumerable visitors. Some idea of the difficulty which meets any effort at reform may be gained from the fact that consequent on the effort to suppress or materially modify the curse of professional mendicancy, there is a regular ferry, a kind of coöperative union, of beggars from the opposite shores of Calabria, who cross daily and cheerfully pay the small tariff of the brief passage of the straits. To look at Messina from the water, one can well think of it as the scene of Keats's beautiful "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," or even as that lordly Greco-Italian city which the insatiable Verres despoiled, where dwelled that Mæcenas of Sicily, Caius Heius, the wealthy amateur who, among many other treasures of art, including the most valuable tapestry of the ancient world, owned the famous Eros of Praxiteles, the Hercules of Myron, and the Canephoræ of Polycleitus. But, ashore, disillusion waits. Again, too, when the visitor is astonished to see so few remains of the ancient city of the Normans, the Romans, the Mamertines, the Greeks, the Sikels, one must wonder, rather, that there is anything of either

ancient Messana or later Messina left at all. No place in Europe has endured such a continuity of disastrous vicissitude. Since its prehistoric origin till its latest cholera epidemic, this beautiful town has been so often all but destroyed that it might be called the Phenix city.

There is more than enough of interest in Messina to detain the visitor who has inclination and leisure for the study of new aspects of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Many of the churches are notably fine, and some have distinguishing features, or contents so remarkable as to make any neglect of them regrettable. In particular one should see the picturesque Abbadiazza,—or " 'Badiazza," as it is locally called,—the ruins of a Benedictine monastery dating from the twelfth century, and one of the finest examples of Norman architecture in Sicily. It is a visit that is well worth the effort even on the part of travelers indifferent to architectural interest, because of the picturesque surroundings and the lovely view down the Torrente di S. Francesco di Paolo and over the crowding groves of lemon and orange. The famous cathedral is more easily visited, even if one has only an hour or two in Messina. Despite lightning, earthquake, and the ravage of siege after siege since its foundation in A.D. 900, the great church still stands, though much of it is modern. The beautiful façade, however, with its three richly decorated portals, dates from the fourteenth century. Among the most celebrated items of interest are the details of the principal portal, where intricate beauty of florid ornament may be seen at its higest; the high altar, a mass of precious stones, and a splendid example of the art of marble inlaying; and the ancient Madonna, attributed to St. Luke, with, below it, a copy of the world-famous letter given by the Virgin herself, as all good Messinians believe, to the city of Messina. Among the citizens most of the poorer folk, it is said, believe that this letter is the original, and no incongruity is observed in this sheet of paper written in heaven and filled with the divine concern in the hygienic and other municipal matters of this favored city. As the Madonna della Lettera, the Virgin Mary is the patron of both the cathedral and the

MAP OF THE ISLAND OF SICILY

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A KNIFE-GRINDER AT MESSINA

town, and to this day "Letter" is a common name for children of either sex born within the civic boundaries.

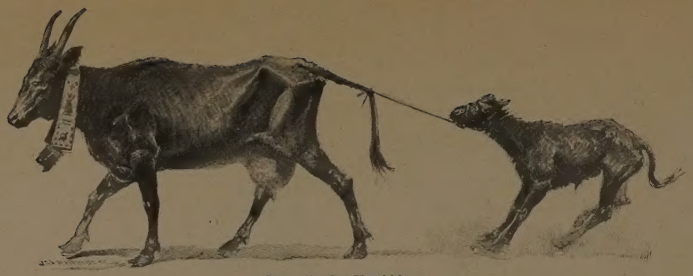
Of classical Messina almost nothing survives. The traveler will seek in vain for any remains of the great temples of Apollo and Aphrodite, of Zeus and Diana, of Castor and Pollux, of Janus, of Poseidon, of the great fane of Orion. Surely, he may think, something at least will be visible of that magnificent temple of Hercules of which Cicero wrote so glowingly, and that even down to the beginning of the seventeenth century was not only extant, but an object of pilgrimage on the part of enthusiasts throughout Europe. Unfortunately not a vestige survives. It is bad enough when to earthquake or eruption or the barbarism of war is attributable the disappearance or ruin of ancient monuments, but how much worse when this misfortune is due to the ignorance and folly of man! In 1605 this great temple, built in remote ages to symbolize the union of the first citizens of Zancle and the Peloponnesian settlers from Messene, was wilfully destroyed in order to make the indifferent street now called the Via Primo Settembre, and at the time of the outrage the Via d'Austria. Every trace of the great temple disappeared. When Goethe came to Messina in 1787 there was not a man who could point to a single stone and say that it was from the celebrated fane of Hercules. The rediscovery of the site even was due to laborers in the employ of the municipal waterworks, when, too, besides the foundations, the level of the ancient road was found some six feet below that of the present street.

For the visitor not deeply interested in the things of the past, Messina is still worth a day or two's visit for the sake of what it has itself to offer—its lovely views, and the excursions that can be made from it, notably to the adjacent Faro at that narrowest part of the straits known to the ancients as Cape Pelorus, hard by the troubled waters of Charybdis, with rock-set Scylla gleaming opposite on its Calabrian eyrie, or to Reggio and the wooded heights of Aspromonte. Neither Naples nor the Foro Italico, or Marina, at Palermo can surpass the Marina of Messina (called also Palazzata and officially the Corso Vittorio Emanuele) in vividness of life and color and characteristic aspects of Italian maritime life. Nor has even Palermo any garden to surpass in splendor of outlook, or even to excel in semitropical luxuriance, the lovely garden of the Villa Rocca Guelfonia.

The best time and train to leave Messina, by the north-coast route, whether for Palermo or to stop en route at Milazzo (Mylai), Patti (for Tyndaris), or Cefalù (Kephalœdion), is to take what is known as the "Continental Express" at ten o'clock. This, it may be added, is the only train by which one can reach Trapani on the west coast in the same day. In late spring, or when the weather is too warm at midday for pleasant traveling, one will do better to leave by the early train at a quarter to five, for all that it stops at every station along the whole route. By this train, too, one could visit Tyndaris and the neighborhood and return by an afternoon train to Messina in time for dinner, if one does not wish to make the journey to Palermo this way, or intends to return by it as the final part of the circuit of the island. The fares are moderate, the cost for the whole distance from Messina to Palermo being under thirty francs first class. Of course the ideal way for this lovely route is by motor-car, by carriage, or, if there be any pedestrian tourists left nowadays, afoot. I can imagine no lovelier pedestrian trip in all Italy south of the two Rivieras.

When the train leaves Messina it at once deserts the coast and bisects the Peloritan peninsula, to emerge at Rometta on the northern shore, at the eastern end of the beautiful Gulf of Milazzo. From here onward the sea and a most lovely coast are on the right hand; to the left are the continuous picturesque hill-ranges of the Monti Peloritani, the Monti Nebrodi, and the magnificent mountain-group of the Madoniè, or Madonian Mountains. At the moment of emergence, too, one has an enchanting vision of the Lipari Isles, probably with Stromboli in eruption, for smoke is seldom absent from that restless volcano, and on most nights of the year it is a torch in the darkness for ships and steamers passing between Sicily and the mainland.

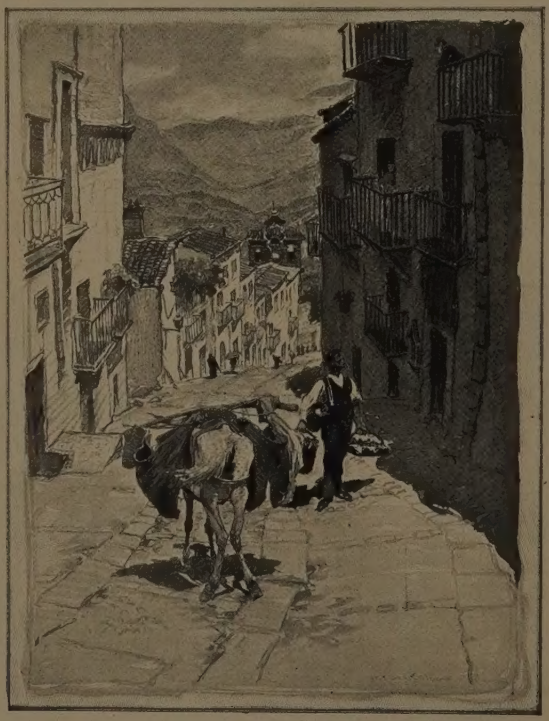
Milazzo is a fascinating place, whether one sees it from the train, walks along its lovely bay, or goes above the town and



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

TIED TO ITS MOTHER'S APRON-STRING

looks downward and far shoreward and seaward from the old *castello*. The not too particular visitor can manage at a decent inn here (the Villa Nuova), and will find Milazzo a convenient place not only from which to visit the Æolian Isles, but from which to drive to Tyndaris, or to make inland excursions to the wild and beautiful and almost unexplored Nebrodian and Peloritan highlands. As for the student of ancient history, he might well come here and remain a long while. Edward Freeman, when he was compiling the materials for his great history of Sicily, is reported to have said that one might devote years to the study and elucidation of the history of Milazzo alone. As Mylai, it had many vicissitudes in its early days, but did not become famous till Hiero II the Tyrant of Syracuse won (270 B.C.) his great battle over the Mamertines close by. It was in the Bay of Mylai that Rome first vanquished the till then supreme naval might of Carthage, a vic-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

A STREET IN MONREALE, PALERMO

tory largely due to the invention of the Roman admiral Duilius, who affixed a prominent bronze *corvus,* or beak, to each galley. Here, too, Augustus defeated Sextus Pompeius; and here, later, in A.D. 866, the Christian fleets went down before the greater Saracenic hosts. But the Italians of to-day have a not less notable event to commemorate; for it was at Milazzo that Garibaldi brought about the beginning of the end of the Bourbon dynasty in Italy, by his skilful hemming in and forcing General Bosco's army to surrender on July 20, 1860.

Tyndaris—that name of magic to the few who intimately know and love Sicily! How best to visit the Tindaro of to-day? Ordinarily, this is done by carriage or mules from the small station of Oliveri (reached by the early-morning train from Messina about seven o'clock—the "Continental Express" does not stop here) or from the town of Patti. But Patti is a dirty, malarious town, and even the best inn is of so execrable a nature that a single night's experience might well be considered too dear (and that in every sense of the term) an experience. The best way is to arrange with the superior of the Monastery of the Madonna del Tindaro, that loveliest site in Sicily, or at best rivaled only by Taormina. Here, if two days' notice be given, clean rooms and good, if very simple, food may be secured; and, if properly approached, the superior may even arrange for the travelers to be met at Patti or Oliveri. Otherwise, and quite imperatively if there be a lady in the party, the journey should be broken at Milazzo, and the excursion thence made either by carriage or by rowing-boat to the lovely sickle-like peninsula known of old to the Romans as the "Island of the Sun" and to the Greeks as the "Golden Chersonese."

It is almost impossible to avoid rhetoric in speaking of Tyndaris, and the temptation is the greater because it is so little known, so rarely visited. For the many hundreds now familiar with Taormina there are not as many scores who know its northern rival. It is not only in beauty that Tyndaris is the rival of Taormina, though it is without the magnificent dominance of Etna. Its Greek theater is larger in extent, though so much more ruinous; its Roman remains are superb; and its ancient walls are the most imposing in Sicily. The day is not far distant when the Tyndaris of to-day will become, especially in the late spring and summer, as frequented as is Taormina in the winter months. In midwinter there can be no question as to the superiority of the latter, with its southern exposure: but from April till November Tyndaris would have the advantage. The fascination and

Drawn by Jay Hambidge
Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A SARACENIC WATER-TOWER AT PALERMO

interest of this lovely spot, if felt at all, will be felt overwhelmingly. A lovelier view than that from the Madonna del Tindaro (on the site of the ancient temple of Cybele, or, as Freeman surmises, of the city's patron deities, Castor and Pollux) it would be difficult to name. Of the magnificent Roman building known as the Ginnasio Romano, which probably stood between the ancient agora and acropolis, so great an authority as Freeman asserts that the Roman has nowhere left a worthier monument of the building art than these bold and massive arches.

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

THE FOUNTAIN AND CLOISTERS AT MONREALE, PALERMO

Of the lovely Greco-Roman theater there is a consensus of opinion that it ranks next to those of Syracuse and Segesta, and there is none to dispute that the Greek walls are the finest in Sicily. One may ramble here in a flowery solitude of ruin, as at Selinunte or far-off Olympia, a wealth of flower-luxuriance almost equal to the Eden of the Etnean slopes behind Catania. Then, too, Tyndaris has its marvelous inland beauty—ravines and flowery uplands, lofty forest-clad hills, and vast barren mountains. From the Madonna del Tindaro (as in the instance of the great shrine in Algeria, a black Madonna, the object of veneration to pilgrims from every part of Italy and abroad) one will, with a sudden thrill, catch sight of a snow-covered cone rising above even the gigantic shoulders of the Nebrodian Mountains, and recognize Etna.

There is, in truth, hardly a place in the island where that majestic and noble mountain does not dominate the landscape—the "Mother of Snows" of Pindar, the Gibel Hathamet, or Hill of Fire, of the Moors, *la Montagna* (as if there were, in this country of mountains, only one mountain) of the Sicilians of to-day.

The express takes about two hours from Tyndaris (i.e. Patti) to Cefalù, along a route of great beauty, particularly at Caronia, the ancient Kalakte, "the Beautiful Shore," and in the neighborhood of Tusa, near which was the ancient Halaisa, one of the oldest towns in Sicily, a Sikel city founded by Archonides. The hamlet here is still called by its hardly altered ancient name, Alesa; and some day the archæologist-explorer will doubtless reveal much that is hidden among the earth-sunken ruins.

Cefalù is superbly situated, has much of the deepest value and interest, and ought to be one of the most delightful places to visit in Sicily. Unfortunately even its best *albergo*, the Hotel d'Italia, is not a very comfortable hostelry to put up at, and there are few towns in Sicily where the visitor is so persistently annoyed by squads of boys and battalions of beggars. If he has come from the south he may have thought nothing could be more disagreeable than his probable experience at Girgenti; if from Palermo, that after Monreale nowhere else could he be more solicited and worried. But at Cefalù the boys are as persistent and insolent as the worse *ragazzi* of Girgenti, or of Posilippo and other outskirts of Naples. It is the more regrettable as Cefalù would be an admirable center for excursions into the wild and lovely regions of the Madonian Mountains, to beautiful towns and localities such as Castelbuono and lovely and divine-aired Gibilmanna (a summer health-resort of the near future), or to ancient picturesque hill-cities such as the two Petralias. In the present circumstances all that can be recommended to the tourist is to make the excursion from Palermo. All in Cefalù can be seen with ample leisure if one takes the early-morning train from Palermo. The drawback to the more convenient forenoon train is that it arrives at the time of the siesta, when there is often difficulty or delay in obtaining admission to the cathedral and elsewhere, with, moreover, no return train till near seven, and then a tiresome nocturnal wait of at least an hour and a half en route at Termini, delaying arrival in Palermo till eleven P.M.

Although there are several interpretations of the meaning of the city's name, much the likeliest is that which identifies it with the Greek κεφαλή, head. A rocky headland dominates the modern town, and in ancient days supported the flourishing Greco-Sicilian city. There are two things in particular to attract the visitor. One is

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALATINE CHAPEL AT PALERMO

the magnificent gigantic mosaic of the head of Christ, the chief splendor in a splendor of unrestored mosaic, the loveliest to be seen even in Sicily, where the mosaics of Monreale have long had a world-wide fame. The other is the so-called historic building known as the Temple of Diana, hitherto thought to have been erected long before the first Dorian Greeks sent colonies to the remote insular "New Greece" in the northwest, and when probably the very name of Artemis was unknown among the Sikels.

For the first the visitor must make his way to the cathedral, an imposing building with a superb west front. The twelfth-century mosaics would be one of the wonders of the art-world but for the greater fame of those at Monreale. Perhaps among those who come here are some who have seen the Byzantine mosaic "Christ" at St. Mark's in Venice: they will be astonished to see a mosaic far greater and more impressive. In certain respects this Cefalù "Christ" is more impressive even than that at Monreale. In expression there is a singular likeness to a noble Christ mosaic I saw last year in the Monastery of Daphni, on the old Eleusinian Sacred Road near Athens. As to the so-called prehistoric temple, which may easily be reached by a steep climb behind Cefalù, archæologists differ, though all agree that it is the most ancient monument of its kind and style to be found in Sicily. By some it is ascribed to the Homeric age; others are content to speak of it as Mycenæan; Freeman, a good, but, in archæology, perhaps a prejudiced authority, considered it to be Sikelian.[1] It is in its kind more impressive than anything I have seen since the primitive houses of Mycenæ above the Argolic plain, or Argive Tiryns, those supreme remains of the Pelasgic race in Greece. It is to Greece, too,—to the great convent of Mount Athos,—that the student must go if he would see anything superior to the mosaic art of Cefalù cathedral.

If the traveler has been staying overnight at Cefalù, he can pleasantly visit Termini Imerese (the ancient Himera) en route to Palermo, by taking the train at 9:30, which reaches Termini about an hour later, whence again he may leave for the capital about a quarter to three, and reach it within an hour. But it is most conveniently to be visited from Palermo itself. No doubt it is the student of history who will be most anxious to see where ancient Himera stood—Himera and its baths, the Thermæ Himeræ. What a pleasure to such a one, no doubt, to take the waters at the spring of the Acque Sante—or Acque del Binuto, as officially styled—and to remember how Roman, Carthaginian, and Greek extolled them; how Pindar praised them early in the fifth century B.C.; and how Hellenic legend relates the refreshment of Hercules by the nymphs of these healing waters when he was wearied by his titanic task of driving the cattle of Geryon. But of course the great memory at Himera is of the world-famous victory of Gelon of Syracuse and Theron of Acragas (Girgenti) over the first Hamilcar and his 300,000 Carthaginians—one of the greatest of Greek victories, and won, it is said, on the same day that the Greeks of Hellas itself gained their supreme triumph over the Persian host at Salamis. A day, indeed, for the Hellenic race! One shrinks from speculation as to what different destiny the peoples of Europe would have endured if on that September day, 480 years B.C., the three hundred ships of the Athenians and their allies had not destroyed the vast Persian navy of a thousand vessels, or if the barbaric host of Hamilcar had definitely submerged the might and glory of Hellas oversea.

Half an hour or so after leaving Termini Imerese the train leaves the beautiful Golfo di Cefalù, bisects the headland of Cape Zaffarano, and comes to the eastern side of the immense bay of Palermo, with the capital on the western shore, white, radiant, beautiful, the Conca d'Oro at her feet, the vast and magnificent rocky headland of Monte Pellegrino behind.

Of Palermo it is needless to write here in detail. Every voyager to Sicily (unless the invalid consigned to Taormina and no farther) will of course visit the

[1] Until within three years, it has been the habit to attach impressively early dates to all buildings in the polygonal, or cyclopean style. Conclusive evidence from excavations now in progress reveals that this style continued in Italy far into the republican period. The present remains indeed present us with a rough, but good Doric cornice above the door.—THE EDITOR.

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A WATER-VENDER AT PALERMO.—"AQUA! AQUA!"

capital. A true capital it is, too, unlike many of the chief towns of the smaller European states and ducal realms. The Palermitans claim that it is as animated as Naples, as metropolitan as Rome, as beautiful as Florence, as great an intellectual center as Bologna, as important a commercial mart as Milan, and that as a port it will some day be the Genoa of the south. It is doubtful if Italians from these cities, or foreigners familiar with them, would recognize the particular

Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

MARBLE-SAWYERS AT PALERMO

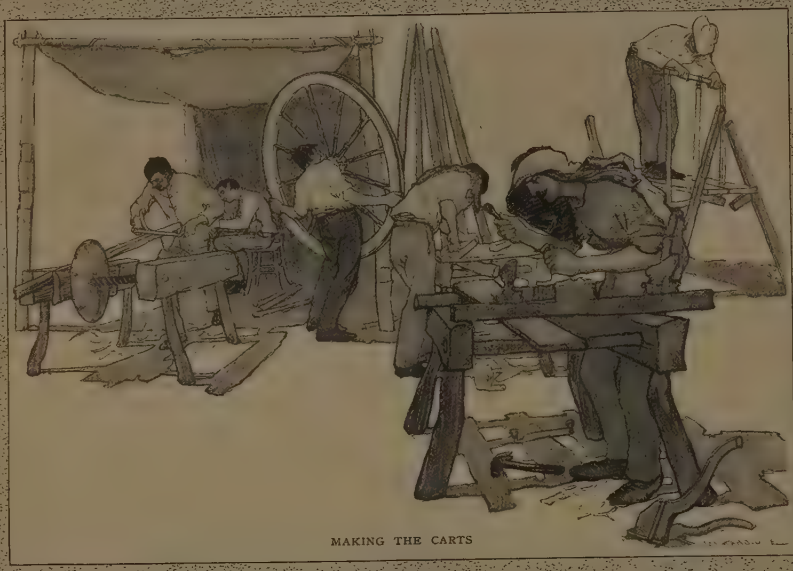
claim. Unquestionably the Sicilian capital is metropolitan, animated, beautiful, an intellectual center, a commercial town, a prosperous port; but in all this it is Palermo and no other place. No need to claim comparison in beauty with any city, with that superb view from the Foro Italico, or the Marina, embracing what many agree in considering the loveliest bay and shore and mountain background in Europe.

As a matter of fact, however, the Palermitans have still much to do before their city will become as delectable as they believe it. The streets are dirty, and in bad weather become intolerably muddy; its narrow pavements are overcrowded; and strangers are still continually harassed by beggars and touts of all kinds, and almost as exasperatingly by the peripatetic cabmen, who seem to be under the impression that the *forestieri* cannot or should not walk even the shortest distance. The shopkeepers, too, are worthy rivals of the Neapolitans in extortionate demand and troublesome bargaining, though many have already found, as in Milan, Florence, and Rome, that the system of reasonable and fixed prices answers best.

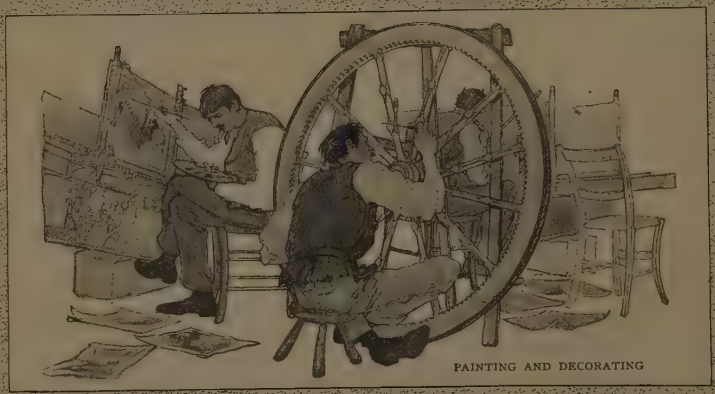
But what a beautiful and delightful city it is in radiant weather, such as generally prevails even in winter and may almost be counted on from the end of February! It has a thousand interests to appeal to almost every taste, and is the best center for many of the finest excursions in Sicily. Palermo has, too, what Syracuse, Girgenti, and Taormina lack: ample evening amusement for those who desire the relief or entertainment of the theater, of the opera, concerts, balls, and the like. In late spring and early summer it is worth crossing Europe to visit the Foro Italico at night, when the well-to-do populace is enjoying coffee, ices, cigarettes, gossip, and flirtation under the palms and oleanders, with the sigh of the sea rising from the purple-dark moonlit gulf, the evening star like a lamp above Monte Pellegrino, and the fireflies weaving their luminous mazes under the boughs of pine and pepper-tree or round the dark-green columns of the cypress.

Murray's and Baedeker's, Joanne's and

SICILIAN CARTS



MAKING THE CARTS



PAINTING AND DECORATING

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

Treves's, guide-books, and many volumes of all kinds down to Mr. Douglas Sladen's latest and invaluable dictionary of Sicily, will tell the visitor to Palermo all he ought to see. Days will not suffice for, and weeks will not exhaust, the many things of charm and interest.

Of the many places which can be conveniently visited from Palermo, apart from Cefalù and Himera and other resorts already referred to, and excluding Monreale and picturesque Old-World Bagheria as "suburban," the best worth seeing of those reachable within an hour or so by carriage or motor-trip or on horseback is Solanto, the Soluntum of the Romans, the Solus of the Greeks. The Pompeii of Sicily, as it is often called, can also be reached by train to Bagheria, but this involves a tiring walk of three miles each way (carriages are not always to be had at the station) : for though there is a station at Sta. Flavia Solunto (a mile from the ruins), the only day-train which stops there does not leave Palermo till three in the afternoon, and the first train back is about 10:30 P.M. Moreover, the approach by carriage constitutes a charming drive, and the fine air becomes a delight as one mounts, beyond the modern village of Solanto, to the slopes of Monte Catalfano, on which the ancient city stood, looking down on the great bay of Himera and facing rock-set Cefalù on the east.

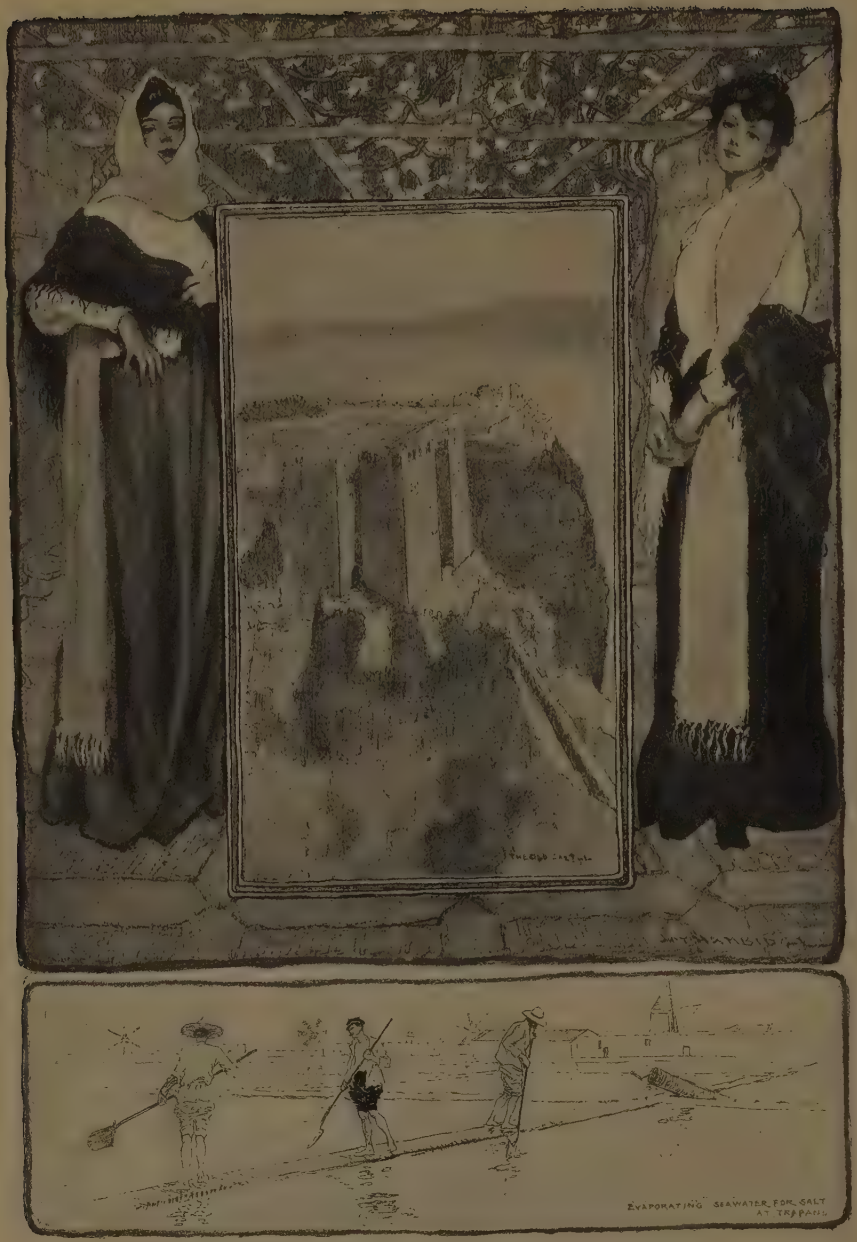
Some idea of the antiquity of Solanto, a fortress-town founded by the Phenicians in a prehistoric period, may be gained from the legendary association with it of that Hiram, King of Tyre, who was King Solomon's admiral. Visitors who go to it under the impression that they will see an unveiled city of the dead like Pompeii will be disappointed: for, like most arbitrary comparisons, that of Pompeii and Solanto is misleading. Here, however, one may see the remains of the Roman city, and be able to gain some idea of its site and extent, if not of its magnificence. Here and there are imposing remains, as the beautiful portico of a Roman temple or other edifice now rightly or wrongly called the Ginnasio. But to see the famous statue of Jupiter and the archaic and profoundly interesting figure of Isis, discovered at Solanto in 1825, and other treasure-trove, it is not necessary to leave Palermo, as all can be seen at the great museum there, in some respects the most fascinating archæological collection in all Italy.

Apart from those who can afford motor-trips or make long carriage-excursions, visitors to western Sicily will do best to keep to Palermo as headquarters. This is easier and in the long run cheaper, as well as vastly more comfortable, particularly for ladies, than the traveling and cross-traveling by slow trains at awkward hours to shed-like stations in isolated localities where, often, even a third-rate *albergo* is invisible, or, when existent, of a nature so intolerable that much archæological and historical enthusiasm is necessary to meet the temporary evil with equanimity. This is still more obviously the case in the instance of visits to places such as Corleone (formerly the Arabic town Korlioun) or Piana dei Greci, the interesting survival of a settlement of Albanian Greeks, who still maintain a corrupt Greek dialect, many Greek customs, and, on occasion, the picturesque Albanian costume.

The three chief places to visit from Palermo are Segesta, Selinunte, and (via Marsala) Trapani. Girgenti is more conveniently taken when en route for Catania (and north and south of it), via the great central railway through Castrogiovanni (Enna), "the navel of Sicily," or for the long circuitous, and tedious south-coast route, via Licata and Modica, to Syracuse.

Marsala of sherry fame in modern days, and prosperous and historically interesting Trapani, do not come into the itinerary of two thirds of the visitors to western Sicily. That each is well worth a visit is indisputable, but where there is so much else to see of greater importance and interest, and where time and means have to be considered, they can better be omitted than Segesta or Selinunte or Castrogiovanni, and, for the ordinary traveler, Girgenti above all. All those, however, for whom classic and scholarly interests are paramount, will desire to visit Trapani in order to see the superb site of ancient Eryx, the modern Monte San Giuliano, 2465 feet above the sea ; and here, too, should come those who above all else delight in natural beauty, in all magnificent aspects of sea and land.

It is because of immemorial Eryx that most visitors come so far. The lover of Virgil will delight to find himself on fa-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

MONTE SAN GIULIANO AND THE SALT POOLS AT TRAPANI

miliar ground here; for almost the whole of the fifth book of the Æneid has Trapani and the region for background; and the historical student of the prolonged and momentous struggle between Rome and Carthage for the dominion of the world will recognize at every point something of deep interest or suggestion. If an enthusiast, and able to spend a few days in this region, he may enjoy a visit to Favignana or Levanzo or other of the Isole Egadi, the Ægatian Islands, lying off western Sicily, where was fought that great naval battle between the fleets of Rome and Carthage which not only terminated the first Punic War, but (though not thus recognized at the time) was the beginning of the end of the once omnipotent African dominion. To sportsmen these islands have particular appeal, for nowhere can the tunny-fishing which is the great maritime Sicilian industry be so well observed and participated in; and, moreover, nowhere in the south is such good quail-shooting to be had. A singular instance of what is known as rhythmic sequence in migration will interest the naturalist. The Ægatian Islands are right in the track of the great migration route, and it is a proved fact, as well as a long tradition, that the quail-flocks invariably pass over the island of Levanzo going north, and as invariably pass over the island of Favignana coming south. The botanist will find on these two islands, as also on Marittimo and Ægusa, certain plants and a few flowers for which he may look in vain on the mainland.

Except in winter or early spring, it is not advisable for those who wish to visit Eryx to do so afoot by the shorter by-road, as sometimes recommended. Hardy walkers, habituated to a southern sun, can manage it in about two and a half hours. Even for these, however, there is risk in arriving tired and hot at the goal, nearly 2500 feet above the sea, where a cold wind often blows, especially after a snowfall on Etna and the central highlands.

Like Taormina or Tyndaris, Eryx is one of the places where the traveler may come without any special interest in the past, the present affording so much beauty and fascination. Such a one would of course enjoy a visit in the summer or early autumn preëminently, for at this season Monte San Giuliano is frequented by Sicilians and foreigners from Trapani, Marsala, Syracuse, Catania, and Palermo, to escape the fierce and enervating heats of the lowlands; and of course it is then to be seen in an amusing and characteristic aspect such as is never disclosed to the winter tourist.

The shrine of Venus at Eryx was the most famous of the ancient world. Legend has it that the prehistoric Pelasgic people worshiped a great goddess, the same goddess of Love or Death, or of Love and Death, whom the Elymian and other inhabitants of antique Sicily worshiped here at this same mountain-shrine, whom the Greeks worshiped here through ages as Aphrodite, whom the dark peoples of Phenicia and Carthaginia worshiped here as Astarte or Ashtoreth, whom the Romans worshiped here as Venus, her shrine "in splendor, wealth, and beauty far surpassing all the other temples of Sicily" (as the admirable Murray will inform the visitor), and whom, to-day, the Sicilians unknowingly revere in the disguise of the Madonna. Even in Roman days, when some of the greatest of ancient shrines were treated cavalierly, Eryx was so highly esteemed that the Senate voted the maintenance of a guard of two hundred soldiers. The most beautiful women, the daughters often of the greatest families in Sicily, were proud to become Erycinian priestesses. To-day one has to look down from the ruined sanctuary and see much with the eye of faith; but the visitor may still lean from a fallen Roman column or Greek temple-corner or Carthaginian wall, or stand on rude Elymian masonry, and see those very lower slopes, the veritable scene, so beautifully described in the Æneid. To-day, as then, the supreme shrine of Idalian Venus may be considered the goal of countless numbers from all parts of the world. All has gone, but not the great legend, not the wonder, the beauty. The city is lost under a medieval name, and the priests of Astarte and of Venus have given way to the priests of the Madonna of the Seven Sorrows: but Eryx is still on its unchanging heights "near the stars."

BION AND ADONAIS

(SHELLEY AND KEATS)

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

BION sang Adonais to his rest,
Who, then, swift beckoning from no earthly shore
Drew, soon, the soul from out the singer's breast:
The dust of both two Roman grave-mounds store.
There, once, I deem I heard the Muse outpour
Her fond lamentings. . . . Nor had I been loath
My life to give, might they but live once more!
Bion and Adonais!—by my troth,
If I were Moschus, I would dare to sing them both!

II

So might I tell how, once, upon the air
That set a-tremble the cool ivy leaves
(Wherewith our Bion's couch is spread so fair),
A Voice went forth: "For mine, a world-heart grieves,
And, bending here, the more itself deceives!
My heart-of-hearts[1] knows not the burial urn,
Nor darkness that the wizard Spring o'erweaves,
But lives, instinct, in later breasts that burn,—
In singing loves that toward the mount of vision turn!"

III

And I would witness how the low-laid lyre,
Though dark with rust and many winters' rain,
The watchful, unseen Muse does yet inspire
To wake, for yearning ears, its olden strain.

[1] "Cor cordium," the inscription on Shelley's tombstone.

There, as I stood, again, and yet again,
A golden fervor shook the broken string,
And golden was the purport: "Not in vain,
O Pilgrim, to yon tenderest legend cling;
For I was tuned to Love, and, still, of Love must sing!"

IV

And once, my foot was on the very stair
That Adonais climbed, with strength outworn;
I paced that room where the hush'd midnight air
Received his parting sigh—"not all forlorn!"
Thus, to my thought, a Voice made answer, borne,
With liquid soothings, from the street below:
"I am the fountain, that, from eve to morn,
Crept singing round his dreams; and, Pilgrim, know,
It is that song (a requiem, now) that charms thee so!"

V

There, lingering till the evening, roseate-gray,
Came softly floating down that stairway old,
I marked the neighboring casement's taper-ray,
Where once, a-row, the sequent candles told
The anguished hours of vigil, dim and cold,
Till death-sleep Adonais overcame.[1] . . .
Ye poets! thus, the Muses' fire ye hold,
In kindling line: when death your light shall claim,
The nearest comrade's torch shall catch the onward flame!

VI

Bion and Adonais—sound their sleep,
Within a precinct of the Aventine!
How can they know, if any come to weep—
To pour libations of long-hoarded wine,
And, afterward, as unto souls divine,
Faith and heart-quivering love and homage plight?
Yet, let us vow to them a house, a shrine,
Where far-come pilgrims of a day and night
May meet—may kneel, beneath their alabastrine light!

[1] Severn relates that in the last nights of Keats's illness a continuous light was produced by means of a connecting thread, by which, as fast as one candle burned down, it communicated the flame to the next in line.

A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

PART II

"WHAT a fine specimen!" said the captain; "scamp rather than scoundrel. Well, I suppose I shall hear from the count and Porthos and the little man with the pink kid gloves—Aramis. I hate the little animal, but Porthos—I want you to see Porthos. He has gigantic manners. He is so conscious of his bigness, and makes chests at you like a pouter pigeon. He has a bass voice like a war-drum. Things shake. Oh, I like Porthos. Pardon my nonsense, Greville, but the whole thing is so big, so grotesquely huge. Tell me about Athos, the count. Your cigars were not bought in France; may I have another? Thanks. You were to see him to-day."

"Yes; I called on him, and I assure you," I replied, "that nothing you have told me is more wonderful than my sequel. I did think you had the original *trois mousquetaires* rather too much on your mind, but really, the resemblance is certainly fascinating."

"But what about the count? You have seen him, I suppose."

"Yes, I saw Count le Moyne. He lives in a charming little hôtel near the Parc Monceaux. He had my card in his hand when I entered. He welcomed me quite warmly, and said, 'It is odd, as you are of your legation, that we have never met; but then I am only of late transferred from Vienna. Pray sit down.'

"I was sure that for a fraction of a moment he did not identify me, but as I spoke, my voice, as so often happens, revealed more than the darkness had made visible. I observed at once that, although still extremely courteous, he became more cool and looked puzzled.

"I said: 'Monsieur, last night, in the darkness, I gave you by mistake the card of my friend Captain Merton in place of my own. I have called in person solely to apologize for my blunder.' As I spoke I stood up, adding, 'As this is my only purpose, I shall leave you to rearrange matters as may seem best to you.'

"As I turned to go he said: 'May I ask you to sit down? Now that I know you to be of your legation, and I being, as you are aware, in the Foreign Office, an affair between us would be for both services unadvisable. Having left myself in the hands of my friends, I am now doing, as you will understand, an unusual thing; but whatever may be the result, I feel that, as a gentleman, you will hold me excused. There *was* a woman in your carriage. Of course our police found the cabman and got it out of him. I have no direct personal interest in her—none; nor can I explain myself further. I regret that in the annoyance of my failure to effect my purpose I was guilty of a grave discourtesy. If you had told me that you would send your seconds to me to-day, I should have felt that you were fully justified. I can very well afford to say that I owe you an apology; and, fortunately, my friends will have learned that I sent them to the wrong man and will return for instructions. If, however, you feel—'

"'Oh, no,' I said; 'pardon me, I am quite willing to forget an unfortunate incident, and to add that the lady, by the merest accident, took shelter from the rain in my carriage. I never met her before.'

"I saw at once that he had a look of what I took to be relief. He smiled, became quite cordial, and when I added that whatever I might have said or done the night before was really unavoidable, he returned that it was quite true that he had been hasty, and that, as he had said very little to his friends, it would rest between us.

"As I rose to go, I could not help saying that the remarkably good looks of the woman made my conduct the more excusable.

" 'Yes,' he said; 'at least she is handsome, but—' and here he paused and then added, 'I hope before long to have the pleasure of presenting you to my wife.'

"I thanked him."

"One moment," said Merton, "before you go on. It is clear that the woman is a lady; that he was wildly eager to catch her, and especially at that time; that, being foiled, he lost his temper; that he believes you, or makes believe to do so; and, finally, that he is sensible enough to know that a duel with an American secretary is undesirable. You let him off easy."

"I did, but I had the same kind of reason to avoid a hostile meeting that he has. Moreover, he is really a charming fellow, and it must have cost him something to apologize."

"But about the woman who set all these pots a-boiling—I beg pardon, simmering—"

"Oh, the woman. I hope I may never see her again."

"You will. That fellow Alphonse will find her."

"I hope not. But what a mess! *cherchez la femme!*"

"That we must do," laughed Merton. "The mosquitos illustrate the proverb: only the females bite. Good, that, is n't it? But what next? I interrupted you. You are out of it, but where do I come in? What about Porthos and that little red weasel Aramis?"

"And D'Artagnan?" I laughed.

"If you like, Greville. You are complimentary. Was that all?"

"No. The count said, 'I will at once write to Captain Merton and apologize, but I fancy my friends have already done so.' I was about to take leave of the count when in walked the baron, behind the biggest mustache in Paris, a ponderous person. 'Shade of Dumas!' I muttered; 'Porthos! Porthos!' Behind him was a much-made-up little fellow, the colonel—your Aramis."

"Oh, drop him. He is what the arithmeticians call a negligible quantity. What next?"

"The count said, 'Allow me to present M. Greville of the American Legation—the Baron la Garde, my cousin, and the Colonel St. Pierre.' We bowed, and the count said, 'M. Greville is somewhat concerned in the affair in which you have been so kind as to act for me.'

"The two gentlemen looked a little bewildered, but bowed again and sat down, while the count added: 'You may speak freely. I suppose M. Merton explained that he was not the person.' "

"Oh, by all that 's jolly! what a situation for the stage! A match, please. What next?"

"The baron spoke first. 'I do not understand you, my dear count.'

"The count said: 'Why not? It was very simple. I presume you to have said that you regretted the mistake, and then I suppose you apologized and came away to report to me. I am sorry to have sent you on a fruitless errand. Kindly tell us what passed.'

"The colonel sat up, and, as I thought, was a little embarrassed. He said: 'With your permission, baron, I shall have the honor to relate our conversation. We put the matter, count, as you desired. You had been insulted. What explanation had M. Merton to offer? Then this amazing American said that it was not true that he had insulted you; that he had not given you his card; that he had never seen you; that it was a droll mistake—"that you were unfortunate in your friends." I think I am correct, baron?'

" 'Yes. I so understood it.'

" 'Then you said, as I recall it, baron, that—that—there was only one word to apply to a man who could insult another and try to escape the consequences. Then he said—well, to cut it short, he would send his friends to us, and that, as he was the challenged party, it would save time if he now declared it must be rifles—or revolvers—or, yes, what he called bowie. What that is I know not.' "

"Lovely!" murmured Merton. "Go on."

"I explained to the count's friends that the bowie was a big knife with which our Western gentlemen chopped one another. The count sat still, with a look of repressed mirth, I choking with the fun of it, Aramis fidgeting, the baron swelling with rage. The count asked if that were all.

"Aramis went on: 'When I assured M. Merton that the methods proposed were barbarous, he made himself unpleasant, and I was forced to say that his language was of such incorrectness—in fact, so monstrous that as a French soldier I held him personally responsible. The animal assured me that when he was through with you and the baron, he would attend to my own case. I grieve to admit, count, that our friend the baron, usually so amiable, had previously lost his temper. That was when our brigand proposed revolvers and the knife-bowie, and said we were difficult.'

"'I did,' said the baron; 'I, who am all that there is of amiable. Yes, I lost my temper.' He stood up as he went on. 'I said it was uncivilized, that it was no jest, but a grave matter. *Mon Dieu!* That man, he told me that we fought with knitting-needles, that our duels were baby-play—me—me—he said that to me! What could I reply? I said I should ask him to retract. That man laughed—*à faire peur*—the room shook. Then he said to excuse him, it was—so what he called "damn nonsense." I think, colonel, I am correct? What means that, M. Greville—damn nonsense?'

"'English for very interesting,' said I, not wishing to aggravate the situation.

"'Ah, thanks,' said Aramis. 'This American he was pleasant of a sudden, and would be happy to hear from us all. He did regret that I came third, but that after he had killed you and the baron he would be most happy to kill me. *Mon Dieu!* we shall see. It remains to await his friends. I shall kill him.'

"'Pardon me,' said the baron; 'he belongs to me.'

"Meanwhile the count's face was a study. What it cost him not to explode into laughter I shall never guess except by my knowledge of the internal convulsions of my own organs of mirth. But Athos—I like him. He said at last very quietly: 'Here, gentlemen, are three duels—a fair morning's work. May I ask you, M. Greville, if you know Captain Merton? I mean well.'"

"Lord, what a chance! What did you say?"

"I saw what he meant, and said you were a captain in our army, had been twice wounded, and were here to recruit your health; that you were of first force with the rifle and revolver, but knew nothing of the small sword.

"The baron's shoulders were lifted and he spread out huge hands of disgust. 'But these weapons are impossible. Only a semi-civilized people could desire to employ the weapons of savages.'

"'Pardon me,' I said; 'I presume that the rifle and revolver are both used in your service; and, also, may I ask you to remember that I, too, am an American?'

"'That does not alter my opinion. If monsieur—'

"'Oh, stop, stop!' cried the count. 'M. Greville is my guest. He will allow me to reply. Do you mean to create four duels in a day? My dear cousin will recall his words.'

"'My dear cousin' did not like it, but said stiffly, 'So far as M. Greville is concerned, I withdraw them.'

"I bowed and said: 'Permit me, count. These gentlemen, as it seems to me, have put you and themselves in the position of challengers, which everywhere gives to the challenged party the right to choose his weapon. As M. Merton's friends will abide by his decision, your own seconds must, I fancy, accept what is or would be usual with us. They have no choice except to decline and allow their refusal to be made public, as it will be, or to choose one of the three weapons so generously offered.'

"The baron glared at me, the colonel was silent, and the count said: 'M. Greville is correct. I regret to have been the means of putting you in a false position. M. Greville has come to explain to me that in the darkness of the night, when our vehicles came together and we said some angry words, he gave me by mistake the card of M. le Capitaine Merton. M. Greville and I—you will pardon me—have amicably arranged our little trouble, as I shall tell you more fully.'"

"Oh, joy!" cried Merton; "close of fourth act. Every one on but D'Artagnan

and the woman. Athos, Porthos, Aramis! What next? Was there ever anything more dramatically all that could be desired? What next?"

"The count was very pleasant, and thought only a little explanation was required to reconcile his friends and the captain. This by no means satisfied Porthos.

"The baron said he would fight with a cannon if necessary, and he will. Aramis is degenerate. He observed that it would require consideration. Then the count said: 'The captain's ideas are certainly somewhat original, and why not leave it to M. Greville and me and such others as we may choose?'

"I was well pleased. Whether they were or not, I cannot tell. They said, however, a variety of agreeable nothings, and I am to see the count to-morrow. He kept Porthos and Aramis and, I suspect, gave the two fools a lecture."

"Well, well," said Merton. "When I left the regiment I thought I was out of the world of adventure."

"Oh, this is comic opera. I do not suppose that you really want to fight these idiots."

"No; but I will, if they desire to be thus amused. Otherwise there will have to be some word-eating. I was not bluffing."

"Porthos will stick it out. You won't be too stiff-necked, I trust."

"Oh, no. I leave myself in your hands —I mean absolutely; and I want also to say, Greville, that this queer affair ought to make us friends."

"It has," I returned with warmth. "You dine with the minister next week, I believe."

"Yes, Monday."

We talked for a few minutes of the campaigns at home, and then he returned to the subject which just now more immediately interested him. "What about that woman? I have an impression that we are not at the end, but at the beginning, of an adventure. Are you not curious?"

"Yes, I am, and my curiosity has ripened. There may be some politics in the matter, just as you said. If, as is barely possible, it is our international affairs that are involved, it is my duty to follow it up and to know more. But how to follow it up? In what way an unknown American lady can be concerned in them, I am unable to imagine. This, however, is, I think, certain, the count did not want to be involved in an affair of honor about this lady. We were to be supposed to have quarreled over cards. He wanted her to disappear from the scene. But why?"

"Well, it is late," said Merton, looking at the clock. "Good night. I shall stay at home to-morrow until I hear from you and the count."

I may add that Merton at once accepted the count's explanation and called on him. The affair of Baron Porthos and my friend proved more difficult. Both declined to apologize. Somehow, it got out at the clubs, and Paris was gaily amused over paragraphs about the Wild West man who would fight only with the knife-bowie. Merton was furious, and I had hard work to keep him within bounds.

Meanwhile the count and another gentleman met me and a friend of mine, Lieutenant West, a naval officer, and made vain efforts to bring about peace or a duel with swords; at which Merton only laughed, saying that when he went "a-cat-fishing, he went a-cat-fishing," a piece of national wisdom which I found myself incompetent to make clear to my French friends. Aramis was easier to manage than his namesake. Meanwhile, our minister was very much troubled over the matter, and the count hardly less so. But Porthos was as inexorable as his namesake, and Merton merely obstinate. It was what the count described as an *impasse*.

At this time the Emperor—for this was in the fall of '62—was busy about his Mexican venture, and our legations were disturbed by vague rumors of efforts to combine the great powers in an agreement to bring about a perilous intervention in our affairs, which at home were going badly enough, with one disaster after another. No one at the legation knew how deep the Emperor was in the matter, but there was a chill of expectation in the air, and yet no distinct evidence of the trouble which was brewing.

It was, as I have said, an essential part of my work to frequent the best houses and in every way to learn what was the tone of feeling. It was, in fact, so hostile that it was now and then hard to avoid personal quarrels. In England it was, if possible, worse. Mr. Gladstone had

spoken in public, and with warm praise of Mr. Jefferson Davis and the confederation. Roebuck had described our army as the "scum of Europe." We had few important friends in England or France. The English premier was, to say the least, unfriendly, and Lord John Russell in their Foreign Office was not much better.

Meanwhile I came to know and like the Count le Moyne, who was a warm Napoleonist, and whom I had to see often, either on our impossible duel or on diplomatic business. During this familiar intercourse, I began to notice that he was distracted and, I thought, worried.

When I spoke of it to Merton, he said, "That 's the woman." He had no reason to think so, but he was one of the rare men whose intuitions are apt to be correct. This business of the duel went on for a week.

To go back a little, I should have said that at the end of his two days' leave Alphonse appeared and asked for three days more. He had no report to make, and went away again.

On the next day but one I was writing letters in my salon, and Merton was growling over the unpleasant news our papers were bringing us. Suddenly Alphonse appeared. He waited without a word until I said, "You have found her."

"Yes; it was all that there is of simple. Monsieur had said she is an American—I went to the American church."

Merton looked at me, smiling, as he remarked, "Like all the great things, it was simple."

"I saw the lady come out after the morning service. When I began to follow her at a distance I saw that she was also followed by one of the best men of the police. I know him well. I also perceived that, as it seemed to me, the lady was uneasy, and, I think, aware that she was watched."

Here Merton stopped him. "You are sure that is the same woman you saw in the carriage."

"Monsieur, when once this lady has been seen, she is not to be forgotten."

"Ha!" exclaimed the captain; "I told you so, Greville. But go on, Alphonse."

"And cut it short," said I, impatient.

Alphonse paused. "Circumstances, monsieur, oblige me to speak in some detail. I was two years in the service. Those who watch and follow madame are of the best. I know them. Therefore there is something serious."

"And her name?" I asked.

"Mme. Bellegarde, Rue de St. Victor, No. 31—a small private hôtel. I regret not to be able to report more fully, but I am well known as monsieur's valet. To appear too curious would be unwise."

I regarded my valet with increasing respect, while Merton ejaculated, "Damn such a country!" and I asked:

"Is that all?"

"Yes, monsieur; but circumstances—"

"Oh, that will do," I said. "You may go."

When alone with Merton, he said to me, "You must call on her."

"No," I said; "she is suspected of something and I, at least for a time, was taken to be an accomplice. That would never do."

"You are right," returned Merton, thoughtfully; "quite right. You must keep quiet. The matter, whatever it may be, is still unsettled; but I am resolute to find what this woman has done, and why she is watched like a suspected thief. I never was more curious."

For a moment we considered the situation in silence. At last Merton said, "If this woman goes out into society, might you not chance to meet her?"

"Yes, but I never as yet have done so, and I remember faces well. I may meet her any day, or never meet her at all, but any direct approach we must give up. The more I think of it, the graver it appears. If it be a police affair, no letter reaches her unopened. Rest assured of that. She is like a fly in a cobweb. Chance may help us, but so far the luck has been against us."

"No," said Merton; "the game is not played out. There is something they don't know, and they are, therefore, no better off than we."

With this he went away and Alphonse returned. The man was plainly troubled. He said he could do no more, and that when he had made his report to the police that day he had been told to keep a closer watch on me and my letters. Might he show them a note or two?

I said, laughing: "Yes; there are two replies to invitations and a note to my tailor."

That would do, and might he venture to say that monsieur would be well advised to keep out of the matter?

I thanked him, and there the thing stood over for several days longer.

Two days later I dined at one of the great Bonapartist houses. I was late, and as the guests were about to go to dinner, our hostess said, "Let me present you to a fellow-countrywoman, M. Greville of the American Legation—Mme. Bellegarde." I was so taken aback that I could hardly find words to speak to her until we sat down together at dinner. She, too, was equally agitated. I talked awhile to my left-hand neighbor, but presently her adjoining table companion spoke to her, and being thus set free, I said to Mme. Bellegarde in English, speaking low:

"You are my countrywoman, and are, as I know, in trouble. What is it? After we met I learned your name, but I have been prudent enough to refrain from calling."

She said: "Yes; you are right. I am in trouble, and of my own making. In my distress that awful night I did not want to give my name to a stranger, and now to recognize in my companion one of our own legation is really a piece of great good fortune. We cannot talk here. I may be able to be of service to the legation—to my country, but we dare not talk here. What I have to say is long. You must not call on me, but we must meet. Come to the masked ball at the palace tomorrow—no, not you. Some one who is not of the legation—some one you can trust. It is a masquerade, as you must know. I shall wear a mask—a black domino with a red rose on one sleeve, a white one on the other. Let your friend say, 'Lincoln.' I shall answer, 'America.' But do let him be careful."

I said, "Yes; I will arrange it."

"Oh, thank you. Talk now of something else."

I said, "Yes, in a moment." It occurred to me that I might use Merton. "My friend will be in our army uniform, an entirely unsuspected man. How pretty those flowers are!"

I found her charming, a widow, and, if I might judge from her jewels, one at ease in regard to money. Before we left, after dinner, I had a few minutes more of talk with her in the drawing-room. She was free from the look of care I had observed when presented.

"Good-by," I said, as we parted, "and be assured that you have friends."

"Oh, thank you!" she murmured. "But I am involving others in my difficulties. I wish I had never done it. Good night." I went home, curious and perplexed.

Early in the morning of the next day I went to the rooms of our first secretary. In reply to my request, he said he had two cards for the ball at my disposal, and would arrange matters with the master of ceremonies. I accepted one card for Merton, and went away well pleased and regretful that I found it better, as she had done, to leave this singular errand to another.

I made haste to call on Merton, and, finding him in, related my fortunate meeting with Mme. Bellegarde, and told him what she expected us to do. He was much pleased, and I happy in finding for our purpose a man whom no one was likely to watch. I urged him, however, to be cautious, and went away, arranging that he should call on me after the ball, even though his visit might be far on in the night. I was too curious and too anxious to wait longer.

It was after three in the morning when he aroused me from the nap into which I had fallen.

"By George!" he cried, "she is a delightful and a brave woman. I told you so; but, good heavens! she is in a sad scrape."

"Well, what is it? Has she robbed the Bank of France?"

"Worse. I told you it was some diplomatic tangle. I was right. It is a big one."

"For Heaven's sake, go on!"

"She is beautiful."

"Of course; I know that. But what happened?"

"I said she was beautiful."

"Yes, twice, and you have never seen her face."

"No, but you told me so. However, I went early and waited about the door until she came in. I kept her in sight. It was n't easy. A half-hour later I got my chance. She had been left by her last partner near a small picture-gallery, and was chatting with an old lady. I said,

'It is my dance, I believe.' She rose at once. As we moved away I whispered, 'Lincoln,' and on her replying, 'America,' she guided me through the gallery and at last into a small conservatory and behind some orange-trees. No one was near. 'One moment,' she said; 'even here I am not free.' I saw no evidence of her being watched, but she was, I fancied, in an agony of apprehension. As I mentioned my name and tried to reassure her, she let fall her black domino saying, 'Quick, push it under that sofa!' She wore beneath it a pearl-colored silk domino, and, of course, was still masked."

"By George!" said I, "a woman of resources. How clever that was!"

Merton went on: "Then we sat down, I saying: 'Be cool, and don't hurry. You are entirely secure.' She did go on, and what a story! She said:

" 'On the night before I involved Mr. Greville in trouble, I went to an evening party at Count le Moyne's. I was never there before, or only to call on the countess, and at that time talked a few minutes with the count. They have been here hardly more than a month. When I arrived there was a great crush in the hall and on the stair. As I waited to get rid of my wraps the count came through the crowd and passed me. He had, I suppose, been belated at the Foreign Office. He seemed to be in haste and went behind a screen and into a room on the side of the hall. A little later the music upstairs ceased. I heard cries of fire. People rushed down the stairway screaming. There was a jam in the hall and a terrible crush at the outer doors. A curtain had been blown across a console and taken fire; that was all, but the alarm and confusion were dreadful. Women fainted. One or two men made brutal efforts to escape. I have a temperament which leaves me pretty cool in real danger. There was none but what the terror of these people created. I was hustled about and, with others, driven against the Chinese screen which covered the doorway of the count's office. I said he had entered it—yes, I told you that. As the alarm grew, it must have reached him, for he came out and had to use violence to push the screen away so as to let him pass. The tumult was at its height as he went by me crying, *'Mon Dieu!'* He ran along a back passageway and disappeared. There were other women near, but I was so placed as to be able to slip behind the screen he had pushed away. I am afraid that he recognized me. As I thus took refuge in the doorway the screen was crushed against it, and I was caught. Of course I was excited, but I was cool compared with the people outside. I tried the door behind me and felt it open. Then I saw that I was in the count's private office. On the table a lamp was burning. As I was crossing the room to try a side-door entrance into the garden, I caught sight of a large paper envelop on the table. I could not help seeing the largely written inscription. I paused. In an instant I realized that I was in an enemy's country and had a quick sense of anger as I read: "*Foreign Office. Confidential. Recognition of the Confederate States. Note remarks by his Majesty the Emperor. Make full digest at once. Haste required! Drouyn de Lhuys.*" I stood still. For a moment, believe me, I forgot the fire—everything. I suppose the devil was at my side.'

" 'A good devil,' said I.

"She said: 'Oh, please not to laugh. It was terrible. If you had lived in France these two years you would know. I have been all summer in the utmost distress about my country. I have been insulted and mocked because of our failures. Women can be very cruel. The desirability of France and England acknowledging the Confederacy was almost daily matter of talk among the people I met. Here before me, in my power, was information sure to be valuable to our legation—to my country. I little dreamed of its importance. I did not reflect. I acted on impulse. I seized the big envelop and drew my cloak around me. The package was bulky and heavy.' "

"Good heavens! Merton," said I, "she stole it!"

"Stole it! Nonsense! It was war—glorious."

I shook my head in disapproval, and had at once a vast longing to see our worried and anxious envoys profit by the beautiful thief's outrageous robbery.

Merton continued: "I will go on to state it as well as I can in her own words. She said: 'I stood a moment in doubt, but the noise in the hall increased. The screen was driven in fragments against

the door. I might be caught at any moment. That would mean ruin. I tried the side door. It was not locked, and in a moment I found myself outside, in the garden. I went around to the front of the house, and in a minute or two secured a cabriolet and was driven home. Then my worst troubles began. I had acted on impulse. It was wrong. I was a thief. Was it not wrong? Oh, I know it was wicked! To think, sir, that I should have done such a thing!'

"When she broke out in this way," said Merton, "I saw that if we were to help her, it was essential that we should know whether she was becoming irresolute. To test her I said: 'But, madame, you could have given it back to the count next day. You may be sure he would never have told; and now, poor man, he is in a terrible scrape, and that unlucky Foreign Office! It is not yet too late. Why not return the papers?'

"For a moment I felt ashamed, because even before I made this effort to see if it was worth while to take the grave risks which I saw before us, I knew that she was sobbing."

"It was worth while. But what," I asked, "did she say?" If Merton had said that she was weakening, I should have felt some relief and more disappointment.

He asked in turn, "What do you think she said?"

For my part, I could only reply that it was a question of character, but that while she might feel regret and express her penitence in words, a woman who had done what she had done would never express it in acts.

Merton said, "Thank you," which seemed to me a rather odd reply. He rose as he spoke and for a moment walked about in silence, and then said: "By George! Greville, I felt as if I had insulted her. You think I was right—it is quite a relief." He spoke with an amount of emotion which appeared to me uncalled for.

"Yes, of course you were right; but what did she say?"

"'Say?' She said: 'I am not a child, sir. I did what I know to be wrong. I did it for no personal advantage. I am punished when I think of myself as a thief. I have already suffered otherwise. I do not care. I did it for my country, as—as you kill men for it. I shall abide by what I did, and may God forgive me! But if you are ashamed—if you are shocked—if you think—oh, if you fear to assist me, you will at least consider what I have said as a confidence.' She stood up as she answered me, and spoke out with entire absence of care about being overheard. Ah, but I wanted to see that masked face! I said twice as she spoke: 'Be careful. You mistake me.' She took not the least notice of my caution. Then at last I said: 'Pray sit down. It was—it is clear, madame, that all concerned, or who may concern themselves, with this matter must feel absolute security that there will be no weakness anywhere. After what you have said, and with entire trust in you, we shall at all risks see this thing through.' She said, 'Thank you,' and did sit down.

"Then I went on: 'I want to ask you a question or two. Did the count recognize you?'

"'I was not very sure at the time, but he must have at least suspected me, for he called next day at an unusually early hour, insisted on seeing me, and frankly told me that on the night before, during the fire, a document had been stolen from his table. He had remembered me as near to the office. Did I know anything about it? I said, How could I? I was dreadfully scared, but I replied that I had certainly gone through his office and had left both doors open. Then he said, "It is too grave a matter for equivocation, and I ask, Did you take it?" I said I was insulted, and upon this he lost his temper and threatened all manner of consequences.'

"To cut it short, Greville, she refused to be questioned, and, I fancy, lied rather more plainly than she was willing to admit to me. He went away furious and reasonably sure, or so I think, that she had the papers."

"I see," said I. "He had been careless. Of course, he hesitated for a day or two to confess his loss. But what about those papers? Where are they? She ought to have taken them at once to the legation."

"Yes, but that is easily explained. The count called early, and after that she felt sure that she would be promptly arrested. He was too ashamed to go at once to any

such length. He must be an indecisive man. At all events, he took no positive action until after our encounter and her escape, when he became still more sure where she was going and why. You see, he lacked the good sense to confess instantly to the head of his office. Arrest would have been instantaneous. He waited, ashamed to confess, and I presume did not fully inform the police he called in. Now, I suppose, he has had to confess his loss to his superiors."

"But these papers?" said I.

"Well, don't hurry me. When she got home that night and read the papers she had—well, taken, she saw their enormous value to our government. Their importance increased her alarm, and the count's visit added to her sense of need to conceal somewhere the proofs of her guilt. After her first fatal delay of the next morning, she was afraid to carry the papers to the legation. She could trust no one. She believed the Emperor's minister would act at once. She knew that, soon or late, her town house would be searched. To keep the papers about her would not do. She must hide them at once, and then we must hear of them; and no letters would serve her purpose. She was panic-stricken. I fancy the count, having been careless, was as anxious, but told no one that day. This gave her a chance until luck played her a trick. The count's interview in the morning, while it frightened her, had not helped him. The next day his superiors would have to be told, and I have no doubt have been.

"Then, as you know, it came his turn to have a bit of good fortune. Walking in haste to escape a ducking, he must have turned into the Rue du Roi de Rome to get a cab, and was just in time to see her enter your carriage. Very likely he did not see you at all. Indeed, we may be sure that he did not. When, too, the count saw that, in place of turning homeward, she was being driven toward the Bois, his suspicions were at once aroused. I ought to say that, to avoid using her own carriage, she had set out to walk. She was not yet watched, though she may have thought she was, and her plan was a good one. Curious and troubled, he caught a cabriolet and followed, as was natural enough.

"The direction of your flight through the Bois confirmed his suspicions. He may have guessed, and he was right, that she was about to go to her well-known little country house and meant to hide the papers. I am trying to follow what must have been his course of thought and would have been mine. He would catch her and get them, even at the cost of arresting her. So far this is in part her account and in part my inferences. As we talked thus at length, she was again indescribably uneasy and took every one who passed for a spy."

"Well," said I, "I do not wonder. The court is cool to us. Something hostile to our country is going on between France and England. The English abuse is exhausting their adjectives. If they propose intervention in any shape, Mr. Adams has instructions of which every American should be proud."

"Good!" cried Merton. "We have not put forth our power, and people over here do not dream of the way in which we could and would rise to meet new foes. But here is our own little battle. I have yet to tell you what she did and my further reflections. After you got her away from the count, and Alphonse guided her, she walked through the rain in the darkness to her small chalet beyond the Bois."

"But," said I, "why did not the count follow and get there, as he could have done, before her?"

"I do not know. He was, you said, a bit dazed and his head cut. Probably he felt it to be needful to secure aid from the police, as he did later."

"Yes, that must have been the case."

"Her old American nurse has charge of the chalet. At times madame spends a few days there. She explained her condition as the result of a carriage accident, and, I fancy, must have taken her nurse into her confidence. She did not tell me. A fire was made in her boudoir, and, with some change of dress, she sat down to think. She knew that, soon or late, the count must confess his loss, and then that the whole police force of Paris would concentrate its skill first on preventing her from using the papers, and finally on securing them. They would at once suspect that she had made her singular dash for the chalet to conceal the papers, as the count must have inferred. She was one woman against the power, intelligence, and limitless resources of an army. If the count acted with reasonable prompt-

ness, the time left her to hide the papers was likely to be short.

"She had adopted and dropped one plan after another as she walked through the night. Then, as she sat in despair, she had an inspiration. The fireplace was kept, after the common American way, full of unremoved wood ashes. It suggested a resource. To lessen the size of the package she hastily removed the many envelops of the contained papers and also the thick double outside cover. Then she tied them together, raked away the newly made fire, and setting the lessened package on the hearth, far back, piled the cold ashes over it. It was safe from combustion. Finally, she replaced the cinders and set on top some burning twigs and a small log or two. The fire was soon burning brightly. For a few minutes she sat thinking that she must burn the envelops. It was now late. The gate-bell rang. Three hours had gone by since she left the count. In great haste she tore up the thick outside envelops and other covers and hastily scattered them on the flames. She did succeed in burning the larger part of the covers, and only by accident, or rather by reason of her haste, was, as I shall tell you, lucky enough to leave unburned a bit of the outer cover. However, she piled on more twigs, and had settled herself by the fire when her nurse entered in company with a man in civilian dress and two of the police. They used little ceremony and said simply that she was believed to have certain papers. Best to give them up and save trouble. Of course, she denied the charge and was indignant. Then they made a very complete search, after which two of them remained with her, and the other, leaving, came back in an hour with a woman who went with her to her room and there made a very rigorous personal search of her own and her nurse's garments. She, of course, protested vigorously. At last, returning to her boudoir, she found the man in civilian dress kneeling beside the fire. She was in an agony of alarm. The man had gathered the fragments of half-burned paper, and when she entered was staring at the unconsumed corner of the outer official envelop. Without a word, he raked away the fire and a part of the ashes, but seeing there no evidence of interest, contented himself with what proof he had of the destruction of the documents he sought. The appearance of much burned paper and the brightly blazing fire, I suppose, helped to confirm his belief. To her angry protests he replied civilly that it was a matter for his superiors. Finally, an officer was left in charge, but she was allowed to send for a carriage and to return home. It is clear that they are not satisfied, and the house has been watched ever since. Of course, the man who found the charred fragments of the official envelop concluded that she had burned the contents. But some one else who knows their value will doubt."

"I suppose so. They were less clever than usual."

"No; her haste saved her. The unburned corner of the envelop fooled the man. How could he dream that under a hot fire, cool and safe, were papers worth a fortune?"

"Certainly this time the luck is hers," said I; "but this will not satisfy them."

"No. More than once since they have been over the house and garden and utterly devastated it, so says her nurse. They searched a tool-house and a small conservatory. Madame Bellegarde has been cool enough to go there for flowers, but is in the utmost apprehension. And now ten days have passed."

"Is that all?"

"No. She has been questioned pretty brutally over and over, but as yet they have not searched her town house. They are sure that the papers are in the villa."

"Well, what next?" I asked.

"She says we must get those papers. That is our business."

"It will be difficult," I returned; "and there should be no delay. It must be done, and done soon. You or I would have found her cache."

"No, I should not; but if those people are still in doubt, as seems to be the case, and decide that no one but a fool would have burned the documents, some fellow with a little more imaginative capacity to put himself in her place will find them."

"By the way," added Merton, "she described the house to me. Now let us think it over. I shall be here at nine to-morrow morning. When I return, you will give me your own thoughts about it. Given a house already watched day and night, how to get a paper out of it? No

one will be allowed to leave it without being overhauled. The old nurse, you may be sure, will be searched and followed, even when she goes to market. To communicate with madame would not be easy, and would give us no further help and only hurt her. It is so grave a matter that the police, after another search, will arrest Mme. Bellegarde secretly and, if possible, scare her into confession. We have no time to lose. It must be done, too, in some simple way. For her sake we must avoid violence, and whatever is done must be done by us."

"But, Merton, how can we get into the house, even if we enter the garden unseen?"

"Oh, I forgot to say that she has said she would contrive to tell her nurse to leave the conservatory unlocked, and also the door between it and the house. I told you she has been there twice. On each occasion she was watched, but was allowed to enter and pick flowers. She feels sure of being able to warn the nurse. We must give her a day. But why do they not arrest her? That would have been my first move."

I replied: "Her late husband's people are Bonapartists and very influential. It would have to be explained, and the situation is an awkward one. The mere destruction of the papers is not what they most desire; neither do they want the loss known, and very likely they desire to conceal it as long as possible from the Emperor. I have been unable to think of any plan. Has the night left you any wiser?"

"I? Yes, indeed. I have a plan—a good one and simple. When I was a boy and coveted apples, one fellow got over the fence and attracted the attention of the farmer, while the others secured apples in a far corner of the orchard. Don't you see?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, it is simple. Just see how easy it is. We attract the attention of the guards, and then one of us goes into the house."

"But," said I, "if he meets there a resolute guard."

"And if," said Merton, "the guard is met by a more resolute man, let us say, with a revolver."

"Merton, it is a thing to be done without violence."

"Or not at all?" queried Merton, with what I may call an examining glance.

"No, I did not say that."

The captain, I suppose, understood my state of mind, for he said: "I feel as you do. You are quite right; but if it becomes needful to use positive means,—I say positive means to get these papers,—then—" I shook my head and he went on, "You may rest assured that I shall use no violence unless I am obliged to do so."

"You will have no chance," said I, "because I, as a member of the legation, must be the one to enter the house. No one else should. You may readily see why."

Merton was disappointed, and in fact said so, while admitting that I was in the right. He looked grave as he added: "We are playing a game, you and I, in which, quite possibly, the fate of our country is involved, and, also, the character and fate of a woman. If we win, no one can convict her of having taken these papers. On their side there will be no hesitation. There should be none on ours."

I said nothing to relieve his evident doubt as to the spirit with which I had undertaken a perilous venture. I, on my part, simply insisted that the larger risk must be mine. He finally assented with a laugh, saying he was sorry to miss the fun of it. After some careful consideration of his plan and of our respective shares in carrying it out, he went away, leaving me to my reflections. They would, I presume, have amused and surprised the man who had just left me. I had led a quiet, studious life, and never once had I been where it was requisite to face great danger or possible death. I had often wondered whether I possessed the form of courage which makes certain men more competent, the greater the peril. As I sat I confessed to myself an entire absence of the joy in risks with which Merton faced our venture, but at the same time I knew that I was not sorry for a chance to satisfy myself in regard to an untested side of my own character. I knew, too, that I should be afraid, but would that lessen my competence? I had a keen interest in the matter, and was well aware that there was very real danger and possible disgrace if we were caught in a position which we could not afford to explain.

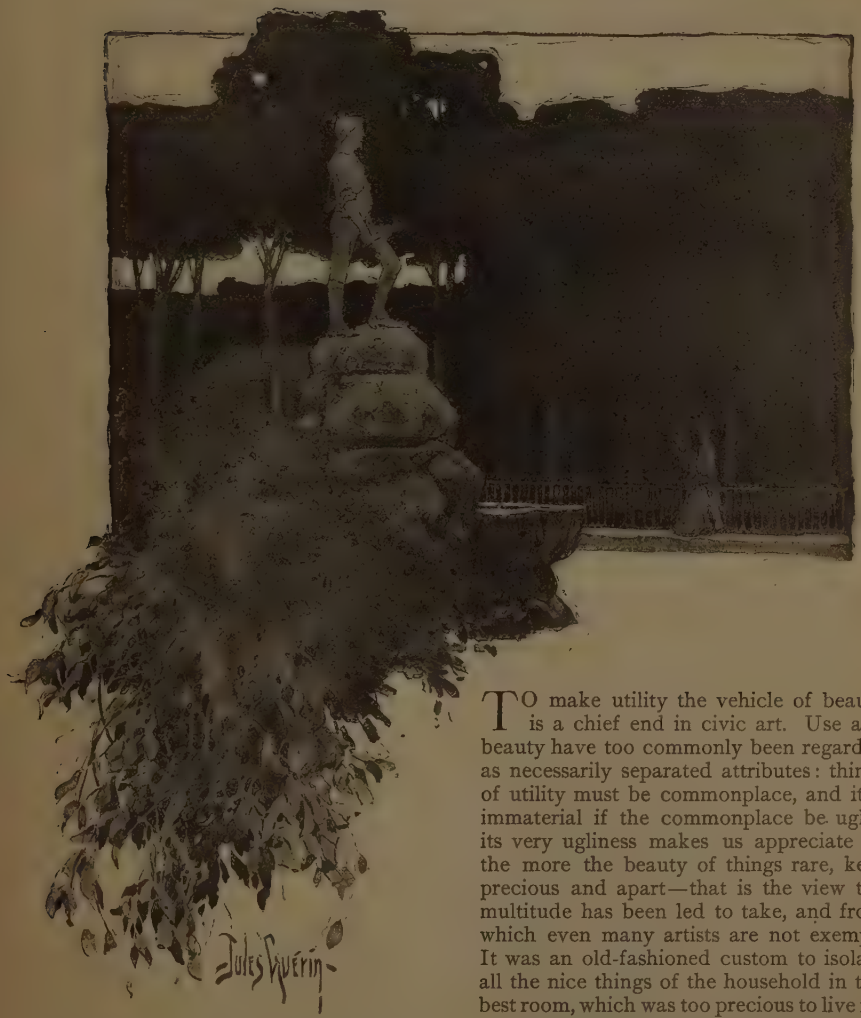
(To be continued)

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

AN AMERICAN TYPE: ETCHED BY OTTO J. SCHNEIDER

ART IN THE STREET

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

DRINKING-FOUNTAIN, LEXINGTON, MASS., "CAPTAIN PARKER, THE MINUTE-MAN" (HENRY HUDSON KITSON, SCULPTOR)

TO make utility the vehicle of beauty is a chief end in civic art. Use and beauty have too commonly been regarded as necessarily separated attributes: things of utility must be commonplace, and it is immaterial if the commonplace be ugly; its very ugliness makes us appreciate all the more the beauty of things rare, kept precious and apart—that is the view the multitude has been led to take, and from which even many artists are not exempt. It was an old-fashioned custom to isolate all the nice things of the household in the best room, which was too precious to live in. But the modern practice is to make the whole house as beautiful as possible. We now see that just because the "best room" went unused, its contents, deemed beauti-

ful, really made it a chamber of horrors. A forced familiarity with ugliness dulls the taste for beauty. So unless the eyes are wonted to the beautiful by seeing it on every side, resident in the most common things, beauty at its best cannot be given to the things set apart to wear it as a garment of state, as in statues, monuments, and public buildings.

The ideal in civic art presents a complete fabric of beauty woven from elements all beautiful in themselves. The smoothly paved, well-ordered street, pleasantly shaded, and margined with velvety turf, becomes mean when equipped with ugly lamp-posts. A line of stiff trolley posts or of scrawny telegraph poles in front of some fine building mars the edifice precisely as a good picture is marred when defaced by ugly scratches. Hence it is essential that artistic character should be given to all these things. Even telegraph poles, desperate as their problem seems, can be made more shapely than they commonly are, and in many instances might be made less conspicuous.

When things of every-day utility are made beautiful they fulfil a double purpose —delighting the eye as well as serving our daily convenience. Scarcely anything of this sort is so humble that it cannot properly be made to serve a memorial intent. The fact of every-day service makes it commemoratively more fitting than were it merely a monument, set up to be admired. A memorial drinking-fountain, or public lamp, or clock-tower, for example, not only commemorates, but it perpetuates in actual performance the great virtue of service to one's fellows that gives human life its best significance.

Minor and multifold things, like street signs, can be made objects of art, however simple their character. Care may easily be had to give them proper proportions, an agreeable color compatible with legibility, and good lettering. In the case of wayside guide-boards there is yet further opportunity to make them attractive in design. In Boston, when street signs stand detached from buildings, a pleasant decorative effect is given by some simple wrought-iron scroll-work in the angle between board and post.

In many parts of Boston are to be seen bronze tablets with appropriate inscriptions, marking some historic building or commemorating some notable event. Certain patriotic orders, like the Sons of the Revolution, have made the placing of such tablets one of their duties. In various New England communities local historical societies mark notable sites in a similar way, perhaps at first with painted legends, to be replaced, when means permit, by inscriptions more enduring. This service might well be extended. Street names often bear intimate relations with local history, but for lack of record the circumstances of their designation are likely to be forgotten. Here, then, is a rich field of work for local societies, in placing in each street that bears a name of historical purport an inscription giving the facts in the case. Lincoln street, in Boston, for instance, might now commonly be supposed to be named in honor of the great President. But a suitable inscription would recite the fact that the name was given, on such a date, in honor of Levi Lincoln, governor of the commonwealth, etc. On School street the inscription would be to the effect that the first public Latin school in America stood there. In such ways the streets of a town could be made a veritable book for the public, in which literally they that run might read. These tablets could be given attractive shape, as simple or as ornate as desired, and perhaps fashioned after some standard design, as street signs are. Or, where a street bears the name of a person of note, the tablet might include a medallion portrait in low relief. The thoroughfare itself would thereby more fully serve the function of a commemorative monument. Inscriptions might at first be affixed in temporary shape, gradually to be reproduced in bronze, perhaps a certain number each year. Such a work would add vastly to the interest of a place. Particularly in the older parts of the country, as in New England, the historic character of which attracts tourists from other parts of the country in increasing numbers every year, it would be a remunerative outlay for a community to undertake the task as completely as possible.

Our lamp-posts, as a rule, whether for gas or electric light, are patterns of bald ugliness. Even in European cities, where such things are so much better done, the custom, according to the organ of the Belgian Society for Public Art, "L'Œuvre Nationale Belge," has been to order the city lighting apparatus from the illustrated

catalogues of "international manufacturers," offering the same type of post, conventional in design and carelessly proportioned, for all cities of all countries. Under the new influences, however, worthy artists are employed by the municipal authorities to produce appropriate designs. Decorative equipment in street lighting was, with highly gratifying results, made the subject of a competition by the Belgian society in 1896, as noted by Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson in his admirable book. Succeeding competitions under the Belgian society have been for more artistic flagstaffs, newspaper kiosks, etc.

If manufacturers would only take pains to provide good standard designs in these things there would be a marked improvement. In illustration may be cited a certain form of lamp-post now in common use for an electric arc-light. In this type a wooden post has been substituted for the iron form previously employed, metal proving a source of danger. In design the new post is a decided improvement over the old ones; the wood is simply fashioned, and has the appearance of sufficient strength for its purpose. The post supports a goose-neck device in ornamental metal-work, from which the lamp hangs. The post is black; the metal-work has the silvery gray of aluminium. These strongly contrasting colors make a transition too abrupt for harmonious effect. Were the wood accented with some simple metal bands of aluminium and the ornamental

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

AN ARTISTIC STREET SIGN

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PILLAR WITH LAMPS, DEWEY SQUARE, BOSTON (SHEPLEY, RUTAN & COOLIDGE, ARCHITECTS)

metallic portion somewhat picked out with black, the effect of abrupt transition between the two parts would be relieved by toning each with something of the dominant color of the other. The use of wood suggests that a variety of forms artistically adapted to that material might very easily be employed in constructions of the kind.

Street furnishings like lamp-posts, in their numerous repetitions, perform an important decorative function. We know that in decorative design the repetition of ornament is an esthetic principle, producing its impression by the reiteration of a pleasing figure. But long-continued uniformity produces monotony; fatigue follows visual restfulness. Therefore, even when manufacturers produce good designs, it is undesirable that these should be alike everywhere, in town after town, for the eye would tire of seeing the same thing in all places. Hence each municipality would do better to obtain something distinctive. Indeed, the same thing should not be repeated all over one city; the standard pattern ought to vary with different districts, and perhaps with different streets. Locally individual significance might well be imparted to these things by embodying in the ornament of such furnishings some device, like a municipal seal, or arms, that in design would symbolize a distinguishing character of the place, as in site, trade, or staple industry. It is common for a maritime city, for instance, to give prominence to the dolphin in its conventionalized ornament; a shoe-manufacturing city might depict the human foot in like fashion, a ship-building town a boat, and so on.

Beyond the ordinary lamp-post, the lighting service of a municipality offers decorative opportunities in conspicuous devices set at prominent points, as in pillars with clusters of lamps. Such pillars may have monumental form and commemorative purpose. They may be embellished with sculpture, statuary may be grouped at their base, or they may be combined with fountains. Varied forms in the arrangement of the lamps with supports of rich metal-work designs offer endless opportunities for splendid embellishment, particularly in night-time effects

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

THE KILBON MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT LEE, MASSACHUSETTS (DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR)

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CHENEY MEMORIAL DRINKING-FOUNTAIN AT THE WESTLAND ENTRANCE TO THE FENS, BOSTON (DESIGNED BY GUY LOWELL)

under illumination. Under certain circumstances resplendent polychrome qualities might be obtained by using colored lights. With the modern resources of electricity, the possibilities of this form of civic adornment have only just begun to be realized. Beautiful examples of these things are not uncommon in many European cities, particularly Paris. In this country one of the most notable illustrations is presented in the monumental illuminating pillar in Dewey Square, Boston, in front of the great South Station. The famous naval victory that gave the name to the square is symbolized by the prows of vessels that project from the pillar.

Other frequently repeated forms of street-furnishing that offer excellent opportunities for good decorative effects in agreeable shape and appropriate ornamentation are such things as post-hydrants, fire-alarm and police-signal boxes, and letter-boxes. These things are now almost invariably bad in design. There is no reason why a signal-box, for instance, should not be as artistic as in foreign countries little wayside shrines so often are.

In the drinking-fountain we have something strikingly adapted to decorative effect. Conspicuous in character, and placed, as a rule, at some prominent and frequented point, if it is beautiful the many who resort to it may be led to contemplate and admire, while enjoying its ministration. The element of water also contributes to the artistic possibilities. There are, indeed, not a few good drinking-fountains to be seen now and then; but ordinarily the opportunities are sadly neglected. A very common type, for instance, is made from the end of a water-main section standing perpendicularly to form a large circular basin for horses, perhaps with a faucet attached for human beings. Nothing uglier could well be imagined. Another type, supplied in quantities and most frequently seen along the streets, is a regulation iron-works pattern, with some attempt at design. Sometimes these things are not bad in form, though usually tame and characterless.

They show that the makers are not without a sense of the desirability of decoration. But their idea of ornament is likely to be of the domestic-stove order, consisting in "fancy work," often applied at the most inappropriate points. Yet another form, often seen, consists of a clumsy and shapeless block of stone, smoothly hewn into bad proportions, and too often standing as an ungracious monument to some well-intentioned giver, as signified in the inscription.

The possibilities for good work in these things are many. If low cost is a consideration, as it usually is, then artistic character is here compatible with the greatest economy in outlay. The very simplest forms can be made pleasant to look upon. Any one of the aforementioned types,

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

SHELTER AND BAND-STAND, REVERE BEACH, BOSTON (STICKNEY & AUSTIN, ARCHITECTS)

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

STREET RAILWAY WAITING-SHELTER, COOLIDGE CORNER, BOSTON

commonly so ugly, can be made attractive without added expense.

Improvement societies and other organizations interested in civic art could effect a decided reform by offering prizes for the best designs for inexpensive fountains. Manufacturers might then be induced to adopt these designs and municipalities influenced to order them. Good standard patterns would thus be brought into favor. And should a municipality be about to erect a number of such fountains, say at the curb along the principal thoroughfares, —as for ice-water in hot weather,—instead of ordering all of one common design, however good this might be, it would be more desirable to obtain one each of a number of good designs.

Occasionally a good wayside drinking-fountain may be seen formed from a boulder, perhaps partly hewn; or from a pile of boulders roughly disposed. For a construction of this type, however, the site should be not only absolutely rural, but there should be a harmonious environment. Care is needed to avoid affectation in rusticity on the one hand, and crudeness on the other. By taking advantage of blank wall-spaces in a public street, not only may most convenient locations for drinking-fountains be found, but good artistic effects may be obtained very simply—picturesque bits, making pleasing incidents in a street scene. A charming instance of this sort occurs on Ninth street in Philadelphia, where a lady, in substituting for an ugly

board fence before her house a brick wall with an architectural gateway, very public-spiritedly provided a drinking-fountain in a niche in the wall—a feature that not only enhances the beauty of the premises, but contributes to the public comfort in a way appreciated by hundreds of passers. At the main entrance to the Charlestown Heights pleasure-ground in Boston a similar opportunity for a drinking-fountain against a wall is taken advantage of in a more monumental way, as the site suggests, with a handsome exedra as a feature of the design.

A drinking-fountain may, indeed, most appropriately have a commemorative purpose, and may be made as monumental as opportunity allows. In Wrentham, Massachusetts, the village common recently received a new adornment in the shape of a drinking-fountain erected in honor of the men of the town who served in the French and Indian War. The unveiling, by the only surviving grandson of any member of the gallant band, a venerable man of eighty years, was made the occasion for a village festival. The fountain is a plain and well-shaped structure of granite. A more elaborate monumental development of the drinking-fountain idea is the result of the bequest of a lady to the city of Boston. Dying alone in the world, and without near relatives, she gave her modest fortune, amounting to about twenty thousand dollars, for the erection of a drinking-fountain for man and beast. An appropriate site, both for monumental effect and for serviceability, was assigned at one of the main approaches to the great Parkway, the Westland entrance to the Fens, and the work was given the character of a gateway—a double fountain in the shape of two large, square pylons of classic design, with basins, seats, inscriptions, and sculptured ornament.

The development of electric railways throughout the country has given rise to a very modern form of street utilities in the shape of shelters for persons waiting for the cars. As a rule, these little structures are to be found in villages, or at points by a rural wayside, rather than in cities. But in Greater Boston, at Coolidge Corner, Brookline,—an important transfer station on the Beacon Street Boulevard,—there are two such shelters, picturesquely designed and roofed with tile, that show the artistic possibilities of this form of public convenience. These structures are commonly erected by the railway companies, just as stations are on steam-railways. It should be easily possible for village improvement societies, or similar organizations, to induce the companies to give to such edifices a simple architectural form that will make them genuine public adornments rather than rude sheds. If necessary to this end, the additional expense, which would not be great, might well be contributed by the community, just as communities often contribute to the cost of making a railway-station beautiful, or for embellishing its grounds. At certain points these shelters might be combined with other public utilities. Substantially constructed, they might appropriately even be given a memorial or monumental character. The pleasant fashion of trolley-touring is now so much in vogue that the interest of strangers would be greatly enhanced, and attention profitably attracted to the desirable character of a locality, if such a shelter, standing upon a village green, where they now are frequently located, were designed to commemorate some matter of historic moment.

Possibly upon such a site a feature that might be connected with a waiting-shelter would be a village band-stand. These band-stands, it may be added, furnish excellent opportunities for decorative effect. With all due lightness and festal graciousness that properly belong to a structure of the sort, they are usually so conspicuous in site that they might well bear a monumental significance. A French community delights to honor its eminent sons, whether distinguished in statecraft or in war, in letters or in art, with fitting public memorials. What more appropriate for a town where some eminent musician was born than to erect to his memory a monumental band-stand, as beautiful as art may make it? In the constant presence of such work the band might well play better music and the public learn better to know what good music is.

NAPOLEON II.

BY LYDIA SCHUYLER

POOR babe of France and captive of her foes,
Exiled, disarmed, and disinherited,
Within the tomb thy star revives; for though
"Reichstadt" the letters cut upon the stone
May spell, and "King of Rome" the words may run
Where palace gossip babbles of thy small
Denuded days, a louder voice than theirs
Proclaims thee by the title of thy dreams:
"The second Cæsar of the French, and like
His great begetter called Napoleon."
Poor pinch of royal dust commingled soon
In alien soil with ashes of the things
Outworn thy father toppled down and burned,
Vague sterile child of old and new, vague lord
Of naught and nowhere, on a shadowy throne,
Near the huge pedestal the Corsican
Upreared on wrecks and fragments of the seats
Of ancient tyrannies, thy figure sits,
A shape of mist yet lordlier named than kings—
The simulacrum of an emperor
Wrought with thy features and thy father's name;
The ghost of his desire, and on thy brow
The wraith of his tremendous diadem.

The Vacillation of Benjamin Gaumer

by Elsie Singmaster.

PICTURES BY LEON GUIRON

"When I wass young—"

"Dat wass a good many years back, Sarah," interrupted old Peter Gaumer, ungallantly.

"When I wass young," Sarah Arndt went on,—"and dat was n't so many years back as when *you* wass young, Pit Gaumer,—de girls had more spunk as dey haf nowadays. Nobody would 'a' taken it from a feller dat he went one Saturday wis one girl and de next wis anoder girl."

"Perhaps de girls wass more anxious to get de fellers den as dey are now," said Peter, slyly.

"Nosing of de kind," old Sarah answered sharply. "It wass dat dey had more spunk."

"Well, who has n't now no spunk?" queried Peter, balancing a little more comfortably on the hind legs of his chair as he leaned against the tree in front of the Fackenthals' house. "Sit once down on de bench, Sarah, an' tell us from dese girls what haf n't no spunk."

Sarah sat down on the wide bench. She was a little old woman with sharp black eyes, which peered forth uncannily from under her black silk sunbonnet.

"Why, it iss Chofina Neuweiler and Mary Kuhns what are me too soft. Benj Gaumer he—"

"Now look a little out, Sarah! Benj iss my nephew."

"I don't care what he iss. He goes wis bos de girls."

"Well, I gif him right. Two girls are for sure better dan one, Sarah."

"Well, I sink it iss a sin an' a shame. When I wass Mary, I srow him ofer, or make him pretty quick srow Chofina ofer; or when I wass Chofina, I do de same sing. He would n't go twice wis anoder girl when he had once started to keep company wis me, dat I can tell you! We will easy see which one has de most spunk."

"Perhaps he don't know yet for sure which one he wants."

"Den I gif him notice he must pretty quick find out, dat iss what I would do."

Old Sarah rose with a nimbleness which belied her seventy-five years, and went briskly away, and Peter gazed meditatively up the street to where, on the Neuweilers' door-step, sat Jovina, the daughter of the house, with his nephew, Benjamin Gaumer, by her side.

Benjamin was in reality the most miserable young man in the Pennsylvania-German village of Millerstown; for Benjamin halted between two opinions, or, to speak more correctly, between two girls, and though most of his waking thoughts for a year had been devoted to an effort to decide between them, he seemed to grow each day farther from a solution of the difficulty.

Mary Kuhns was the prettier of the two. She was short and plump, with light, fluffy hair, blue eyes, and a skin which no amount of exposure to the wind or sun could harm. Her voice, as Benjamin often said to himself, was "like old man Fackenthal's pigeons what coo so pretty." The women, alas! called her "flirty," which, translated into the masculine vocabulary, meant that direct glances were not the only method by which Mary beheld her fellow-man. She was so short that she could stand under Benjamin's outstretched arm, and he often remembered with delight how she fled to him for protection when Weygandt's old mooly looked at her in the lane. He had encouraged her with shameless deceit to think the mild beast dangerous, and she clung to him helplessly. Fortunately, he was not at hand the next day to see her walk through Weygandt's meadow, where there were thirty cattle, and switch them, even savage old Tom, with a willow switch as she passed.

There were times when Benjamin was positive that Mary was his choice. Then he grew hot with jealousy of John Weimer and Jimmie Weygandt, to whom she freely dispensed her favors, and he made up his mind that, before another day passed, Mary should be his. But—and in this hesitation lay his undoing—before he decided finally, it would be well to see Jovina once more.

Jovina was not pretty, except for her dark eyes. She was tall and spare and sallow, and her hair was a dull brown. Jovina, however, could cook, and for that reason her popularity was equal to Mary's. Plain cooking is not counted much of an accomplishment in Millerstown, for every woman is a good plain cook. There were a few, however,—Jovina, Savilla Arndt, and Linnie Kurtz,—in whose skilful hands cooking had become a fine art, and Jovina perhaps excelled all the others.

"Chofina can bake sirty-sefen kinds cake," her mother claimed proudly. "And she need n't look once in de receipt-book. She can make, of course, pancakes an' funnel-cakes an' *schwingfelders* an' waffles, besides. De sirty-sefen means fancy cakes."

Beside this, Jovina could make yeast-beer and root-beer and half a dozen fruit-vinegars. Her chicken and waffles, her *schnitz und knöpf,* her *latwerk* (apple-butter), were the envy of all the other women. Her soap was always the whitest, her dried peaches and corn were the most tasteful, her liver-pudding, sausage, and *pan-hass* (scrapple), the best in the village. Was it any wonder that the delicious flavors of the products of her skilful hands veiled for a while Mary Kuhns's saucy face and dimmed the tender glances of her blue eyes?

Had Benjamin been more sophisticated, he might have ascribed the duality of his love-affairs to the naturally polygamous instincts of man. So advanced a theory, however, had not yet become part of Millerstown's ethics. Each man was expected to love, cherish, and, in many cases, obey one woman, be she sweetheart or wife. Girls were allowed, on account of their natural fickleness, to change their minds. Any masculine wanderings from the narrow path of single-hearted devotion, however, were considered evidences of woeful weakness of character. Hence Benjamin, who had once shared Millerstown's old-fashioned opinions, and who had no new theories with which to console himself for his inconstancy, was thoroughly miserable.

"It iss n't any oder way about it," he would say despairingly to himself. "I must pretty soon decide. When I don't, den John Weimer or Jimmie Weygandt will perhaps get her. But perhaps it iss n't *her* what I want, but Chofina. An' den when it *iss* Chofina, she iss pretty spunky, an' perhaps she won't haf me when I put it much longer off."

As he ate Jovina's crullers and molasses-cake, he looked with eager anticipation down a long line of years during which

crullers and "fine-cake" should be his daily fare. When he had thoroughly satisfied his hunger, he decided to ask her to be his. Then, as he ate still more, he began to think that perhaps he had better see Mary once again before taking so irrevocable a step. Mary's eyes were so blue, and there was such an alluring dimple in her chin! Mary was always so sweet-tempered, and Jovina—well, Jovina had a mind of her own.

Ten minutes on the Kuhns's dim, vine-shaded porch with Mary by his side convinced him that it was not Jovina that he wanted at all. Poor, desolate Jovina, she would probably be heartbroken when she heard he was to marry Mary, but that, of course, could not be helped.

In another ten minutes he had again changed his mind; for Mary gave him a piece of chocolate-cake, "which I myself baked," she explained. Now Mary's was the exception which proved the rule of Millerstown's good cooking. Even every-day necessities, such as pie, bread, and fried potatoes, grew into strange things in her hands. When she attempted anything as ambitious as chocolate-cake, the result was sad to behold and worse to taste. At the first bite, Benjamin's lips puckered over a huge lump of baking-soda, and he said fervently to himself: *"Nay, bei meiner Seele! Des du ich net!"* (No, by my soul! This I will not do!") Again the star of Jovina was in the ascendant. Should he ever get the taste of that soda out of his mouth? Certain delicious crullers suggested themselves as an antidote, and firmly convinced that "good cooking iss more dan good looks, for cooking lasts, and looks don't," he determined to seek Jovina the next day and offer her his heart and hand.

Jovina, however, to whose ears had penetrated some gossip concerning her willingness to share the attentions of her lover with another, was, naturally enough, in a bad humor, and the sharpness of her voice and the angry flash in her black eyes reminded Benjamin by force of contrast of another voice which was always soft, and other eyes in which he never saw aught but tenderness. Mary Kuhns was the girl who should be the future Mrs. Benjamin Gaumer. Mary, however, again fed him cake, with results disastrous to her prospects.

Thus it went on all the long summer. Millerstown did not for a moment appreciate Benjamin's situation, and undertook to tell the girls plainly what it thought. For its pains it got only a laugh from Mary and a scathing "It would be a fine sing for Millerstown when de folks would learn once to mind deir own business," from Jovina. Evidently the girls did not purpose to take any one into their confidence. No one thought of admonishing Benjamin. He had always been too ready with his fists to make that an inviting task.

The girls, meanwhile, who lived near each other on Church street, continued to be good friends.

Then one day Mary, coming out of Jovina's gate, met Sarah Arndt. The old woman greeted her with a sly smile.

"Well," she began, "did n't she do you nosing?"

"Who?" Mary asked in frank amazement.

"Ay, Chofina."

"Why, of course not. Why should Chofina do me anysing?"

The old woman laughed shrilly.

"Sure enough! You need n't act as when you did n't know what she said from you and Benj."

"From me and Benj?" A faint color began to show on Mary's cheek.

"Yes. She said dat you wass trying to get Benj Gaumer away from her, and dat she would settle you once."

"What will she do?" Mary spoke in angry haste.

"I don't know; but you better look a little out."

"I guess I can take care of myself; you can tell her dat once." Mary slammed her own gate defiantly.

That evening old Sarah stopped for a moment at the Neuweilers' to tell Jovina's mother that Mary said that she "would 'a' srown Benj long ago ofer, only she liked to tease Chofina." Both Jovina and Mary might have known better than to believe Sarah's tales, but the subject of their common lover had, through long teasing, become a sore point. So Mary walked by Jovina one day on the street without speaking to her, only to realize a second later that her trouble was unnecessary, as Jovina had turned her head the other way. After this there was openly declared rivalry between them for Benjamin's attentions. Whether they wanted his love was

another question. Mary was just as cordial to John Weimer and Jimmie Weygandt as she was to Benj, and whether Jovina would ever really accept him was doubtful.

"Perhaps he gets after all left," said old Sarah. "Perhaps Mary will take one of de oders, and perhaps Chofina will at last get her spunk up and not haf him. When I wass young, girls had more spunk, dat iss what dey had. No man could fool so long round and yet mean nosing by it."

Meanwhile poor Benjamin grew more puzzled as each day went by. Mary's smiles seemed to grow more winning and her eyes deeper, and Jovina's "fine-cakes" lighter and more delicious. Then suddenly, almost without realizing it, he was engaged.

One Sunday evening he went to see Jovina, assuring himself, as he walked up Church street, that Jovina was the girl for him. His last call on Mary had not been very satisfactory. She had seemed less confiding, less sweet than usual, and had several times spoken sharply to him.

"She has also a temper," he said to himself. "I sink I take de cooking."

He did not find Jovina on the front door-step, where she usually received him, and, wondering a little, he opened the gate into the side yard and went around to the back porch to inquire of Mrs. Neuweiler whether her daughter had gone away. To his surprise, he found Jovina herself, in a new and most becoming pink dress, rocking vigorously back and forth in the rocking-chair.

"I sink you are fixed up pretty fine for de back porch, Chofina," he commented, gazing admiringly at her.

"Why, Benj?"

"Why, you ought to be sitting out front where de folks can all see your fine new dress."

"I am not fixed up for de folks," said Jovina.

Benjamin's mouth opened in astonishment. That coquettish remark from staid Jovina, who often harshly criticized Mary Kuhns for "making de men sink too much from demselves!" Jovina, who had yielded to an unaccountable impulse to be "flirty," blushed suddenly and becomingly.

"Shall we den go out front," she demanded with asperity.

"Well, I guess not," said Benjamin, firmly, as he sat down on the step at her feet. "I sink we will stay here—anyhow, a while. Your dress iss for sure fine!"

At this Jovina, who usually "gafe him a mousful" when he began to flatter, smiled sweetly.

"Look a little out; you might make me vain," she said.

"I guess it iss no danger, Chofina. Do you want to go dis efening in de church?"

"*Ach,* I don't know. Do you?"

"No."

"Well, den, I guess we won't go."

Benjamin gasped. Was Jovina actually making an effort to please him? Not once during the evening did she show any of her "spunk." She agreed with everything he said. Usually they had long and heated discussions about religious matters. It was just the time when the "New Baptists" were leaving the "Jonathan-Kuhns Baptists," and Jovina, who went, did not agree at all with Benjamin, who stayed. It was quite by accident that Benjamin introduced the subject this evening. He had such an exhibition of Jovina's temper the last time they discussed it that he might have known better than to try again. This evening, however, Jovina only said sweetly:

"I sink it would perhaps be better when we would talk from somesing else."

Whereupon, with all doubts driven from his mind, Benjamin proposed, and was immediately accepted.

"When shall we den get married, Chofina?" he asked.

"Oh, I sink I can be by Sursday all ready. I haf chust dis week made me dis new dress, an' I will buy me a coat an' hat."

"But, Chofina, I sought it took much longer to get ready to get married!" he exclaimed in surprise and consternation.

"It does not take so long of course as when we were going to housekeeping for ourselfs. We will, of course, lif here wis mam and pap. An' you haf dis new suit to get married in."

"Yes, b-b-but—" this mad haste took away his breath—"dis is me pretty much of a hurry. No—no—Chofina,"—he saw her figure straighten in the moonlight,—"I did n't mean nosing by it! I meant—I meant—could we get a minister so soon, Chofina?"

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"JOVINA—WELL, JOVINA HAD A MIND OF HER OWN"

"I sink it would be a good sing when we would go ofer to New Chersey. Den all de busybodies in Millerstown need n't know nosing about it beforehand. I heard you say once dat when you got married dat would be de way what you would do. Besides, we need ofer in New Chersey no license."

"Yes, but—"

"I will of course tell mam and pap, and you can tell Wednesday efening your mam. Den we can slip easy Sursday morning away."

So occupied was Benjamin with his own thoughts that he scarcely knew how the rest of the evening passed. Finally he bade her good night and went home.

"It iss me too much of a hurry, dat iss what it iss," he said miserably to himself. "It iss n't dat I don't want to get married, or dat I don't want Chofina; but—but dere iss Mary Kuhns."

Drawn by Leon Guipon

"THEIR ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED"

The old puzzle rose like a specter to harass him.

"Perhaps it wass only in my mind dat Mary wass de last time ugly to me," he thought. "Perhaps she wass a little chealous from Chofina. She iss ten times so good-looking as Chofina. Chofina iss me too homely."

He forgot Jovina's pretty new dress and the flush on her cheek. He knew now, once for all, which he wanted: it was Mary. He could feel the touch of her little hand and see the coquettish gleam in her soft eyes. And poor Mary! What would she do if he should marry Jovina? Perhaps it would break her heart and she would die, and he would be to blame. Mary was such a little girl! She was not big and strong like Jovina, who was almost as tall as he. What should he do? He could not go and tell Jovina that he had been mistaken. In the first place, she might hold him to his promise, and there would be an awful scandal, which would effectually put Mary beyond his reach. On the other hand, she might angrily release him, and he did not wish to break with her entirely. That would mean that he would *have* to take Mary. Of course he wanted to marry Mary, but he did not want to be driven to it.

His round and rosy face dropped in such doleful lines when he looked in the glass in his room that it made him almost sick with pity for himself. All night Jovina, tall, dark, and inexorable, seemed to stand beside his bed.

Nor was he any less miserable on the eve of his wedding. He had seen Jovina only once. Then she was very sweet to him, and there was a soft flush on her cheek. He began to feel easier. The same afternoon, however, he passed Mary on the street, and the alluring tilt of her chin sent him back into despair. He could scarcely attend to his work in the cigar-factory. The boss frowned, and the boys chaffed him gaily.

"You act as when your mind wass away some place. Perhaps it iss ofer by Mary, or perhaps Chofina. Which one is it anyhow, Benj?"

Benjamin frowned only a trifle less darkly than John Weimer, who said, *"Esel!"* ("Donkey!") under his breath.

When Benj went home for supper on Wednesday, a big plate of crullers occupied the place of honor in the center of the table.

"Chofina Neuweiler gafe dem to me," his mother explained. "I wass once ofer dere a little while dis afternoon. My! but Chofina iss a good cook. Don't you sink so?" She looked at him inquiringly, but his mouth was full and he did not answer. "I belief perhaps she iss going somewheres off to-morrow."

"Why do you sink she is going somewheres off?" Benjamin had not yet announced the fact of his approaching marriage. That would be the first decisive step, and he hesitated to take it. Now, however, he realized that the time had come when it could no longer be put off.

"*Ach,* nosing; only her mam said to her somesing about 'when you come back, Chofina,' and I sought perhaps she wass going somewheres off."

Thereupon Benjamin announced that he and Jovina proposed to journey the next day to New Jersey to be married. His mother, who had never liked Mary Kuhns, expressed her approval; and, buoyed by this and the memory of her crullers, he went to see Jovina in a fairly cheerful frame of mind. They planned to make the journey by trolley, starting at five o'clock in the morning. He decided not to notify the men at the shop that he was not coming, but to let his mother send the boss word after he had gone. It would be a good joke on Millerstown.

As the evening wore on, and Jovina seemed to prefer long silences to conversation, his cheerfulness waned. He saw John Weimer go swiftly past in the dusk, and a furious jealousy added to his soreness of heart. He did not want to marry Jovina Neuweiler; he wanted to marry Mary Kuhns. Jovina noticed his gloom, but whether or not she suspected its cause, there was a solemnity about her good night which warned him that his choice was irrevocable.

He needed neither the alarm-clock nor the sound of his mother's voice to arouse him the next morning. Indeed, he was awake long before it was time to get up, and he was not sure that he had slept at all. He ate so little breakfast that his mother was frightened.

"You will feel bad when you do not eat somesing, Benj. Come now; here is some raisin-pie."

Drawn by Leon Guipon

"JOVINA'S 'HELLO, CHIMMIE!' WAS THE ONLY ANSWER HE RECEIVED"

He silently shook his head. The unaccustomed splendor of his Sunday clothes worried him, and there was something about the exceeding tightness of his high collar which reminded him of the other yoke he was about to assume. He stole through the streets to the Neuweilers' more like a thief than a prospective bridegroom, and, avoiding the boardwalk, went around to the back door upon the grass. Jovina met him at the door, the bright pink of her dress reflected in the glow of her cheeks.

"Say, Benj," she began, "you go a little ahead down to de trolley, an' I will come a little behind. Den when de folks see us dey will not know dat we are wis each oder."

Thus admonished, Benjamin sped away with a sudden lightness of heart. The evil day was postponed for a few minutes at least. When Jovina met him down on Main street, however, his despair again overwhelmed him. The next time he saw that spot he would no longer be free. No longer could he live his own life. No longer could he join the boys in the gallery of the church on Sunday evenings; he would have to sit with Jovina. No longer could he dash gaily around the Copenhagen ring at the Sunday-school picnics, winning a kiss for a forfeit from every girl whose hands he could slap. He would have to stay close by Jovina now. And, worst of all, nevermore could he join the gay group on Mary Kuhns's doorstep; nevermore could he take her walking or trolley-riding. Nevermore could his hand linger caressingly on hers as he bade her good night; nevermore would her glances at him be aught but straightforward and direct. He was back for the moment on the Kuhns's porch in the summer dusk, and Mary was laughing as she tried to get her hand away. Benjamin smiled.

"Benj!" He came back to the awful present with a start. This was not dusk; it was dawn. The girl at his side was not gentle Mary; it was tall, stern Jovina—Jovina, whom he was about to marry!

"Well?" he answered dully.

"Don't you see den de car!" she exclaimed.

He raised both arms in a wild signal to the motorman, and the car, speeding toward them like a Juggernaut, stopped with a great grinding of wheels.

"It would haf been a fine sing when we had got left!" commented Jovina as they climbed aboard.

As they passed Sarah Ann Mohr's, that good lady was just opening her front door. Benjamin ducked his head, hoping she had not seen him. Jovina, however, gaily waved her hand, and, as Benjamin looked back, he beheld Sarah Ann, her fat arms akimbo, the light of knowledge beaming in a broad smile on her cheerful face. Their engagement was announced.

As they sped past the creamery, the farm-wagons with their shining cans had begun to drive up, and again Benjamin bent his head. Jovina, however, sat all the straighter, proud in the consciousness that she wore a becoming new dress and that she was going to be married. There was little conversation between them. She called his attention to Jimmie Weygandt as he started around his wheat-field, scythe in hand, to mow the first row before the reaper; and Jimmie, who neared the fence as they turned the corner by his fields, waved his hat and shouted. Jovina's "Hello, Chimmie!" was the only answer he received. Already Benj could see him seated by Mary Kuhns's side on the porch, dark in the shadow of the honeysuckles. The more his face darkened, however, the more cheerful did Jovina become. She hummed a hymn as they dashed on, she admired the goldenrod flaming into splendor in the fence-corners, and presently she slid along the bench toward Benj.

"It hardly seems true dat we are going to be married, does it now?" she asked.

"No, it don't," he said quickly. Was Jovina beginning to have doubts as to the wisdom of their proceedings? "Are you sure it iss den for de best, Chofina? Are you sure we haf not den hurried ourselfs too much? Do you sink we had perhaps better go back?"

"No, indeed, Benj! I am sure," Jovina interpreted his questions as the effort of a doubting lover to assure himself of her affection.

"You will den nefer repent?"

"Nefer, Benj; nefer. I—I haf lofed you dis long time; I—" Jovina's remarks were suspended while she grabbed for her hat, which threatened to blow off in the blast created by the tremendous speed at which they dashed through the street of the next village—"I wass not fery happy for a long time till I found it wass I and not Mary Kuhns what you lofed."

Benj groaned. Was it right for a professing Christian—a Jonathan-Kuhns Baptist at that—to enter into an agreement in which the other party was the victim of a delusion? Would it not be better to break the fact to Jovina that it was not she whom he loved best, but Mary? Again, however, his old doubts assailed him.

"If I do dat, den Chofina will nefer look at me again. Suppose I should den want her! An', besides, if Chofina wants to say dat we wass going to get married, and den I would n't, eferybody will belief her; for Sarah Ann she saw us going off in de trolley. When a fellow an' a girl go off so early in de morning in de trolley, it means dat somesing iss up."

He could not understand how it was that he had happened to propose. He forgot again Mary's heavy chocolate-cake and her coldness to him. Nor did he think of Jovina in her new dress flushing softly as he complimented her.

They reached the county-seat before he was aware. There, even though it was only six o'clock, the town was thoroughly awake. The day seems to begin an hour earlier in southeastern Pennsylvania than in other places. The cars which passed as they waited for the Easton car were crowded with men going to their work down at the wire- or rolling-mills. A little later a crowd of girls and women on their way to the silk-mills and shoe-factories would fill the streets. A man who was sweeping the old-fashioned double porches of the United States House at the opposite corner threw down his broom as he helped the porter carry out the heavy satchels of departing guests of the house, who dashed wildly across the pavement and into a carriage, meanwhile calling to the driver to "Hurry up once or we miss the train!" Already the doors of an establishment at the other corner swung vigorously back and forth. Men pushed them in swiftly, then came out more slowly, wiping their lips. The car-despatcher, standing in the middle of the tangle of tracks, shouted strident Pennsylvania-German oaths at the motormen and conductors, who in turn answered him as gruffly.

When the lumbering "double-trucker" marked "Easton" swung around the cor-

ner from Hamilton street into Sixth, Benj and Jovina climbed aboard and began the second stage of their journey. There was little danger that any one would guess that they were prospective bride and groom. The frowns on Benj's brow did not lift for an instant, and, as time went on and all her efforts at conversation failed, Jovina's face also lost its cheerful expression. Benj gazed mournfully out of the window on one side of the car and Jovina on the other, he with bent shoulders, and she with head high in the air.

It was about eight o'clock when, having left the car at Easton, they crossed the Delaware bridge into Phillipsburg, New Jersey.

"I sink it iss perhaps early yet to go to de preacher," said Benj, after a long silence. "Perhaps we had better take a little walk once. De folks do not get so early up here like in Lehigh County."

"All right," assented Jovina, cheerfully. "I wonder where dese steps go." As she spoke, she pointed to a flight of steps which fell from the street-level.

"We will see once," he answered. She followed him down the steps, which lay along the side of the steep river-bank. At the foot they came upon a little railroad station. The tracks followed the windings of the river along the New Jersey side. Overhead, on another road, thundered the heavy freight-trains back to their own county-seat.

"I sink dis would be a pretty good place to rest," said Jovina as she spied the seats in the little waiting-room. "It iss noisy here, but it iss quiet, too."

She led the way thither, and they sat down. The station-agent eyed them curiously as they waited for half an hour in solemn silence. Then Benjamin arose, and Jovina, who had begun to think that Phillipsburg, even if it were slower than Lehigh County, would by this time be thoroughly awake, prepared to follow.

"You wait here a little," Benj commanded as she gathered up her pocket-book and her gloves. "I will go first out and walk up an' down a little."

"Well, I guess I go wis."

"No; you will get tired. You stay here." There was such sternness in his voice that Jovina sank back. Did he purpose to run away? She determined to change her seat to where she could watch every inch of the little platform. Just as soon as he started up the steps he would find her at his side. She yielded for the first time to her suspicions that perhaps Benj was beginning to repent, and she grew each moment more angry.

"If it wass not for one sing he might go back," she said to herself. "An' dat iss dat by dis time all Millerstown knows eferysing about it. Sarah Ann Mohr she saw us, and, besides, I told mam dat by dis time she could tell. Go back and not married, when I start out to get married! I guess not! It iss too late now for him to sneak out of it. If he only knew somesing what *I* know, he might be glad enough. But dat sing I will not tell him —not yet, anyhow. In a half-hour we will be married; den it will be time enough."

In spite of the firm purpose betokened by Jovina's tightly pressed lips and flashing eyes, she was, at the end of a half-hour, still the same Jovina Neuweiler. As Benj walked up and down the platform, he realized that the time for procrastination was past. Each moment his anguish grew more intense.

"It don't make anysing out now what happens," he thought. "I would be willing to do wisout Mary, too, and nefer get married, if only I did n't haf to marry Chofina. I don't care for cooking or nosing. Mam's cooking iss me plenty good enough."

Wild thoughts of flight sped across his brain. There, however, stern, watchful, implacable, sat Jovina. He looked nervously at his watch. It was already after nine o'clock. He expected each moment to see her at the door, beckoning him to follow her up the steps. Presently she appeared.

"Benj!" she called. "What time iss it at your watch?"

He pretended not to hear, and she called the second time in tones which admitted of no misunderstanding.

"I don't know for sure. Wait once; I look." He drew his watch slowly from his pocket.

"It iss somewheres near nine," he said weakly.

"Well?" demanded Jovina.

"Well? well?" he repeated in confusion. "How do you mean wis 'well,' Chofina?"

"I guess you know what I mean. I sink it iss a funny sing when—"

"Chofina, wait once." He interrupted frantically the rush of her speech. "I haf a plan. Wait once a minute, Chofina."

Jovina waited at least five.

"Well?" she said again.

"Why, it says here on de time-table dat a train goes to Riegelsville at ninesirty. I used to know a preacher what wass preaching dere. Don't you—d-d-don't you—" Benj stammered madly in his excitement—"don't you sink it would be a good sing to go once down dere an' get married?"

Jovina considered the proposition for an instant. The railroad ran down the Jersey side of the river. Had it been the Pennsylvania side, she would have concluded that Benj wished to delay the ceremony until it was too late in the day to get a license. In Jersey, however, they would need no license, hence he could gain nothing by delay. She did not object to satisfying what appeared to be only a harmless whim. It was only nine o'clock, and they had the rest of the day before them.

"But, Benj," she exclaimed, "it will cost to go down to dat place. We haf spent already a good deal money."

"What do I care for money!" he said, with reckless prodigality. "We haf safed on de license."

"Haf you got de tickets?"

"No; wait once. I get dem." He vanished swiftly into the station. As he waited for his change, he looked back. There stood Jovina in the doorway. Her hat cast a shadow across her face which to him appeared like a deep scowl.

"*Ach*, I 'm coming!" he said hurriedly. Had it begun so soon as this, that she would watch him every minute? The cheerfulness caused by the prospect of a delay vanished instantly. He pictured Mary at his side. How differently she would have acted!

It never occurred to him to help Jovina up the steps of the car. He climbed up himself and sank despairingly into the first seat, half of which was already occupied, whereupon Jovina, who followed close at his heels, seized him by the arm.

"Are you den not right?" she demanded, and he rose and followed her to a vacant seat. Presently she called his attention to a strong odor of mint which seemed to envelop them.

"It iss a powwow doctor lifs along here," she explained. "Sarah Ann Mohr told me once from him. Lots of folks come from Beslehem an' Nazares an' lots of places in Norsampton County ofer. He gifs much medicine, an' it smells of mint."

Benjamin, however, plunged in despair, heard not a word. Nor did the conductor's loud "Riegelsville! Riegelsville!" make the least impression upon him. He did feel, however, Jovina's clutch upon his arm.

"It iss Riegelsville," she said. "Come on!"

Benjamin came. Now at last his bachelor days were ended. He made, however, another brave effort.

"I sink perhaps dat preacher has mofed away."

"It don't make nosing out when dat one has mofed away. I guess dere iss anoder."

Jovina kept her hand on his arm till, having left the station, they followed the other passengers toward the dark opening of a covered bridge.

"Wh-where are you going?" he queried.

"Can't you see de town iss ofer here? We must pay first toll, I guess. De town iss on de oder side of de bridge."

Benj paid, forgetting for once in his life to count the change. When they stepped again upon solid ground, he suddenly halted.

"Chofina!" he almost shouted, "we are again in Pennsylfania. It wass de rifer what we crossed."

"Well, what of it?"

"We can't get married in Pennsylfania wisout no license."

"Den we go back to where we come." Her voice was terrible in its sternness. Was this his little game? Benj, however, had never before been within a dozen miles of Riegelsville, and knew nothing of its topography. He regarded this as a special interposition of Providence in his behalf.

"But, Chofina, it would not bring good luck to go back to a place for a second time to get married."

"We are going to Phillipsburg to get right aways married. Dat iss what we

are going to do." To Jovina the only ill luck which could possibly befall was further delay. "Come on; it iss pretty soon perhaps a train back." Again she laid her hand on his arm. "Come on. But what iss now de matter?" For Benj had suddenly stopped at the opening of the bridge.

"I—I haf—I haf lost my pocket-book!"

"Well, you must 'a' dropped it here. Come on; let us look once. When did you last haf it?"

"I don't know," he almost wailed. "I paid de tickets an' de toll from some loose change what I had. I might 'a' lost it efen in Millerstown already. How will we den get home, Chofina? I haf only a few cents loose change any more."

For a few minutes they searched diligently.

"It ain't here," said Benjamin. *"Ach!* what will we do? Where are you den going, Chofina?"

Jovina had started toward the station.

"Come on!" she said.

"But I haf no money! We can't walk."

"You haf de tickets, anyhow, to Phillipsburg. We can sit in de station till de next train comes."

"But we can't walk from Phillipsburg to Millerstown, I guess."

"Benj Gaumer," she commanded, "dere iss one way, and only one, what you can get home besides walking. Dat way I will tell you when we get to de station." Thereupon Benjamin followed her.

"I haf plenty money of my own," she announced; "but I don't take no strange fellows trafeling round wis me. I would take a fellow if I wass married to him, and no oder kind; dat I can tell you, Benj Gaumer! You need n't say nosing now. When we got to Phillipsburg once it will be den time enough."

For the next hour he sat silently beside her. He slipped his hand surreptitiously into one pocket after the other, but no purse could he find. He listened greedily to the clink of silver in Jovina's pocket-book as she changed it from one hand to the other. Certainly she moved it around oftener than was necessary. There was a north-bound train in an hour, and again he left her to climb unaided to the car. Again her "Chust smell de mint, Benj!" as they passed Raubsville fell on deaf ears, and it was necessary for her to remind him forcibly that they had reached their destination.

He followed weakly behind her up the long steps, in the embarrassed helplessness of the man with empty pockets. When they reached the top she paused.

"Well?" she said grimly.

Benjamin looked up the street, then down, then he thrust his hands wildly into his pockets. The two minutes that had passed since his last investigation had not served to create a purse. Then he capitulated.

"What for a preacher, Chofina?" he asked.

"So long as dere ain't no New Baptists nowhere but in Millerstown, I don't care. But no Menisht [Mennonite] an' no Casolic [Catholic] an' no Chew! Whatefer oder preacher you can find dan dose, I don't care."

"Wh-where den will I find him?" he asked.

She cast upon him a glance of withering scorn.

"Go in dat store an' ask!" He followed the direction she indicated.

"De drug-store?"

"Yes."

The clerks looked slyly at one another as Benj entered the store after a moment's frantic struggle to push in the door which was marked "Pull."

"Where iss a preacher?" he demanded wildly.

"The second house from the corner on the next block, sir."

"Sank you." Benj started out, but came speedily back.

"He ain't for sure no Casolic?" he queried.

"No what?"

"No Casolic."

"Oh, Catholic you mean! No, sir."

"Nor yet a Menisht nor a Chew?"

"A what? He is a clergyman of the Lutheran Church."

"Sank you."

"He 's harder hit than most," a clerk remarked as Benj joined Jovina on the opposite corner. "Look at 'em; they 're going the wrong way."

He rushed to the doorway and called loudly, whereupon Jovina stood still, while Benj moved on a few paces.

"You 're going the wrong way!" he

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BENJ GAUMER,' SHE COMMANDED, 'DERE ISS ONE WAY, AND ONLY ONE, WHAT YOU CAN GET HOME BESIDES WALKING'"

shouted. "The preacher lives up the other way."

Jovina seized Benj by the arm, and the clerk went back to the store.

"I 'm afraid I 've spoiled sport," he laughed. "The poor chap won't get away from her again."

When they reached the preacher's door, Jovina herself asked if he were at home, and, upon being answered affirmatively, motioned Benj to precede her. The maid, whose dancing eyes gave testimony that she understood their errand, invited Jovina to walk up-stairs and lay off her hat.

"No, I won't need to lay off my hat. I can be married in a hat."

Was this another scheme of Benj's to get away? Had he mysteriously communicated with this saucy girl, and was she trying to aid him?

"Not much does she get me away!" Jovina said to herself. "I am a little too smart for dese New Chersey ones."

The maid ushered them into the preacher's study, and he rose as they entered.

"You wish to see me?" he asked smilingly. "From Pennsylvania? Ah, I understand. Yes, I can perform the ceremony immediately."

He asked them various questions. The only objection he had to his present pastorate was the fact that it lay in a town which was a veritable Gretna Green, and he was not always sure that the persons he married were truthful about their age or their residence. In this case, however, his mind was more at ease. In the first place, they were certainly both of age, and, in the second, the clothing of the groom, in which he was evidently not thoroughly at home, and the bride's gay and beruffled attire, were too conspicuous to have been donned for an elopement. As he turned from Jovina to Benjamin, however, he began to be puzzled.

"If this young woman were apparently as unwilling to be married as this young man," he said to himself, "I should feel it my duty to decline to marry them."

Benjamin's replies, however, though wanting in spirit, were correct as to the letter, and presently he and Jovina were pronounced man and wife.

As the preacher shook hands with them, Jovina slipped a dollar bill from her hand to his own.

"He lost his pocket-book," she explained.

"But—but, my friend, I can't take a fee from you!"

"*Ach!* dat don't make nosing out," she said calmly. "He will chust haf to pay it back again."

At this the preacher bowed, his chin deep in his collar. He went with them toward the door. When they reached the hall, the maid paused for a moment with her dusting, and Jovina looked at her sharply. Had she been listening? Had this saucy little thing heard Benj's gruff replies? Was she laughing at them? Jovina turned toward the preacher.

"You must excuse him because he don't seem so anxious," she explained loudly. "It iss n't as he don't want to get married; it iss because—because—" Jovina was not an habitual prevaricator, and invention was difficult—"it iss because he has new shoes an' he has it so in his feet. Good-by, *Para* [Pastor]."

Then Jovina looked haughtily at the pretty maid,—Jovina, who herself had lived out one summer at the Weygandts', where she expected to be treated as one of the family,—and waving her hand majestically, issued her commands:

"Will de serfant-girl open de door?"

Blissfully unconscious of the laughter to which master and maid yielded as she seized Benj again by the arm, she walked briskly down the street.

"I sink it would be nice when we would take de steam-cars home," she said. "We haf come by de trolley. We can walk back across de bridge to Easton."

"All right." Had she proposed an airship, Benj would have been equally satisfied. If she chose to waste the difference between the trolley fare, which was fifteen cents, and the railroad fare, which was fifty, well and good. She carried the pocket-book, and she had promised to get him back to Millerstown. She bought some bananas and soft pretzels, and they ate their dinner as they crossed the bridge. When they reached Easton they found that they had just missed a train, and it was almost dark when they reached their own county-seat. They had scarcely spoken a word. Jovina, from whose stern eyes the sharpness had vanished, glanced occasionally at Benj with an expression curiously like wistfulness around the cor-

ners of her mouth. Benj, however, paid no heed. He mounted the train at her suggestion and rose to leave it at her word; but he had no will of his own. It simply "made nosing out" what happened now. When they reached the corner from which the Millerstown cars started, they found that again they had missed a car. Thereupon Jovina suggested that they take a walk out Hamilton street, where suddenly the faint twilight gave place to the blaze of electric lights. It was she who asked the shouting car-despatcher what time the next car departed for Millerstown, she who piloted the way across the crowded street, she who bought a bag of peanuts from the Italian at the corner. Then Benj gave the first sign that he still possessed an interest in life, for he munched them greedily. He was hungry —not, however, for peanuts or bananas or pretzels, but for boiled cabbage and pork and schnitz-pie. He realized suddenly that he wanted schnitz-pie more than he had ever wanted anything in his life. And, alas! his mother seldom baked it! It was at Jovina's alone that he had ever got enough schnitz-pie. Suddenly he drew a deep breath. He was henceforth to live at Jovina's! The black clouds which hemmed him in brightened. It was true that they were still so very gray as to be almost black; but Jovina, had she only known, had good reason to take courage. He remembered for the first time to help her into the car, and as he sat down beside her he noticed that she wore her pink dress. A loud shout from the rear suddenly drew his attention.

"Well! well! Look once in front dere! Chust married, fellows! Hello, Benj!" It was Billy Knerr and the young Fackenthals. At their gay sally every one in the car grinned broadly, and Benj blushed like a girl. Another penalty for being married! The sense of his own misery surged over him again. Jovina was to blame for this. He looked around at her, and for an instant her own glance, tormented, pitiful, pathetically unlike Jovina, held his own. That instant something new was born within him—a sense of possession. He rose to his feet and looked angrily back at his fellow-townsmen.

"You fellows had better shut once up!" he called. "It shows mighty poor manners to yell at a lady in de street-car! An', what iss more, any one what does it will settle wis me!"

So amazed were they, and so thoroughly convinced that he meant what he said, that they were instantly silent.

The streets of the county-seat and the long, ugly rows of suburban houses were soon left behind. Then they sped out into the summer darkness, where the lights were gleaming in scattered farmhouses.

"Are you cold, Chofina?" Benj asked suddenly, as the cool evening breeze blew through the car.

"N-no," she answered, startled by his solicitude. "But I am tired."

"An' I, too."

Suddenly Jovina began to tremble.

"No, it ain't dat I am cold. It iss somesing else. It iss somesing dat I must tell you, Benj. I haf known it sometime already. It—it—iss—it iss dat—"

"Well?"

"It iss dat Chohn Weimer will some one of dese days marry Mary."

"Mary? Mary who?"

"Why, Mary Kuhns."

"Chohn Weimer marry Mary Kuhns!" He laid his hand heavily on her wrist. "How do you den know dis?"

"Chohn told me himself, an' it iss for sure true."

John Weimer marry Mary Kuhns! Mary Kuhns, whose steady suitor he had been for three years! Now all Millerstown would say that she had thrown him over for John. A fierce anger against her swelled within him. What right had she to treat him like this? Then at last the morning of Benjamin's content dawned.

"But—but—"

"But what, Benj?" prompted Jovina in a voice thick with suppressed tears.

"Wait once," he said, his forehead wrinkled in a frown, his grasp on her wrist growing each moment tighter. "But, Chofina, it wass I what srew Mary Kuhns ofer, and not she me."

"Of course it wass," said Jovina.

"Chofina, did you haf de wedding-day so soon because of Mary's also getting married? Did you sink folks would say she srew me ofer? Did you do it den for me?"

"Of course I did," said Jovina.

His clasp this time closed on Jovina's hand. Her own, however, was suddenly drawn away.

"Chofina!" he exclaimed, "do you turn away from me?"

"No—no; it ain't dat, Benj. I haf somesing else to tell you, Benj."

"Wait once, Chofina. It iss almost time to get out. Den you can tell me."

He helped her down tenderly. Billy Knerr called after them something about a serenade they would have the next evening, but they paid no heed as they started up the dark and silent street.

"Now, Chofina, what iss den dis foolish sing what worries you?"

"It iss dis, Benj," she sobbed: "it iss your pocket-book. I picked it up on de bridge, and I haf had it all de day. *Ach!* Benj, what will you do?"

"You haf den had it all day!" he repeated dully. "Why, Chofina, if I had not lost it, it might be dat we would not haf been yet married!"

"I knew it—I knew it! I knew it all de time!" she exclaimed wildly. "Den you don't lofe me a bit! It would make nosing out to you when I wass dead!"

For the fraction of a second Benj considered. As he had said, if he had not lost his pocket-book they might not have been married. Then how Millerstown would have laughed! And now—

"Chofina," he whispered, "it iss all right. Don't you cry a minute. I am not mad ofer you, Chofinily; I am glad. Listen once. If we wass not already married, dey would all say dat she srew me ofer, and dat you wass second choice. Now we haf a good one on her!"

"But, Benj, are you sure you don't lofe her no more?"

"I nefer lofed her," declared Benjamin, sure of his mind at last; "an' now I hate her!"

A TRYST

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

I WILL not break the tryst, my dear,
That we have kept so long,
Though winter and its snows are here,
And I 've no heart for song.

You went into the voiceless night;
Your path led far away.
Did you forget me, Heart's Delight,
As night forgets the day?

Sometimes I think that you would speak
If still you held me dear;
But space is vast, and I am weak—
Perchance I do not hear.

Surely, howe'er remote the star
Your wandering feet may tread,
When I shall pass the sundering bar
Our souls must still be wed.

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE DEPARTING FIGURES WERE SILHOUETTED FOR AN INSTANT . . . . ON THE TOP OF SUGAR TREE HILL"

THE MAKING OF A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY

BY ROSE YOUNG

Author of "Sally of Missouri," "Henderson," etc.

THE trouble had begun when I reached "Miss Nigger's" cabin. Unmistakable evidence of the fact met my eyes and ears as I stopped on the bare, foot-beaten place in front of the door and chewed my sunbonnet strings and surveyed the unseeing group within.

On the kitchen side of the room sat Miss Nigger, Brother Johnson, and Pokeberry Tate. On the parlor side sat Big Nance Poteet, from the roasting-ear country down in Melrose Bottoms. The line-up meant more than home folks and company: it was also sharply suggestive of the two religious bodies into which the negroes of that part of the county were divided. Brother Johnson was the spiritual head of Old Mount Zion, a congregation of colored foot-washing Baptists. Miss Nigger was the incarnate enthusiasm of that congregation. Pokeberry Tate was what the white people called the "Foot-wash reserve." When there was no one else ripe for conversion, the Foot-washers worked over Poke, who stayed ripe. Big Nance, on the other hand, was what the white people called the "body militant" of the Free-will Baptists.

The Free-wills had one great advantage over the Foot-washers. Their new minister had taken the pains to introduce himself into Melrose Bottoms as a doctor of divinity. In the beginning he had had a name, but to his congregation his title was so much more valuable than his name that it was not long before the latter became innocuous with disuse, and he was known far and wide as "Doc' 'Vinity." Brother Johnson, an easy-going man, had come into the Twin Oaks country as plain brother, and plain brother he had had to remain, even though by this time Free-will references to Doc' 'Vinity had become flaunts.

Standing there at the doorway, I could hear Big Nance holding forth, Free-will fashion.

"Ou' chu'ch was pack' plumb up to de do'-knobs," she was saying, "an' Doc' 'Vinity des tu'n hisse'f loose an' preach de mos' endfind sermon I e'er hyeh endurin' my borned days." Her voice rolled through the doorway and pounded away to the sun-burnished hills, startling them from their Sunday-afternoon drowse with affronting echoes.

The Foot-washers eyed her furtively, with an evident hope that the subject of Doc' 'Vinity's edifying sermons was not to be pursued. But, bristling with mischief, Big Nance kept straight on.

"Snakes alive! teks a docteh ob 'vinity tuh preach, innyway." Then she pretended to be confused by the remembrance that Brother Johnson was not a titled divine. She put the back of one hand to her mouth and chuckled with bland self-deprecation and swayed her huge form back and forth and wagged her head facetiously. "Eh, la! Eh, la! I dunno huccome I fegit 't ain't all preachehs doctehs. No 'fense 'tended, *Br'er* Johnsing."

Now, Brother Johnson's specialty was good-nature, not wit. He could only lean back in his chair helplessly and say, "None taken, Miss Poteet; none taken," and let the pleasure of being polite salve his wound.

It was Miss Nigger who added, "As yit." She and Big Nance looked at each other for a laden moment. I sat down on

the door-step and let my bonnet swag to my shoulders so that I could the better see within. I was glad that I had come.

The two colored gentlemen, one on each side of Miss Nigger, exchanged glances, walling up their eyes, and pulling down their mouths humorously. Kindled by Miss Nigger's eye, Brother Johnson's suspicion that he ought to have resented the slight put upon him by the mulatto woman mounted with a feeble flame. He scratched his head and turned upon Big Nance with some directness of purpose. But when that lady pitched her great body toward him, her hands resting jauntily on her knees, her arms bowed outward, her lower lip jerked back, he shrank down into his chair. Again he weakly murmured, "None taken." And again Miss Nigger supplemented, "As yit."

Big Nance brought her hands to her hips with a thwack that almost split my ears.

"As yit! As yit!" she screamed at Miss Nigger. "Ef so be yeh rambunctious tuh tek 'fense, s' I, teks doctehs ob 'vinity fuh preach gospile ob Gord an' lub ob Christ. S' I, huccome de Foot-washers wastin' time washin' dey foots whenst dey souls brack as pots an' dey ain't got no docteh ob 'vinity tuh tote um tuh de gre't wash-basin on high?"

Partly to evade the main issue and partly because his familiarity with the doctrine gave him a sense of grace, Brother Johnson was brave enough to interrupt Big Nance at this juncture.

"Foot-washin'," he said in a scholarly way, "would be no lessen foolishness ef it p'ten' fuh git ou' foots clean. It don't ebum p'ten' fuh do dat. It des a cer'm'ny fuh show ou' humidity."

"Tha's whut it fuh. Tha's *puzzackly* whut it fuh." Pokeberry nodded his head, well pleased with the incomprehensibility of the explanation.

"Shut yo' mouf, Poke!" growled Big Nance, impatiently. "Shut yo' mouf! You know 'bout ez much 'bout 'ligion ez a chicken-louse."

"No 'fense 'tended, Miss Poteet," said Poke as fast as he could. And when Big Nance leaned over and snapped her fingers in his face, he cringed.

The virago's merciless domination over him and the very inconsequence of the little black rascal seemed to arouse a fierce ancestral maternity within Miss Nigger. She rose and stood by her chair, her outraged gaze upon the mulatto woman. I got up, too, to be prepared for what was surely coming. Miss Nigger was dangerous like that. Her nostrils were flickering. The nostrils of my father's thoroughbreds down at Camelot flickered with excitement in that same way.

"Git outen my house, yaller 'oman!"

Under compulsion of the tense command, Big Nance also rose, but the crisis was far too much to her liking for her to quit it. She lumbered across the room like a prairie-schooner and faced Miss Nigger.

"Black 'oman," I 's one de Free-will picks. I teks no sass f'om a Foot-washer. Yeh want tuh git dat intuh yo' scrull, an' ef yo' scrull too t'ick, I lay it open fuh yeh!"

She would have, too, if Miss Nigger had not been quick to strike down the uplifted hand.

Then came chaos. The room filled with strange jungle-grunts and whirling tigresses. Presently it became apparent that Miss Nigger was pushing Big Nance to the wall. And all the while Big Nance kept making stealthy efforts to get her hand to her dress bosom.

The two colored gentlemen sidestepped to the door. Discovering me there, Poke began a piteous importuning.

"Fuh Gord's sake, li'l' missy, mek um stop!" His voice rose to a pig-like squeal: "Big Nance got a razzuh discreeted in huh clo's!"

I understood then the catlike lifting of Big Nance's hand, and stepped into the room. Even if I had been much afraid, I must have, in those affectionate, impulsive days, stepped into any room where Miss Nigger was menaced. But I was not much afraid. These were the kind of grown ones that made a white child feel old and strong and wise.

"You stop!" I commanded confidently. I was accustomed to see them pay heed when a white person ordered. "You hear me? Stop!"

So direct was the bond between Miss Nigger and me that my voice reached her straight through the red mist of her passion. She did stop, realizing undoubtedly that to have continued would have

been to endanger me. As luck had it, Big Nance was too exhausted to seize her late-come chance to draw her weapon. She leaned against the wall, puffing like a porpoise. Then she raised her red, sullen eyes, and although they fell on only Miss Nigger and me, standing hand in hand, she seemed to see something that frightened her. With a guttural exclamation, she shuffled out of the cabin. Pokeberry Tate and Brother Johnson obligingly flattened themselves against the wall to let her pass. Long afterward we heard that she said that she would have "razzuhed" Miss Nigger to ribbons if I had n't looked such a "spittin' image" of old Neill Gordon, my dead grandfather, that she thought she saw his ghostie.

Whatever the cause, we were glad indeed to see her gigantic form disappear down the road that followed the Rillrall into the Melrose corn-lands. Brother Johnson and Pokeberry Tate sidled back to the two good rocking-chairs. "Phew! Miss Poteet 's a turbul survigrous 'oman!" quavered Poke. Brother Johnson wiped his brow sadly. Miss Nigger sat down in a straight-backed wooden chair and lifted me to her lap. I could feel her body jerking.

"All thet sturvins fuh nuttin' but thet D.D. business!" She shook her head, sighing and sorrowing.

Sympathy for her had inspired me to many misguided efforts in her behalf. It inspired me to one now. "Miss Nigger," I cried, "why don't the Old Mount Zionites chip in and buy Br'er Johnson a D.D. decree? You can buy 'em, you know." In saying so, I drew heavily upon some information that I had recently acquired from the grown ones at my father's house.

"Ma'am? li'l' missy, ma'am?" cried Brother Johnson, with touching eagerness. Poke pricked up his ears. Miss Nigger stiffened.

"Whut thet yeh sayin', lamb-pie?" In her beloved voice there was a throb of hope that lifted me like wings. I soared.

"Why, I 'm telling you that you can buy these here D.D. decrees—like Caspar Columbine's—from a college up at Kansas City, for fifty dollars. I heard my uncle Norval telling my father."

Poke was the first to rally from the shock of the amount. "Sim lak a college mought sell yeh innything on Gord's green yeth fuh dat much money," he said.

It was Brother Johnson, however, who now seized the situation dominantly. The possibility of realizing the great ambition of his life had electrified him. He sat upright and moistened his thick, cracked lips. Visions tormented him. Bigger people, with the clarion call of vaster destinies in their ears, have seen what he saw. "Ef it come tuh pass dat I e'er does git a lift outen air decree, they is some people whut gwine hyeh de crack ob my whup ez I whurls by. Dat fuh sho *an'* sartain." It was with difficulty that he clambered down from those heights whither his unbridled Pegasus had so swiftly carried him. "Sis' Nigger," he began,—that being the black people's modification of my name for her,—"dis be a scrumptious worl' ef we kin foreordinate dis t'ing tuh come tuh pass." He licked his lips and regarded her waitingly. All the Foot-washers waited on her at the cross-roads where dreams and hopes met ways and means.

"Well," she made answer finally, her face sanguine and purposeful, "fitty dollehs a heap uv money. But, thin, berry-time am a-comin'."

We understood what she meant by that. In season Henway Wood was full of luscious wild berries, and there were many ways of turning the fruit into money. In the twinkling of an eye she projected for us a putative program of "festibuls"—ice-cream festibuls, chicken festibuls, berry festibuls—that promised to be a delightful means to a praiseworthy end. When out of all this pious commerce the needed amount should be raised, I was to take it to my Uncle Norval, as the original source of my information about degrees. He was to do the rest.

The whole thing seemed as good as done. I was at a blest age; the others were of a blest people that never age. Already their faces were ecstatically straining with anticipation.

"Sing!" I shouted, noting their malleability. I loved to strike while they glowed red-hot. "Sing, 'Here I raise my Ebenezer.'" The three black figures began to rock.

"Hyeh, I raise my ebon knees, suh!"

They suited the action to the words.

They kept time with their hands, their feet, their bodies. They were all rhythm. Presently their voices keened away in a sweet, tense jubilate:

"Glory! Glory! Hallyloo! Ooh-ooh-oo!"

By now the sun was dropping behind the Twin Oaks hills; and, pointing westward, Brother Johnson rose. Still keeping time with every movement, the two black men picked up their hats, bowed and scraped, and drifted through the doorway and down the big road on the rippling wave of their own music. Miss Nigger had also risen. She stood in the doorway, "patting juba." The departing figures were silhouetted for an instant—dangling frock-coats, battered silk hats, and flopping trousers-legs—on the top of Sugar Tree Hill. Brother Johnson's magnificent voice reached us in a final crescendo:

"Glory! Glory! Hallyloo! Ooh-ooh-oo!"

It was in this wise that the bark of the Old Mount Zionites was launched on a high emprise. By the most commendable sort of lying, the haven of its quest was kept a secret from the Free-wills, the Zionites giving out that all the activity at the church that spring was for the purpose of raising money to shingle the building. When, under the hot Western suns, the berries ripened, endless chains of berry "soshbuls" were organized. I teased my reluctant father into contributing to them all. Gallons of berries—our own berries, too—were offered cheap at the kitchen door of Twin Oaks. I made my mother buy them all. Week by week the D.D. fund grew.

However, in a world of big things berry-time does not last forever. By and by I was slipping over into Henway Wood daily to wring my hands and pray over the berry-bushes. "God," I grumbled, "if you made that sun stand still, I should think you could keep these berries from wizening up."

But for all my praying, the season marched on to the song of the sun, moon, and stars. The berries hardened. The fields yellowed. The land filled with a strange, thick whir. Even a child in the Twin Oaks country could read the signs of the times. Twin Oaks had started in upon her midsummer stint in the great work of feeding the world. No more time for church affairs. From big day until late dusk the black men had to be in the fields with the reapers and threshers, and the black women had to be in the kitchens, cooking endlessly for the hired hands. Our wheat was ripe.

One glowing Sunday morning toward the end of harvest Miss Nigger came up to the big house in her black-calico riding-skirt. She held it up high in front, with both hands, to compensate for not holding it up at all in the back.

"This ou' las' gre't day uv strivin' fuh thet D.D. money, my prushus," she whispered to me. "I gwine ca'y yeh oveh tuh Ol' Mount Zion 'longst uv me. We gwine mek a gran' 'miration oveh thah this mawnin'."

We arranged the matter with the grown ones without delay. Then we took the footpath to the barn. When we were seated on Old Dick, the horse that carried double with least complaint, we sent him through the yard on a lope, so that the grown ones could not laugh at us. They did sometimes.

Out in the long lane we went more slowly. The morning was rosy. The dew on the meadow-grass looked like sparkling eyes. Everything earthly had a sweetness and nearness. We felt our kinship to all of it. The flashing orioles and the woodpeckers were our cousins. The kind old trees were our grandfathers. The little pink hedge-roses were our babies. I was filled with mystical desires—to get down and pat the cool yellow clay of the big road, to put my cheek to the birds' faces, to clasp my arms about the tree trunks, to nibble at the hearts of the little pink hedge-roses. At almost every step the birds, the scurrying rabbits, the Camelot "crittehs,"—sheep and cows and horses,—fetched up a "'membunce" in Miss Nigger's mind, and she gave me the benefit of it as we jogged along, singing or reciting for me in her vivid way, her voice exhibiting finely varied inflections, her eyes gay.

Bowing to the Camelot sheep, she quoted:

"Sheep an' th' goat walkin' 'long to pascher;
Sheep seh tuh goat, 'Walk li'l' fascher.'
'Sheep,' seh th' goat, 'my toe am so'.'
'Uhscuse me, goat, I dinnut know.'"

Once in a way she and the birds held sprightly converse.

"Go-link! Go-link!" came the blue jay's one good note.

"Don't yeh fret, ol' robbeh; th' debbil's got yo' chain all linked up good an' raddy," Miss Nigger flung back at him. "Mawnin', Daddy Peckehwood! Trus' I see yeh well. Yeh don't ketch thishyer nigger sassin' no peckehwood," she added for my edification; "they cunjer-buhds."

"How much money did you say we have now?" I asked for the seventy-second time, when she seemed likely to make no more flights into song or poetry for the nonce.

Her answer fairly rang with triumph. "Love-light, we got nineteeum dollehs an' fitty-five censes—an' we 'low tuh mek up th' ballumps this mawnin'." That was the black people's way. Experience neither taught them nor blighted them. "I decla', chu'ch done taken up," she cried next. We could see Zion through the trees. I shook the bridle about old Dick's ears to hurry him forward, and he responded so cheerfully that we were soon in our places among the Zionites.

Our service that morning was given over wholly to the singing of songs and the soliciting of contributions. Brother Johnson craftily selected the songs from the class of church melodies known as "spirituals"—frenzied croons the definite purpose of which is the exaltation of the soul. Over and over, in his impassioned plea for money for the D.D. fund, he became so exhausted that his breath failed him. Even then, he raised both hands and, voiceless, started his people off on a spiritual.

"He gwine mek us lak dough ef he kip dis singin' up," muttered Lafayette Chouteau, a stingy darky. He kept one hand in his pocket, as if to guard his savings.

The noonday sun was streaming through the church windows when Brother Johnson rallied for his final effort. He had become so wheezy as to be almost inarticulate, and as he breathed he worked his arms like a pair of bellows.

"Chu'ch!" he cried, in the very last throes, "I goes up intuh de high mountings an' I shouts in my trabbles ob sperit, 'Gord, whut 'll yeh hab yo' peopul ob Ol' Mount Zion do feh yeh dishyer mawnin'?' An' back f'om de hilltops soun' de answeh, 'Walk up tuh dat cont'bution-table an' lay down a quahteh, ur er dime, ur ebum er nickel.' Chu'ch! it ripple thoo my yehs lak a silbry brook,"—he improvised a falsetto chant,—"A quahteh, ur er dime, ur ebum er nickel." And all the people rocked their bodies and chanted with him. If the words were bizarre, the notes were sweet. A hysterical sigh went up from the people. Their heart-strings trembled to the music: "A quahteh, ur er dime, ur ebum er nickel!"

Then they intoned the air, without any words, in melodious, dramatic African fashion, giving forth a weird sound, like the whirring of unseen wings. And then, drunk with melody, the congregation flocked to the contribution-table. Through crass favoritism, Pokeberry Tate had been made the treasurer of the D.D. fund, and he had developed into an avid worker for the cause. He himself explained his zeal in his post—more honestly than was suspected—by saying that he took "so much intrust outen it." Standing there at the oilcloth-covered pine table, poising on one leg, he volubly blessed the giving people.

"Praise Gord, Sis' Hankins, dat air quahteh gwine be yo' nes'-egg fuh grow yo' hebenly wings. Br'er Mose, dat dime des so much soul salvation fuh yeh—no mo', no less. In de name ob de Lawd, thanky-ma'am, Sis' Lize."

When he and Brother Johnson at last released their grip on the Zionites, it was only because, as Poke whispered behind his dirty hand, "'T wa' n't no use tryin' tuh mek a daid hoppehgrass spit tobacco."

I was occupying a front seat beside Miss Nigger and the other mothers of Zion. Brother Johnson now signaled me out to count the money on the table and add it to the amount already collected. I had often served old Mount Zion in some such capacity. Poke, with sham alacrity, produced the amount on hand, in two shockingly small calico bags. I fell to work breathlessly and counted all the money, recounted it, counted all the quarters and dimes and nickels separately, and added them; then sat still, icy cold.

"How much dud it mek, li'l' missy?"

The hardest thing I ever did in my life was to answer up to Brother Johnson's down-bent, eager, kindly face, "Twenty-five dollars and sixteen cents."

"Oh, my Lawd! Oh, me!" It was

Miss Nigger, wailing like an aspen-tree in a blighting wind. She sat down on the pulpit step, close to me, and I put my hand on her shoulder. It was a moment of sharp suffering for us both. The word was passed from mouth to mouth, and the church quickly filled with cries of lamentation. Brother Johnson dropped down on the horsehair sofa back of the pulpit. "Sackclaws an' ashes!" I heard him moan. "Sackclaws an' ashes!" My heart bled for him. His congregation, however, had undergone one of those revulsions of feeling common to an emotional people. They had striven and given to make him more ornamental, and as he sat there before them, the sign of their failure, they were frankly irritated by him.

"Ef he 'd 'a' been a docteh ob 'vinity in de fust place, we would n't 'a' had all dishyer to-do-ance fuh nuttin'," said Lafayette Chouteau, blackly.

"I 'm tol' they 's plinty D.D.'s in the worl'. Cayn't we git one f'om *no* place?" shrilled a seditious mulatto girl.

All kinds of disloyal remarks became current. In the thick of them Hunter Ben Dale snarled, with scornful ribaldry: "Chu'ch, sim lak we gotter wait twel D.D.'s is marked down tuh 'bout harf de cos' pricet. Sim lak we been sint on a tom-fool's airant, innyway."

That was an oblique shot at me, and I knew it. I must have flinched a little, for on the instant Miss Nigger was on her feet, fire in her eyes.

But, strangely enough, Hunter Ben's words stuck in my head—half the cost price—half the cost price. They developed a sudden big significance that lifted me off my feet. I caught Miss Nigger by the arm and drew her into a corner. It was fine to watch her face as I gave her her instructions. "You my li'l' angel-pie, thet whut you is," she said, her eyes streaming. She squeezed me to her till my bones ached. Then she wiped her face and turned back to her people with a fearful arrogance of manner.

"Chu'ch," she cried, "I 'm tol' thet the Good Book seh fuh th' wimmins tuh set in silenst an' learn uv th' min; but sometimes afteh I kip a silenst, it pass thoo my breens thet I ain't gwine learn much ef I gotter wait fuh min tuh learn me." She dropped into a singsong, haranguing tone. "Chu'ch, I 'm tol' we wants fuh buy a decree fuh mek ou' preacheh a docteh uv 'vinity. An' I 'm tol' thet th' cos' pricet uv two D.'s is fitty dollehs. An' I 'm tol' thet we rake an' we scrape an' we go 'thout minny things, an' yit we ain't raise but 'long 'bout twinty-five dollehs. An' I 'm tol' don't tek but one D. tuh mek a docteh, noway. An' I 'm tol' thet it wuck out by riddumrytick that ef th' cos' pricet uv two D.'s is fitty dollehs, we kin sen' fo'th ou' twinty-five dollehs an' git *us thess one D.* Yeh hyeh me! I 'm torkin'!"

To a grown white one that solution might not have been adequate, but to the black people, as to me, it was not only adequate, it was admirable. The church grew noisy with demonstrations of joy and relief. Brother Johnson slowly raised his head and came to the edge of the pulpit platform. There were tears in his doglike eyes; there were tears in almost everybody's eyes. There were tears in mine, yet I expect the cherubim may feel as I felt.

When finally the glory-making was over, the D.D. fund was then and there consigned to Miss Nigger, and she was commissioned to take the final steps to secure the degree. She took just one step—to me. "Thah, sugah, now git Unc' Norve tuh sen' fo'th feh thet decree uv one D., pleasum."

In pursuance of that object, she and I left Old Mount Zion without delay in advance of the crowd, and made old Dick gallop all the way to Camelot. We found my uncle Norval at the Camelot stiles. He was bending over, scraping mud from his riding-boots, and did not see us until I said, "Howdy." Then he looked up with interest.

"Won't you come in?" he asked, straightening to his full height. He was a big young man whose beauty and liveliness had made him the talk of the countryside.

"Yes; I 've got some business with you," I told him. We went up the cinder-path with him to his bachelor house. When we reached the porch, he brought out some cane-seated chairs, and we all sat down in an intimate conclave. "I want you to help us out of some trouble," I said, fixing my eyes on him earnestly enough to abort any levity on his part. I had found out of old that Norval was a

very present help in time of trouble. He always said that he had been in enough trouble himself to know most of the roads out of it. His mouth at once stopped twitching.

"Well?" He began to whittle a stick and watched the whittlings as they fell at his feet. "I 'm listening." One of the best things about the Twin Oaks life was that it left a young man time to listen to a child.

I told him then of the long, hard season of hope and striving over at Old Mount Zion, and of its poor fruition. "You see," I concluded, lamely enough, "I put them up to it, so I 've got to help them out of it. And I got the notion from you. If I had n't heard you telling my father that decrees can be bought, I should n't have known it by myself."

He stopped whittling, and looked at me out of half-shut eyes, in a way he had.

"When did I tell your father that?" he asked meekly.

"Why, when you were fussing about Uncle Joseph going off to college again," I asserted, all the more emphatically that a harrowing fear of my premises suddenly assailed me. "You said why n't he buy him a few decrees, if he had to have 'em. You said he could buy all he wanted up at Kansas City for fifty dollars apiece. You said it would do him just as much good, and save us all some money."

For answer Norval looked off toward the hills with a queer gleam in his eyes. He was apt to look like that when the talk was of his brother Joseph, the good one, Norval himself being the wild one.

"Now, le' me see," he began gingerly, after a moment; "you want to buy a D.D. for your brother Johnson, because Caspar Columbine down at Melrose is a D.D. and a nuisance. D.D.'s cost fifty dollars, to the best of your knowledge, and you have only twenty-five dollars. Well?"

I reddened and hesitated, fearful that my arithmetic might not stand the test of the white man's brain. Not so Miss Nigger, who sprang into the breach in her lively fashion.

"Marse Norve, I ain' p'ten' tuh know nuttin' 'bout riddumrytick, an' mebbe I mek a misfraction in kotin' this tuh yeh, but whut we fashion out is thet evum ef we is n't got the cos' pricet uv two D.'s; we *is* got th' cos' pricet uv one—an' yeh don't need two D.'s feh mek one docteh, innyway?" The soft rising inflection of her rich voice was probably more convincing than any sledge-hammer assertion would have been. Norval got up quickly, frowned, gave his shoulders a little shake, and leaned against the porch pillar. We did not disturb his reverie, but presently he spoke of his own accord.

"Why, I reckon it can be done. Leave your money with me, and I 'll try to arrange it for you."

"Hoodah! Hoodah! Hoodah-hum!" shouted Miss Nigger. I, too, showed what it was to have an inflammable soul.

"What you two must do now," said Norval, warningly, "is to quiet down and go home and wait till Saturday. I 'll have your degree by then, sure."

If we had felt our kinship to the earth as we went up to Old Mount Zion, we scorned the earth as we rode on home from Camelot. I think that the homeward journey lay through nebulous bits of heaven.

When, after many days, Saturday afternoon of that week came, it found Miss Nigger and me waiting for Norval at our old well. She and I had Twin Oaks all to ourselves. My mother was asleep, my father was in town. There was a shimmering golden veil over everything. Miss Nigger and I kept our eyes half shut, dreamers' fancy.

"Sim lak ef yeh seh innything these kind uv days, yeh gwine crack th' worl' wide open," she snickered, shamefaced in her own conceit. She turned quickly as she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs and pretended to be swallowed up in listening. The sound became more sharply audible. Norval was in the long lane. He reined up beside us in a very few minutes and put a flat package into my hands. Then, in the goodness of his heart, he galloped off to the barn and left us to an unencumbered joy.

We untied the package with shaking hands—to be rewarded by the sight of a large and beautiful thing, embellished in all its corners with marvelous penmanship birds the tail-flourishes of which pointed to a splendidly ornate, but easily recognized D. in the exact center of the cardboard square. Besides the birds, there

was a little writing that set forth pleasantly that the common fame of our brother Johnson was such that the College of Knowhow took pride and satisfaction in conferring upon him one of its most honorary degrees, without money and without price. When we came to a more careful examination of the package, we found an envelop that contained Old Mount Zion's twenty-five dollars, and a note that had an equivocally expressed suggestion in it. "For the Lord's sake," said the note, "put this money to some good use, like shingling your church, for instance."

Presently you might have seen Miss Nigger, with the cardboard degree under one arm and the envelop clutched in one hand, scurrying like a rabbit down the big road toward Brother Johnson's cabin. And you might have seen me standing on our gate-post, crying her God-speed.

Next day the grown ones, who got obstinate sometimes, made me go to the white people's church at Shiloh Prairie. I was frantic until we were in the rockaway bound for home. Fortunately my father always drove fast, so that we reached Old Mount Zion just as the congregation was pouring through the doorway. "Wait a minute, father!" I called. Miss Nigger and Dr. Johnson themselves stood upon the steps. Swollen with modesty, the doctor bowed to the occupants of the rockaway. Miss Nigger came straight to us. She paid small heed to my father and mother.

"Oh, my Lawd, li'l' pudden!" she cried to me, her eyes glistening with inexpressible emotions.

"How was it?" My own voice shook.

"It was thess gran', thet whut it was. We pin up th' decree behinst th' pulpit. —An' shingle th' ch'uch nuttin', baby-love! We done taken a vote feh buy a gol' frame feh thet decree with ou' twinty-five dollehs. An' I wisht yeh mought 'a' hyeard Doc' Johnsing. I decla', I dinnut know they *was* sich a diff'unce twixt sermons whut 's doctehed an' them whut ain't."

"Come up to the big house and get your dinner and tell me all about it," I implored. And on the strength of her promise to do so, I let my father drive on.

As the rockaway rolled forward, I scrambled to my knees and looked back. The negroes were prancing down the big road, gay, distracted. They shook their ribbons. They pulled up their coat-sleeves so that their gilt cuff-buttons might show. They called to one another happily. Long after the rockaway had carried me beyond the pleasing vision of their happiness, their voices reached me on one swelling, recurrent note:

"Doc' Johnsing sho gin a good tork. Doc Johnsing ain't got no s'pearers, dat he am not. Doc' Johnsing—Doc' Johnsing—Doc' Johnsing!"

From the sculpture by Andrew O'Connor. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

SCULPTURAL DECORATION OF THE LUNETTE ABOVE THE MAIN ENTRANCE

THE NEW NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE

BY CHARLES DE KAY

BETWEEN Bowling Green and Bridge street, and between Whitehall street and Battery Park, lies an irregular piece of land that once belonged, like all this precious river-girdled island, to those innocents the Manhattoes. Here, after a bargain satisfactory to both parties, the West India Company of Holland erected a fort, and in it a small church, likewise a gallows, all with that practical yet childlike symbolism which was dear to our ancestors. It is fair to say that the warning of that one-branched tree which bears a single fruit was not raised against the Indians. Although in 1628 the Rev. Jonas Michaelius wrote that they were *"verduyvelde Menschen"* (bedeviled men) "who serve no one else but the Devil, namely, the Spirit which in their language they call *Menotto,"* yet it was in order to give the white man to understand that justice—the white man's justice of the seventeenth century—had come to stay that earthworks were thrown up and the lean finger with its crook was reared against the sky. It was to warn the skippers and traders of Holland and England, France and Spain, that the laws of the West India Company regarding export and trading licenses could not be broken with impunity.

And now, well-nigh three hundred years later, on this very spot, is not the Custom-house giving the same message to those who go down to the sea in ships? At their peril let them try to escape the rules and regulations, the fines and penal-

CAUCASIAN HINDU ITALIAN COUREUR DE BOIS

KEYSTONES OF THE FLAT ARCHES OF THE WINDOWS OF THE MAIN STORY
BY VINCENZO ALFANO

ties, of Uncle Sam! Here, too, have other famous buildings stood, as, for example, that Government House erected in its sober, unbeautiful stateliness about 1790 for the use of General Washington, when New York had hopes of becoming the national capital. There are old colored prints in the shops which picture this example of colonial architecture. But the Government House gave way to rows of private residences what time that Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck strolled on the Battery and felt themselves as poets strangely out of fashion. Alas! those residences were destined to become office-buildings after the wont of things in New York! For many reasons the site has reverted inevitably to some structure that belongs intimately to the special spirit of our seaport. The front of nearly two hundred feet from Whitehall on the east to the Battery Park on the west looks down on the old space before the old fort where once the citizens met for sport or angry town riots, but where now the trolleys grind along on their elliptical orbits. And an imposing front it is: walls of granite from the Penobscot, with deep embrasures for the windows and ranges of columns before three of the stories, girders and beams of steel instead of wood, floors of terra-cotta and concrete unassailable by fire; beetling cornice; mansard roof, with copper and red slate rising behind a French Renaissance balustrade—here is an edifice that should last forever. Deep it goes, seven feet below high-water level, where the concrete flooring of the cellar is braced downward against the lifting force of the tide. Its massive form and comparatively low roof-tree contrast with the sky-scrapers that tower about the Bowling Green.

Seated in his robes of bronze on his curule chair, old Abraham de Peyster has been looking on with true Dutch phlegm while beam has been fitted into iron beam and the great hewn stones with their rough, grainy surfaces have been whisked on high and dropped gingerly and exactly into place.

The building of the Custom-house has afforded interest for more than eighteen months to thousands of busy men in that seething caldron of commerce near the Produce Exchange, and how much longer it will afford a spectacle probably the architect himself cannot tell.

During the two and three-quarter centuries that lie between the old fort and the new Custom-house the city has been pulled or burned down again and again, the new buildings rising each time with the firm belief that they would last forever. Will this edifice of mighty foundations have any longer life than the buildings swept

CELT AFRICAN CHINAMAN ESKIMO

KEYSTONES OF THE FLAT ARCHES OF THE WINDOWS OF THE MAIN STORY
BY VINCENZO ALFANO

aside to make place for it? No one can say.

As yet the front that looks northward over the Bowling Green to the turn of Broadway has little to show of the sculptures which are to be concentrated there, but the illustration gives an idea how they will look. On advanced pedestals to right and left are four groups by Daniel C. French in gray Tennessee marble. In the cavernous main entrance is an escutcheon with supporters in relief, by O'Connor, and a rich ceiling decoration of mosaic. Along the front, not entirely free from the wall, are twelve columns built up of drums; they are repeated on the eastern and western sides. These columns support the beetling cornice and lend a variety of shadows and upright lines to three sides of the building. As you descend Broadway and turn the bend the side colonnade is seen to the rear of the façade —truly a remarkable effect which is not often met with in architecture. Indeed from this vantage-point there is a slightly elevated view of the edifice, and fortunately not the least favorable. The powerful basement and mighty columns bear up well the weight of the superincumbent mass, and seem to perform their function instead of being merely the decorations of a wall. The three fronts have organic structural proportions.

Elegance is not here, nor is delicacy; but power. And in such a building, surrounded by towering shapes, that is not at all out of place. It is far enough along to warrant the belief that the new Custom-house will be a credit to the city. When its ruins are discovered by the descendants of Muscovite or Jap, the impression will be one of strength and adaptability. Perhaps these robust walls will suggest a fort, and the locality may well cause a confounding of the new Custom-house with the old fort—the more so, since buildings not entirely unlike may be found in a yet more ruinous state in

From the sculpture by Karl Bitter. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES ABOVE THE ATTIC OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE

"GERMANY" BY ALBERT JAEGERS

"ENGLAND" BY CHARLES GRAFLY

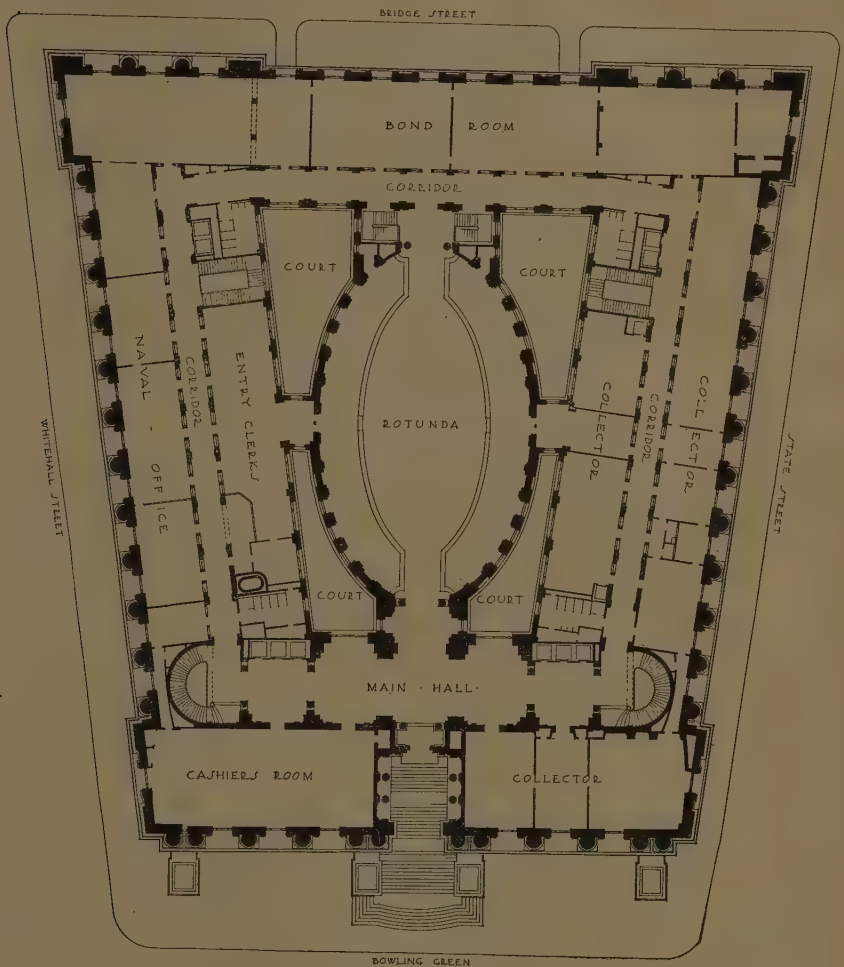
"HOLLAND" BY LOUIS SAINT GAUDENS

"GENOA" BY HENRY AUGUSTUS LUKEMAN

SCULPTURES ABOVE THE CORNICE OF THE MAIN FRONT

Europe. Historians of architecture will see the massive character of the remains, but the cellars will puzzle them.

A custom-house is one of the edifices of our cities which betokens the centralization that took place when, after a world well-nigh intolerable on the ventures of merchants, and exercises tyranny over voters who dare to return from foreign ports. Here do free Americans forego their boasted birthright and submit to delays, chicanes, impertinences, costs, fines, indig-



From a drawing furnished by the architect, Cass Gilbert

PLAN OF MAIN FLOOR OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

of bickering and provincial meanness, the several colonies agreed to surrender many of their old powers for the good of the nation at large. Uncle Sam, not the great State of New York, least of all the enormous city of New York, rules the incoming and outgoing of the ships, levies taxes nities and exactions, the like of which, when they meet them in Russia or Turkey, they rarely fail to resent with a proper spirit of revolt. Also is the cost of the building borne by the general government and paid for out of the general fund, while the officials who dispose of

From the drawing of the architect (Cass Gilbert). Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE AS SEEN FROM THE EAST SIDE OF BOWLING GREEN

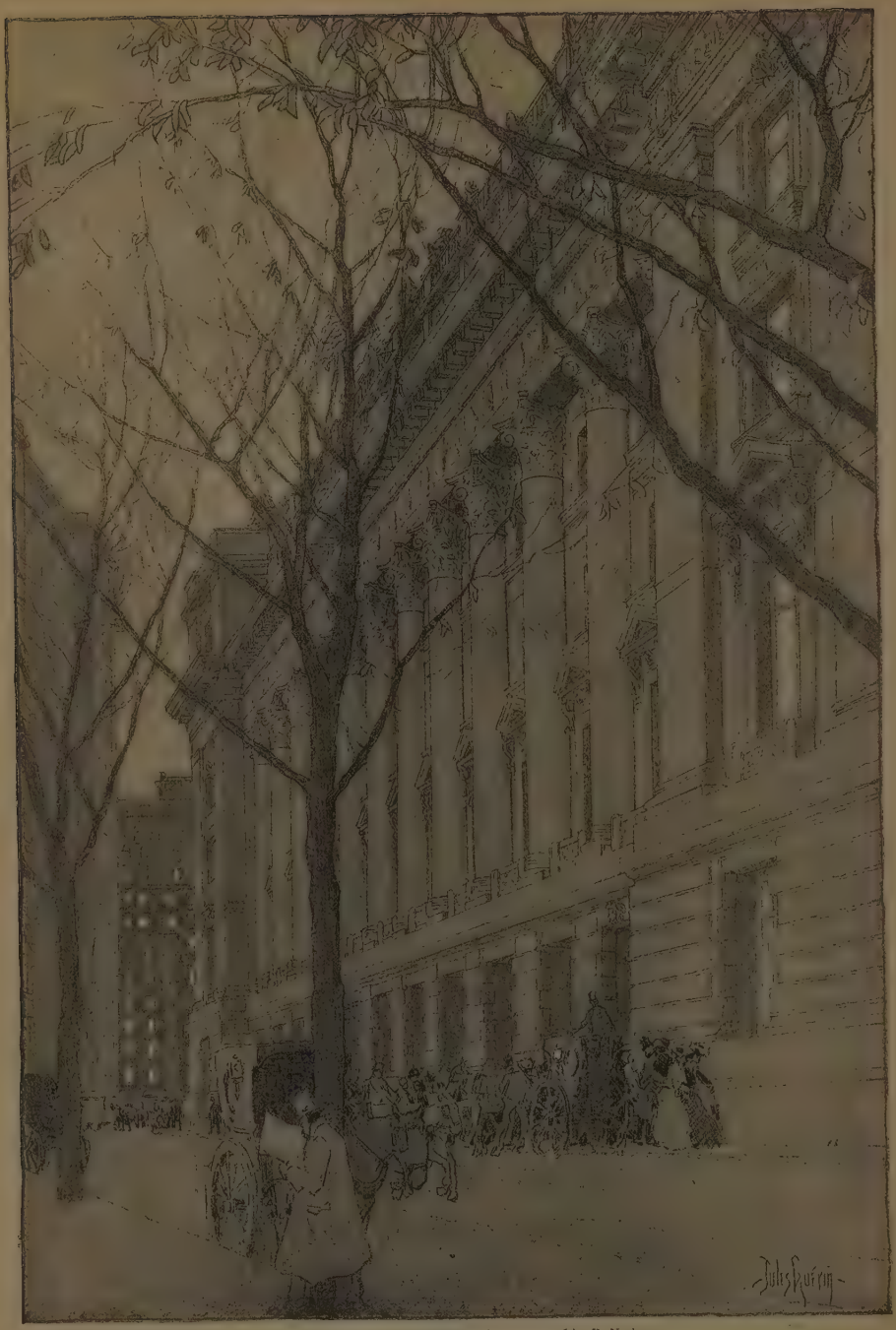
the vast business that flows in and out of the greatest seaport of the country belong to every State in the Union.

The architect, Mr. Cass Gilbert, has not seen fit to express in the sculptural decorations, even by an allegory, this peculiar situation of the free-born American who allows himself to be treated as a slave for the sake of what is called the good of the country. Perhaps there is lack of that sense of humor in politics which we find among the workmen on the old cathedrals, who made rare sport of the haughty ecclesiastics who were in control of building funds. Perhaps that particular United States inspector whose duty it is to follow with painful care each stone as it is laid in place is a Philistine. Perhaps our legislators at Washington are too full of their own importance to appreciate a joke, and so it were not wise in the architect to rouse them. But following out the scheme of sculptural decoration designed by the architect, at least something has been done to blunt the reproof that New York, a city by the sea, great through the ocean and our magnificent waterways, rarely remembers the sources of her wealth and greatness. In her public monuments she is wont to ignore the sea, the navy, the nations that have helped to make her what she is. The sculptures in Tennessee marble which bring out this idea with the greatest point have been considered in a former issue. Minor sculptures in the granite of the building claim attention now.

The granite capitals of the columns contain a head of Mercury and the winged wheel, for commerce and transportation respectively. Over the arch of the entrance presides a head of Columbia by Alfano. To right and left, over the arch, are heads of panthers, to represent the most important among the wild beasts found by the colonists. The keystones of the flat arches in the windows of the main story which light the offices of the collector of the port are carved with masks of races. There is the Caucasian, with accessories of oak branches, the Hindu with the lotus, the Latin and the Celt with grapes, the Mongol with poppy-heads, the Eskimo in his hood of fur, the coureur de bois with pine-cones. These are the work of Alfano, after the designs of the architect. Other decorations of a minor sort are dolphin masks grotesquely treated, forms generalized from kelp, with a nautilus, the classic rudder and the trident, or the conventionalized wave—things that suggest the sea without being literal or realistic. The caduceus of Mercury also appears. Under the arch of the main entrance are the arms of the city by O'Connor, with an eagle superposed and winged figures in somewhat "Anglo-Saxon" attitudes for supporters, instead of the sailor and Indian usually seen in that position.

In general plan the Custom-house is a seven-story structure from street to roof, nearly two hundred feet on its Bowling Green front and nearly three hundred deep on its Whitehall street and Battery Park sides. These sides are not parallel, but diverge, until on Bridge street the rear or south side has a length of two hundred and ninety feet. In the center there remains a space which, if unencumbered, would have been a courtyard, eighty feet wide at the north, one hundred and twenty at the south, and about two hundred on the axis north and south. But the court is utilized, for, at the height of the main floor, which is reached from the front by the grand stair, the middle of this irregular center is occupied by an oval hall glassed over. It represents the rotunda in the old building on Wall street, where the brokers ply their vocation, lining up at the desks for signatures of deputy collectors, then flying off for other signatures of the "naval officers" elsewhere, then scurrying about to get the cash to pay duties and fees—all in order to unravel those coils which bind the goods that enter this port in a maze of red tape.

To secure plenty of light through the elliptical glass top, the southern façade on Bridge street rises in the center no higher than the top of the dome. During the middle of the day, say from ten o'clock to three, the sun shines directly on the dome, and side lights penetrate the rotunda from windows looking on the narrow side courts. The room on the ground floor directly under the rotunda will be a place to store those papers which are most used, while one of the upper stories, specially designed for the purpose, will contain those not immediately needed. The dome is built of flat terra-cotta brick on the Guastavino system of timbrel arch; the



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE BATTERY PARK FRONT OF THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE

oval skylight has small, round bull's-eye glass, shaped like the lenses of spectacles.

Fortunately, and as proof of the wisdom of looking to architects of independent practice for the execution of great public edifices, the plans of the new Custom-house are not by the architect of the government, but by one chosen in a competition ordained by the Secretary of the Treasury under the provisions of the Tarsney act. In this instance credit is also due to James Knox Taylor, the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department, whose coöperation has in every way furthered the aims and plans of the special architect. Despite the startling ignorance of the labor involved in designing and carrying out such an edifice displayed by able senators, it is not likely that Congress will ever revert to the old system when government buildings were designed at Washington by the gross and carried out without a thought of adaptability to the climate or surroundings, not to speak of beauty as objects of æsthetic pleasure.

Although from the floor of the cellar to the top of the mansard roof one counts only nine stories, there is much more floor-space here than in the Wall-street building. The cellar is like a great pan made impervious to the tides by concrete and asphalt. The basement floor is three feet above high-tide mark and is thirteen feet to the ceiling. The ground floor, flush with the street, has a height of over twenty feet, and it boasts six entrances, two on the front and two each on the Whitehall-street and Battery Park sides. From the Bowling Green rises the grand stair to the main floor, where the rotunda is. This main story has a height of twenty-three feet and contains the offices of the collector of the port, the naval officer, etc. Their bureaus are lighted by great windows fifteen feet high and nearly seven broad. As one reaches this floor by the main stair, a transverse hall two hundred feet long and thirty-five feet high in the central portion stretches to right and left, while directly in front is the rotunda. The floors above vary in height from twelve to sixteen and a half feet. Calling the main or rotunda floor the first, then there are six floors before the roof-tree is reached. Of these the fourth is meant for the storage of documents, and is lighted only by narrow slits in the outer walls. It is the "blind story" of the attic, so rich in sculpture. Two sets of elevators near the east and west ends of the great transverse hall, and two other sets at the southern end, aid in circulating the crowd, while for service where the public does not enter there are still other elevators for employees. They start from the ground floor and run to the top of the building.

These are tiresome particulars, but the Custom-house is a great hive of men, and all who must visit it may be glad to learn that the new structure has many things the old one lacked—convenient approaches, elevators, sunlight, electricity and ventilation. It will even have a post-office, for that big branch of the United States mail now established in the Produce Exchange across Whitehall street will find a place on the Bridge-street back, where, by two entrances and two inclined planes, the mail-carts will drive in and out, unloading at offices on the ground floor. Provision is made in the basement for attaching pneumatic tubes, water-pipes, and electric conduits which may be needed hereafter. The trolleys of Broadway and Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth avenues, the elevated trains of Second, Third and Sixth avenues, the subway under Broadway, and that to Brooklyn under the East River, come directly or very close to it. Not far off are the ferries to Staten Island and South Brooklyn. So the new Custom-house will be vastly easier of access than the old, and the people of Greater New York and New Jersey will be able to reach it quickly. After the long exile in Wall street it has returned to the water's edge. Through and over the trees of Battery Park it gazes on the shipping as once its predecessor did, and the flag on the new Custom-house will again be visible from a fair segment of the horizon.

The sculptures in the round confined to the main façade consist of the four groups by French on four rectangular piers in advance of the building, rising from the street level already described in the January CENTURY; also of a row of twelve single figures in the attic above the cornice. In accordance with the disposition of the columns below, of which they form the embellishment and crown, these twelve

"GREECE" BY FRANK EDWIN ELWELL

"DENMARK" BY JOHANNES GELERT

"VENICE" BY FRANÇOIS MICHEL L. TONETTI

"PHŒNICIA" BY F. W. RUCKSTUHL

SCULPTURES ABOVE THE CORNICE OF THE MAIN FRONT

statues are arranged in four couples and four separate figures. These, corresponding with the two outer columns on the east, are figures of Greece and Rome by Elwell, while the two columns on the west are indicated or finished above by figures representing France and England, designed by Grafly. The two columns to the left of the main entrance have high above them figures of Venice and Spain by Tonetti, while those on the right have figures of Holland and Portugal by Louis Saint Gaudens. These four last-mentioned countries are represented by figures of remarkable richness. There remain those that crown the single columns, not brought together in pairs—Phœnicia by Ruckstuhl, Genoa by Lukeman, the Scandinavian kingdoms by Gelert, and Germany by Jaegers. Thus, while the attic above the entablature—if one can use such classical terms in a building that is far from coldly classic—is enriched by statues in the round, an attempt has been made to marshal them with the idea of having the richest, most embellished statues near the center.

The four groups by French represent as many continents. On one side of the entrance is Europe, on the other America. Europe is in armor; behind her are prows of ships, and she holds the sphere of empire. America represents commerce; she has various products at her feet, and behind her stands an Indian. The group at the eastern end is Asia, seated like a Buddha and attended by a tiger. That at the western end is Africa, a veiled figure whose attending form is the sphinx.

The most salient statuary, that which catches the eye at first, embodies the chief divisions of the globe and the races and peoples which have done most to further a knowledge of those divisions by the enterprise of their discoverers, adventurers, and traders, from the Phœnicians in the dawn of history to the Germans, last to seek colonies and become a sea power, pouring out their treasure in the endeavor to obtain more of the earth's surface for their teeming millions, and angry with their emigrants because they prefer the security of an established country where their vote counts, to the uncertainties of a colony terrorized by soldiers and officials.

While New York is ready to be proud of her Custom-house and say "well done" to architect and sculptors, she is anxious to know whether painting is not to have representation within the building. There are inviting spaces in the rotunda and along the walls of the great transverse hall on the same floor. The wall-painters are hard at work embellishing State capitols, as for instance those at St. Paul and Des Moines; they are also busy with great murals for the Court-house in Baltimore. Even public schools are decorated, as for instance the De Witt Clinton school in Manhattan. Is not the Custom-house to receive its complement of symbolical and historical paintings? Among them one can imagine pictures of the buildings which formerly stood on the same site, the old fort and early Custom-house, the building prepared for President Washington, and the dwellings which succeeded. Here belong such tragedies as the execution of Jacob Leisler, the raid upon friendly Indians laid to the folly of Governor Kieft, the alternate capture of the city by British and Dutch fleets, the fitting of privateers who were little different from pirates, of slave ships, of whalers, of clipper-ships and steamboats large enough to cross the ocean. Certainly there is no lack of themes for the painters, if they can win as much recognition from Congress as the sculptors have obtained.

The new Custom-house takes its place beside the rest of the modern architecture of New York as an eminently practical building. The old structure on Wall street, with its domical interior, its tremendously deep and gloomy porch, its row of twelve monolithic columns, is full of concessions to the fashions of the day in which it was erected. For that period it was a much more notable undertaking than is the present structure for this. Like many buildings in New York, it was not adapted to the narrow street on which it raises its gloomy, prison-like walls. The new building shows a better adaptation. Though sky-scrapers surround it, yet they cannot shut out the light nor interfere with the view. Mr. Gilbert has taken advantage of the site and has met the problems well. Everything points to the likelihood that the officials and the public will find the transfer from Wall street to Battery Park particularly conducive to comfort and the prompt despatch of business.

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

LINCOLN CONSULTING WITH CLIENTS ON A COURT-HOUSE GREEN. (SEE PAGE 760.)

[BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER]

LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

XV

LINCOLN THE LAWYER IN CONGRESS

LINCOLN took his new honors very simply, even a little sadly. "Being elected to Congress," he wrote, "though I am grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected." Later he wrote of his experiences: "I find speaking here and elsewhere about the same thing. I am about as badly scared and no worse than I am when I speak in court." But, unlike the Irishman he was fond of telling about, whose heart was as valiant as any one's, but whose cowardly legs would run away with him at the approach of danger, Lincoln conquered his timidity and speedily displayed a courage of which no mere politician would have been capable.

In 1840, Texas had declared its independence, and under the terms of a treaty made with the Mexican general Santa Anna, the new republic claimed the east bank of the Rio Grande from source to mouth as its proper and legal boundary. It is true that Santa Anna had made such a treaty, but as it was signed while that not too valiant gentleman was a prisoner and in fear of his life, his acceptance of his captor's ideas as to boundaries could hardly be regarded as binding on his country, especially in view of the fact that Mexico had promptly repudiated his alleged treaty and continued the war it was supposed to have settled. Under ordinary circumstances it is doubtful if the United States would have insisted upon the very questionable title of Texas to the area in dispute; but the new republic had applied for admission to the Union and the provisions of the act admitting it created a temptation which the politicians of the country were unable to resist. The pro-slavery party in the national legislature was beginning to need reinforcements, especially in the Senate, and the act conferring statehood upon Texas provided that several States might be carved out of the acquired territory; and as each new State meant two votes in the Senate this legislation promised to offset the admission of free States and keep the dominant party in control. Then, as a sop to the anti-slavery agitators, it was solemnly enacted that in such of the new States as lay north of 36° 30′ (the Missouri Compromise line) slavery should be absolutely prohibited, while in those which lay south of that boundary slavery might exist or might not, as the constitutions of the new States provided. When it is remembered that no land claimed by Texas lay north of 36° 30′, the farcical nature of this concession is apparent; but it won enough votes in the Presidential campaign to indorse the admission of the proposed new State, and the pro-slavery politicians had every incentive to make its dimensions as generous as possible. Under all the circumstances, President Polk interpreted his election as a popular mandate to support the Texan claims, and the moment the State was admitted to the Union he ordered the army to occupy the disputed territory, and the country accepted the war which followed in an outburst of enthusiasm over the success of our arms.

Such was the situation when Lincoln took his seat in Congress; but although some of his warmest friends were at the front and almost all his constituents approved of the war, he would not close his eyes to the facts and refused to be dazzled by military glory. There was a great

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a contemporary print

ORIGINAL OFFICES OF LINCOLN & HERNDON—INTERIOR

chance for the orator and cheap patriot in the fact that a mere handful of Americans was scattering thousands of Mexicans in every battle, and Lincoln was urged to make the most of his opportunity and distinguish himself. But although he knew what was expected of him and what alone would satisfy his friends, and was well aware that no critic of his country is tolerated while its foes are under arms, he refused to compromise with his conscience and fought the government policy with all his might and main. Then for the first time in his public life his power and training as a lawyer were called into play, and in a series of questions which no one but a skilful cross-examiner could have phrased he disposed of the casuistical explanations of the war.

President Polk, in his several messages to Congress, had repeatedly referred to "The Mexican invasion of our territory and the blood of our fellow-citizens shed on our own soil," and quoting these statements as his text, Lincoln introduced his now famous "Spot Resolutions," wherein the President was requested to answer eight questions calculated to inform the House whether the particular spot on which the blood of our citizens was shed was or was not at that time "our own soil." There was no escape for the Executive from these questions: they were pertinent, penetrating, and not without a certain grave humor, and each was so drawn as to preclude the possibility of equivocation or evasion. Moreover, they showed an historical knowledge of the facts which could not be trifled with, and no one supporting the governmental policy could possibly have answered them all without being caught in a contradiction.

Resolved by the House of Representatives [they began], That the President of the United States be respectfully requested to inform this House—

First. Whether the spot on which the blood of our citizens was shed, as in his messages declared, was or was not within the territory of Spain, at least after the treaty of 1819 until the Mexican revolution.

Second. Whether that spot is or is not within the territory which was wrested from Spain by the revolutionary government of Mexico.

Third. Whether that spot is or is not within a settlement of people, which settlement has existed ever since long before the Texas revolution and until its inhabitants fled before the approach of the United States army.

Fourth. Whether that settlement is or is not isolated from any and all other settlements by the Gulf and the Rio Grande on the south and west, and by wide uninhabited regions on the north and east.

Fifth. Whether the people of that settlement, or a majority of them, or any of them, have ever submitted themselves to the government or laws of Texas or of the United States, by consent or by compulsion, either by accepting office, or voting at elections, or

paying tax, or serving on juries, or having process served upon them, or in any other way.

Sixth. Whether the people of that settlement did or did not flee from the approach of the United States army, leaving unprotected their homes and their growing crops, *before* the blood was shed, as in the messages stated; and whether the first blood so shed was or was not shed within the inclosure of one of the people who had thus fled from it.

Seventh. Whether our citizens whose blood was shed, as in his messages declared, were or were not at that time armed officers and soldiers, sent into that settlement by the military order of the President, through the Secretary of War.

Eighth. Whether the military force of the United States was or was not so sent into that settlement after General Taylor had more than once intimated to the War Department that in his opinion no such movement was necessary to the defense or protection of Texas.

No interpellation of a government was ever phrased in more telling questions. They were unanswerable, and the administration sought safety in silence.

Lincoln soon heard from these "Spot Resolutions," his home friends protesting vehemently that he ought not to antagonize the government in the face of a foreign war, and his political opponents seizing upon his action to fasten the charge of unpatriotic conduct, if not treason, on his party. But neither reproaches nor aspersions caused Lincoln to change his attitude. To his friends he explained that he would vote, and had always voted, for whatever was necessary for the support of the army in the field, but the policy which had sent it there was a national disgrace which could not be palliated with self-respect and honor. The claim that the war was not aggressive reminded him, he declared, of the Illinois farmer who asserted: "I ain't greedy 'bout land. I only just wants what jines mine."

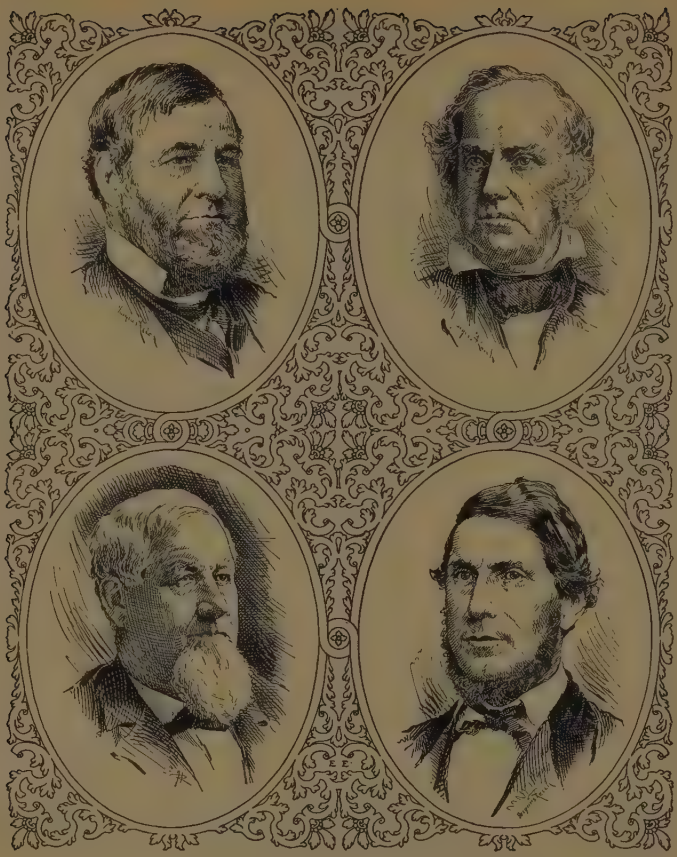
Drawn by Harry Fenn

ORIGINAL OFFICES (ON THE SECOND FLOOR) OF LINCOLN & HERNDON — EXTERIOR

But Whigs and Democrats alike were carried away by the war enthusiasm. Even those who did not wholly approve of the government's attitude accepted the result with patriotic pride and satisfaction, and it was with keen delight that Lincoln saw the administration lose all political advantage from its policy by the Whig nomination of the war hero Taylor for the Presidency, which, Lincoln declared, "took the Democrats on their blind side." But though the popularity of his party's candidate was due to achievements in the field, the Illinois congressman urged his friends not to abate their criticisms of the war or to excuse it in any way. General Taylor was a brave soldier who obeyed orders even when he did not personally approve them, he declared, but his candidacy did not demand an indorsement of the war, and any such action would imperil the position of the party. *"In law,"* he wrote to General Linder, *"it is good policy never to plead what you need not, lest you oblige yourself to prove what you cannot."*

Never was a legal maxim more happily paraphrased or more aptly applied. Even in party politics the keen lawyer is apparent in Lincoln's every move.

The new congressman's activities were not, however, confined to combating and exposing the administrative policies, but quietly and unobtrusively he was working for a cause in which his whole heart and soul were enlisted. As early as 1837, while in the Illinois legislature, he had placed himself upon record as opposing the extension of slavery



Drawn by Jacques Reich

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS
GENERAL JOHN M. PALMER

COLONEL EDWARD D. BAKER
JAMES HAINES

and favoring its exclusion from the District of Columbia, and he had not been long in Washington before he put his theories to the test. Here again the mind and hand of a shrewd lawyer are strongly evidenced. It was his legal training which taught Lincoln the value of collateral attack. He knew as a lawyer that an unobtrusive precedent sometimes decides a mighty issue, and that it is often good legal tactics to anticipate the coming of great events by establishing the law in some minor litigation. Doubtless it was with this intent that he quietly prepared his bill for gradual compensatory emancipation of the slaves in the tiny District of Columbia, and obtained support for the measure in high quarters. How nearly he succeeded in creating this precedent is a matter of history, but it was not fated that the far-sighted lawyer should succeed in his skilful move, and the measure never came to a vote. Had his manœuver been supported, it is more than possible that the greatest issue of our time would have been judicially decided instead of being left to the arbitrament of arms.

At the close of the congressional session Lincoln visited New England for the first time, making political addresses for Taylor at Boston, Dedham, Roxbury, Cambridge, and other places, and his speeches attracted some favorable notice; but after a short tour he returned to Springfield, resolved to retire from politics at the end of his congressional term. Undoubtedly he could have had a renomination had he so desired it, but he felt himself pledged

not to seek a second term. "I can say, as Mr. Clay said of the annexation of Texas," he wrote, "that 'personally I would not object' to a reëlection, although I thought at the time, and still think, it would be quite as well to return to the law at the end of a single term. . . . If it should happen that nobody else wishes to be elected, I could not refuse the people the right of sending me again. But to enter myself as a competitor of others, or to authorize any one so to enter me, is what my word and honor forbid."

Somebody else did, however, desire to be elected, and Lincoln heartily seconded Judge Logan's ambition. But Logan did not possess his ex-associate's personal charm, and only a man of strong personal magnetism could have won for the Whigs in that year, and the judge was hopelessly defeated.

In March, 1849, Lincoln's official term expired, and then for the first and only time in his life he became an applicant for office. The post he desired was the commissionership of the General Land Office, in Illinois, but Justin Butterfield, a fellow-member of the bar from Chicago, was appointed, and Lincoln was afterward offered, and fortunately declined, the governorship of Oregon, returning to Springfield and the practice of the law, numbering among the clients whom he had acquired in Washington no less a person than Daniel Webster,[1] a somewhat authoritative recognition of Lincoln as a lawyer.

XVI

LIFE ON THE ILLINOIS CIRCUIT

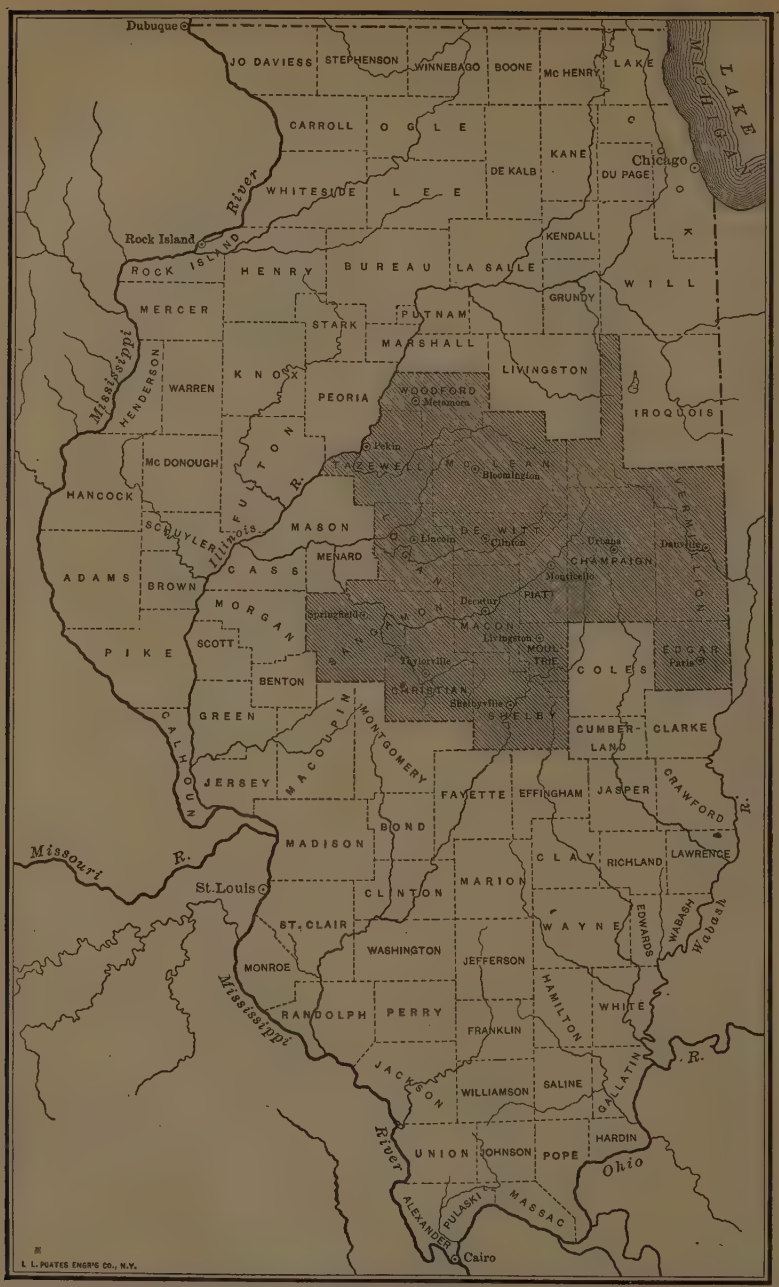
It has been repeatedly asserted that Lincoln's legal reputation was entirely local, and that he was unknown as a lawyer beyond his immediate neighborhood; yet it is a fact that he had no sooner announced his intention to resume practice than he was offered a partnership by Mr. Grant Goodrich, one of the prominent attorneys of Chicago, with a wide and lucrative clientage. Lincoln had an idea, however, that he was threatened with consumption, and fearing that city work would undermine his health, he declined the proposal and returned to his old office in Springfield.

There is no evidence, except his own, that Herndon maintained anything more than a nominal practice after he was left to his own devices; but nevertheless Lincoln offered to continue the partnership with him on the same generous terms which had governed their original alliance, and in the spring of 1849 the firm of Lincoln & Herndon again started in business, with headquarters in a little two-story building on the north side of the public square of Springfield, about where the Meyer Building now stands. The office was neither pretentious nor commodious, but it met the requirements of the times, and its equipment, though meager, would compare very favorably with that of many a country law office of the present day. Lincoln saw but little of this official work-room, however, for he left all matters of routine and local business to Herndon and devoted himself to circuit work—the most picturesque practice of the law which is recorded in the legal annals of this country.

Illinois in 1849 was divided into nine judicial districts, each presided over by a judge who traveled from one county-seat to another within his jurisdiction, hearing civil and criminal cases and acting as an appellate tribunal for minor causes decided by justices of the peace; and during the greater part of the year these judges were continually on their rounds, followed by the members of the local bar.[2] In early times the condition of the roads forbade the use of wheels, and the judge made his trips on horseback, accompanied by a cavalcade of lawyers who forded the streams and defied the weather in the interest of their clients, making light of many hardships in their zeal for the profession, and forming a gay if not very learned com-

1 Mr. Benjamin Perley Poore is authority for the statement that Webster insisted that Lincoln charged him too little for his services, and that he always felt himself in his counsel's debt. The matter on which he had retained him involved clearing the title to certain real estate in an embryo city (probably Rock Island City) laid out where Rock River empties into the Mississippi.

2 Prior to 1848 the circuit judges convened twice a year at Springfield and sat as a court of appeal (called the Supreme Court) to pass on judgments of the circuit courts sent them for review, each judge withdrawing, of course, while his own decisions were under consideration. After 1848, however, three Supreme Court judges were appointed, who performed no circuit work, and the sessions of the court were held not only at Springfield, but also at Ottawa and Mount Vernon.



MAP OF ILLINOIS

The shaded portion indicates the circuit of Lincoln's law practice

The Eighth Circuit, as organized under the provisions of the Illinois Session Laws of 1847, page 31, is shown by the shaded area on the above map. Later (in 1853) it was reduced to Sangamon, Logan, McLean, Woodford, Tazewell, DeWitt, Champaign, and Vermilion counties (Illinois Session Laws, 1853, page 63); and in 1857 it was further reduced to DeWitt, Logan, McLean, Champaign, and Vermilion counties (Illinois Session Laws, 1857, page 12). Even after Sangamon county was transferred to another circuit, Lincoln still continued to travel the Eighth.

pany, warmly welcomed and honored in every county-seat.

Before his election to Congress, Lincoln had been one of the equestrian retinue of the Hon. Samuel Treat, who at that time presided over the destinies of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and the big leather saddle-bags[1] which carried the lawyer's papers and belongings are in existence to-day; but by 1849 wheels could be used with some comfort in traveling, and when Lincoln resumed his professional duties a procession of buggies and carryalls marked the progress of the court.

It was an open and sparsely settled country through which the judge and lawyers journeyed in those days, a country almost skirting the wilderness from which it had been only recently reclaimed, a new, free, wind-swept, and in many respects beautiful country, rich with promise and possibility. Vast stretches of wonderful prairie-land rolled between the little towns which served as the centers of government for the respective counties, and so great were the distances that several days were sometimes consumed in traveling from point to point. In 1849 the Eighth Circuit included no less than fourteen counties,—Sangamon, Tazewell, Woodford, McLean, Logan, DeWitt, Piatt, Champaign, Vermilion, Edgar, Shelby, Moultrie, Macon, and Christian, —and its dimensions were at least a hundred and ten by a hundred and forty miles. To-day there are eighteen judges doing duty in the district covered by one justice in the early fifties, and it is not surprising that Lincoln's attendance on the circuit occupied him at least six months of every year. Not many lawyers devoted themselves to the work as closely as he did. Some confined their attention to a few counties, others traveled half the circuit, and others even further; but Lincoln was the only member of the bar who, year after year, accompanied the judge through the entire district.

The custom of riding the circuit was, of course, born of necessity, for in the early days there was not sufficient legal business in any one of the small communities to support a lawyer, to say nothing of a law firm. People who wanted to begin lawsuits usually sought their advisers in the largest town in their vicinity, or waited the arrival of the circuit judge and the attendant bar, when they could look over the field and pick out the most available champion. Frequently, however, the local attorneys were retained to prepare the papers, with instructions to select a good man for the court work when the circuit-riding bar arrived on the scene. There was therefore an excellent chance of securing good business by constant attendance on the itinerant court, and the lawyer who visited all the counties was certain to be more widely known than any of his fellow-practitioners. At the time of Lincoln's second partnership with Herndon, however, such work was more a matter of choice than necessity. Doubtless the firm could have made a satisfactory income had the senior partner devoted himself to the courts nearest his home and maintained a branch office in the distant counties, as other lawyers did; but he liked the freedom of the road, and the happiest days of his life were those he passed on these long legal tours.

Traveling the circuit was comparatively comfortable in the fifties, but it still lacked something of the luxurious, and at times it involved hardships which could be surmounted only by the best of health and spirits.

The judge and his flock usually started out from the State capital as soon as the roads admitted of travel in the early spring, and drove to the nearest county-seat on their route. At times his Honor traveled alone, but frequently some member of the bar occupied a seat in his carriage, and the other lawyers made their way to the rendezvous as best they could, three or more often clubbing together and hiring a conveyance for the trip. Lincoln sometimes traveled with these small parties, but after the first year or so he maintained a horse and buggy of his own, both of which were pretty "wobbly" according to Judge Weldon, with whom they were left when their owner took to the iron steed.

But Illinois railroads connected only the centers of population in the early fifties, and the county-seats on the Eighth Circuit were not much more than villages. Each bore a family resemblance to the

[1] The Hon. Robert Lincoln told the writer that he distinctly remembers seeing his father start out on horseback, with his saddle-bags, to accompany the judge on the circuit.

other, and all were strongly suggestive of the typical New England hamlet. The settlement almost invariably clustered around a public square of generous dimensions, in the center of which stood the court-house, a substantial building of brick or stone. The square itself was guarded from the highroad by a series of wooden hitching-rails, and teams of all sorts nosed this fence from the opening to the closing of the term; for business and pleasure both demand the attendance of the whole county on court-days, and shelter for the horses and wagons was frequently unobtainable. Even the lawyers had difficulty in finding accommodations for their animals; and as the supply of labor was extremely limited, those who traveled in private rigs often had to be their own hostlers.

The stable facilities, however, were not infrequently superior to those of the hotels. Sometimes the tiny taverns which attempted to house the visitors boasted only one habitable room, and as this was invariably reserved for the judge, the lawyers not included in his hospitality had to sleep anywhere they could—on the sofas, the tables, the window-seats, the floor, and even in the lofts and horse-stalls. It was no uncommon thing for his Honor to invite three or four men to occupy his room, but the one who was selected to share Judge Davis's bed might about as well have slept on the floor, for he was almost as wide as the ordinary four-poster. Lincoln and he made a fair average as far as width was concerned, but as the former was six feet four and had to lie crosswise to fit in the average bed, their combination was not a pronounced success.

In the dining-room the tavern-keeper usually reserved one end of the long table for the bar, and the judge was always expected to preside at the head of the board; but the function was frequently a Barmecide feast, and, as Lincoln remarked, there was very little advantage in sitting at the head of the table unless the food improved as you moved up. Except for this distinction as to place, there was no difference made between the legal fraternity and the other guests of the hotel, and litigants, witnesses, jurors, and prisoners out on bail were accommodated at the same table and enjoyed the same fare. Indeed, Mr. Whitney recalls several persons actually on trial who not only took their meals with his Honor and the bar, but also spent their evenings in the judge's room, without the slightest embarrassment to any one.

The inconvenience and discomforts of the life were at times almost unbearable, but Lincoln was never known to join in the frequent protests and complaints of his associates. Indeed, his sense of humor often saved the situation and made it tolerable, if not enjoyable, for himself and others. He saw the comic side of all that irritated men of more nervous temperament, and he disposed of annoyances with a laugh so hearty and infectious that even the disgruntled victims of petty misfortunes had to join in his mirth. In an indolent, easy manner he studied the various types of human nature encountered on the road, took a direct personal interest in the people he met, and made friends at every stopping-place. All the court clerks and county officials were glad to see him come and sorry to have him depart; he had a warm welcome at every tavern door, and all sorts and conditions of men claimed his close acquaintance. But, despite this general popularity, Lincoln was not, as he has frequently been depicted, an irresponsible hail-fellow-well-met, familiarly known as "Abe," who went about slapping people on the back and encouraging similar salutations. Nothing could be further from the truth than this. Judge Weldon informed the writer that in all his acquaintance with Lincoln on the circuit, the only person he ever heard address him by his first name was a street urchin whose impertinence astonished the future President quite as much as it amused him, and there is no reason to believe that he courted such familiarities after he reached maturity. Certainly his correspondence shows that he almost invariably addressed people by their last names—even his most intimate friends like Speed and Davis; and although Herndon relates anecdotes in which he figures as "Billie," Lincoln's letters refer to him as Herndon or William, although he was a much younger man than Lincoln and something of a protégé.

This is not at all suggestive of the arm-around-the-neck familiarity with which he is credited, and, as a matter of fact, he admitted very few friends to his confidence,

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE OLD COURT-HOUSE AT PEKIN, TAZEWELL COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Lincoln practised in this building, which is well preserved, and the sessions of the Circuit Court are still held in it.

and his intimates never numbered more than two or three. He was undoubtedly easy-going, pleasant-spoken, cordial, unconventional, and entirely approachable, but he had his own distinctive barrier of dignity which no one ever surmounted.

It is easy to understand the fascination of the circuit life. The members of the bar formed a bright, congenial company who strove mightily with each other in the court-rooms, but ate and drank as friends. They were persons of credit and renown in the eyes of all the assembled country-side, oracles to the political gossips, and leaders of public opinion whose words were often law. Every man knew every other man, and the close, daily contact in the court-rooms and on the road created a spirit of comradeship which no mere professional interest could supply. There was little of dull routine in the life, less of cold formality, nothing of the anxieties and cares which characterize modern practice, and the "play-instinct," which few men ever entirely outgrow, was strongly evident at every term of court. One group of the merry company founded a mock tribunal which formulated all sorts of ridiculous charges against their fellow-practitioners and tried the offenders with burlesque pomp and severity, to the delight of all beholders. Others were good at song and story, and many of the evenings passed in the judge's private room were all-night sessions of mirth and good-fellowship which made for lasting friendship and an *esprit de corps* destined to have a marked effect upon more than one career. The whole atmosphere of the profession favored individuality, self-expression, and development, and Lincoln responded to all these encouraging influ-

ences. He was distinctly a human product, and his growth of mind and character was most happily fostered by the free life of the circuit, where he was in close touch with a vigorous, independent, unartificial people drawn from every part and class of the country and all representatively American. Theirs was the force which really molded the man at the formative period of his career, and the most important individual influence on his future may be fairly ascribed to the judge before whom he practised and with whom he virtually lived for ten successive years.

XVII

JUDGE DAVIS AND LINCOLN

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS was a lawyer of marked ability and strong individuality, a shrewd business man, a loyal friend, a violent partizan of generous impulses and deep-rooted prejudices, an arbitrary and even despotic ruler of his own domain, but a fearless administrator of the law and an absolutely honest and capable judge. He and Lincoln had met as lawyers in Springfield, but there does not appear to have been any intimacy between them until Lincoln resumed practice at the close of his congressional term, when their acquaintance speedily developed into a friendship of enduring quality and historic importance.

The relations of the bench and bar were necessarily much closer in the early fifties than they are to-day, and the lawyers of the Eighth Circuit were practically a big family of which Davis was the official head, and over which he exerted a really parental influence. Not only did his Honor's ample girth and other physical proportions suggest a paterfamilias, but his mental attitude toward the bar was at once domineering and fatherly, with the domineering element always prominent. "He used to remind me of a big schoolmaster with a lot of little boys at his heels whenever I saw him stumping toward the court-house," remarks a now distinguished lawyer, and it cannot be denied that there was a good deal of the pedagogue about the judge. Certainly he knew how to maintain order in his court, but there was always more tact than severity in his enforcement of discipline. "Mr. Sheriff, you will see that nobody except General Linder is allowed to smoke in my court," was his method of administering a rebuke to the Attorney-General of Illinois, and hints of this kind seldom went astray. But though he insisted upon maintaining the dignity of his office upon every proper occasion, he dispensed with all unnecessary etiquette, and outside the court-room he was democratic to the last degree.

Almost every man, woman, and child in the fourteen counties of his circuit knew Judge Davis, and he undoubtedly was personally acquainted with a greater number of the residents than any other one man in the district. It naturally followed that he knew the jurors who were selected by the sheriff, and in some counties the same men composed the jury term after term. They were his friends, but the idea that they would be subservient to his wishes on this account, or that he would attempt to take advantage of their friendship to impose his authority upon them, never, apparently, entered any one's head. On the contrary, he relied on the intelligence, fairness, and integrity of the talesmen to a far greater extent than is practical in modern courts; but if there was the slightest cause for suspecting that a litigant would not receive an impartial verdict at their hands, he promptly removed the case into another circuit, and he governed himself by the same strict rules which he applied to the juries. In the minutes of the court in Tazewell County the writer discovered a significant entry, evidently in Davis's handwriting, written opposite the case of Hall *v.* Woodward, reading somewhat as follows: "Jury disagreed. Venue changed on account of the prejudice of the judge."

But though he was impartial in all his official duties, his Honor was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and he took no pains to conceal his feelings toward the different members of the bar. Lincoln, Leonard Swett, Judge Logan, and a few others continually basked in the sunshine of his approval; but Lincoln was the prime favorite of the privileged clique which made the judge's room its headquarters, and almost from the first he was distinguished at every possible opportunity in a way which would have been fatal to the average man. More than one of the judge's coterie has testified that his Honor would brook no interruption of the con-

versation when Lincoln had the floor; and if his favorite happened to be absent, he took but little interest or enjoyment in the rest of the company which gathered at his rooms. "Where 's Lincoln?" he would inquire irritably. "Here, somebody, go and tell Lincoln to come here."

Under such circumstances it is nothing short of remarkable that the man was not loathed instead of loved by the rank and file of the profession. He was naturally unassuming, but until he came into contact with Judge Davis he had never been placed in a position of much power. Davis, however, recognized the masterly quality of his mind, and his views and arguments soon began to have more weight and influence with the court than those of any other member of the bar. His Honor had too much individuality and independence actually to defer to any one else's opinion, but his favorite always had the ear of the court, and this in itself gave him a commandingly important position.

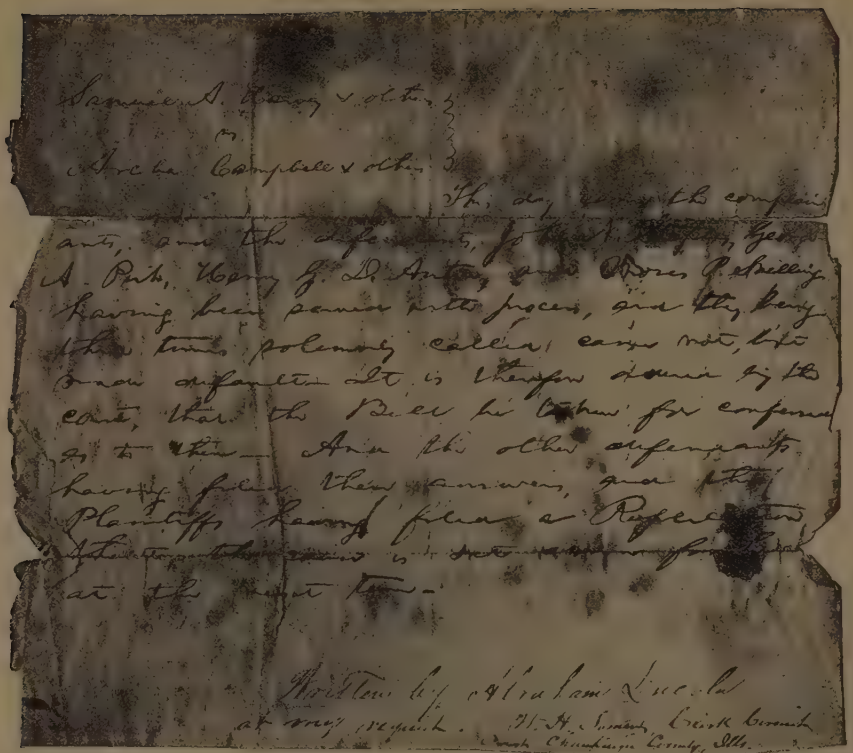
"It is easy for the weak to be gentle," writes a distinguished student of human nature. "Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. That is the supreme test."

No one but an experienced lawyer can appreciate the immense power wielded by the advocate on whom the bench relies. The mere fact that he has the private ear of the court is, in itself, a temptation which has proved too much for more than one distinguished member of the bar; and though the judge be never so honest and impartial, there are countless forms in which the personal equation may be invoked. The average practitioner who occupies this post of vantage seldom makes any effort to guard himself against a misuse of his opportunities. He does not hesitate to arrogate to himself small licenses which he knows will not be denied; he crowds and overbears adversaries less fortunately situated, and generally asserts himself at their expense. Every court-room in the world harbors these privileged bullies. Not all of them, of course, make a brutal display of their powers. Many are extremely subtle in bringing the necessary pressure to bear, and some are mentally so constituted that they are not conscious of exerting any of-

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

OLD COURT-HOUSE AT METAMORA, WOODFORD COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Lincoln practised in this building, which is now used as a town hall



From the collection of Major William H. Lambert

FACSIMILE OF A JUDGMENT WRITTEN BY MR. LINCOLN WHILE ACTING IN THE PLACE OF JUDGE DAVIS. (SEE PAGE 757)

fensive influence against their fellow-practitioners. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the leaders of the bar yield to temptations which Lincoln resisted, and few have ever been tested as he was. Yet he worked in an atmosphere of this sort for ten years, schooling himself against the open favor of the court; and of such training and temptations there came to the nation's guidance a master of infinite tact.

Not only did he refrain from imposing himself upon his contemporaries, but younger members of the profession received every possible consideration at his hands. It is the universal testimony of those who met him in daily practice that he never wantonly sought to exalt himself at the expense of a fellow-practitioner, and his juniors constantly retained him to aid them in cases, without the slightest fear that he would attempt to overshadow them, take the credit for a victory, or shelve responsibility for a defeat.

"The first case I ever had in Tazewell County was the People *v.* Gideon Hawley," remarked Mr. James Haines[1] while talking with the writer. "There were thirty-two indictments against my client for obstructing a public road, and as the authorities were inclined to make an example, the case was somewhat serious. I retained Mr. Lincoln to conduct the defense, and after we had completed our preparations he said, 'Of course you will make the opening speech.' I was surprised, for I had supposed that he would want to assume full control, and I said as much, adding that I would prefer him to take the lead. 'No,' he answered; and

[1] Mr. Haines is now living in Pekin, Tazewell County, and the court-house, which is still standing in that county, and in which Mr. Lincoln practised, was erected under his supervision.

then laying a hand on my shoulder, he continued: 'I want you to open the case, and when you are doing it talk to the jury as though your client's fate depends on every word you utter. Forget that you have any one to fall back upon, and you will do justice to yourself and your client.' I have never forgotten the kind, gentle, and tactful manner in which he spoke those words," Mr. Haines continued; "and that is a fair sample of the way he treated younger members of the bar."

This, with other testimony of a similar nature, shows the man in the making; and no one who is familiar with Lincoln's subsequent conduct as Commander-in-chief of the army can fail to recognize the bearing of his professional training upon his official actions. Again and again he assumed all responsibility for the blunders of his generals, and it will be remembered that when Grant succeeded he instantly wrote him, not only disclaiming any share of the credit, but acknowledging that the executive had doubted the wisdom of his plans.

Judge Davis's confidence in Lincoln's ability was evidenced at all times, but it often took a form which must appear nothing less than amazing to the modern practitioner, for he frequently assigned Lincoln to the bench and left him to conduct the court in his absence. There has been considerable doubt expressed by some biographers as to whether or no Lincoln did actually preside in a judicial capacity, but there is not the slightest question about the matter. Judge Weldon informed the writer that he personally tried a jury case with Lincoln on the bench, and Mr. Whitney asserts that the future President once conducted an entire term of court in Champaign County. Moreover, there is in existence to-day a judgment in Lincoln's handwriting which was written by him in a case in which he presided as the trial judge. This practice was, of course, irregular, and it is said that two cases were reversed by the Supreme Court because of it; but Judge Weldon[1] told the writer that Lincoln never presided at a trial unless the attorneys for both parties consented, and that they were generally glad to do so, for in this way delays were avoided and the clients and witnesses accommodated when Davis was unable to hold court.

The unofficial character of the position, however, made great demands upon Lincoln's tact, and he had to display rare judgment in exercising his authority. On one such occasion some young attorneys attempted to embarrass him with technical devices in a case in which there was no real defense. Lincoln heard them with the utmost good-nature and patience, and finally, when they had kept up their tactics for a whole day, he gave a decision in favor of the plaintiff, and wrote the direction for judgment in such form that there was no possible chance for an appeal. "But how are we to get this up to the Supreme Court?" asked one of the attorneys when he found himself cornered. "Well, you 've all been so smart about this case," answered Lincoln, calmly, "that you can find out for yourselves how to carry it up"; and that ended the matter.

Lincoln's earnestness and sense of responsibility deepened as he found himself relied upon as a leader of the bar; and as the years went by he grew more and more grave, meditative, and given to mental abstraction.

"He would frequently lapse into reverie and remain lost in thought long after the rest of us had retired for the night," Judge Weldon told the writer; "and more than once I remember waking up early in the morning to find him sitting before the fire, his mind apparently concentrated on some subject, and with the saddest expression I have ever seen in a human being's eyes."

No one knows with what thoughts Lincoln was struggling in those hours, but this side of his character has almost disappeared under the mass of silly stories which are coupled with his name. One would think, to read some of the biographies, that he never had a serious moment, and that most of his life on the circuit was spent in retailing dubious stories to gaping circles of country-folk at wayside taverns. Indeed, one chronicler states that he was frequently pitted against the local champion raconteurs in story-telling tournaments which continued for days, but

[1] In discussing this subject, Judge Weldon compared the custom with the modern practice of referring cases to lawyers to take and hear testimony.

which never could have lasted long enough to furnish all the pointless jests which seek to illustrate his fame as a fun-maker.

Lincoln was a wit, and, as Ingersoll said, he used any word "which wit could disinfect," but his reputation has suffered at the hands of writers who have employed stories as stop-gaps in their information. Of course, it is far easier and more amusing to attribute a lively story to Lincoln than to give a true picture of the man; but the compilations which have been evolved on this principle, and which picture his life on the circuit as a round of story-telling, are made out of whole cloth—some of which is stolen goods.

"Nothing can be more absurd than to picture Lincoln as a combination of buffoon and drummer," protested one of his surviving contemporaries while discussing this subject with the writer. "He was frequently the life of our little company, keeping us good-natured, making us see the funny side of things, and generally entertaining us; but to create the impression that the circuit was a circus of which Lincoln was the clown is ridiculous. He was a lawyer engaged in serious and dignified work, and a man who felt his responsibility keenly."

Probably there is no one living who is better entitled to speak on this subject than Mr. James Ewing, a member of the Illinois bar, whose father kept the old National Hotel in Bloomington, where all the lawyers used to stop while on the circuit, and at whose house Lincoln boarded after the hotel was closed. Mr. Ewing was about nine years old when Lincoln first stayed at the National, and for six or seven years afterward he saw and heard him in the company of his associates almost every term of the court. "In all my experience," Mr. Ewing informed the writer, "I never heard Mr. Lincoln tell a story for its own sake or simply to raise a laugh. He used stories to illustrate a point, but the idea that he sat around and matched yarns like a commercial traveler is utterly false. I never knew him to do any such thing, and I had ample opportunity for noting him."

"Lincoln would soon have become a bore if he had traded on his story-telling gifts," remarked another authority. "He traveled with the same men day after day, week after week, and month after month. Even if his fund of anecdotes could have stood the strain, we should not have been able to endure it, for no man exhausts himself or others so quickly as your professional funny man."

But those who have depicted Lincoln on the circuit as a sort of end-man with an itinerant minstrel show, have also done a similar injustice to Davis. More than one scissors-and-paste biographer encourages the inference that it was Davis's partiality for broad stories which caused him to distinguish Lincoln, and we are expected to believe that this was the edifying origin of the friendship of these two distinguished men.[1] Undoubtedly Davis enjoyed a good story, and it may well be conceded that his laugh was as loud and infectious as tradition says it was; but to suppose that a man of his ability would select a mere jester for a friend, or that Lincoln would have consented to serve as a court fool, is preposterous.

Davis had precisely the mental qualities which were best adapted to encourage and develop a man of Lincoln's temperament. He recognized his great ability, admired his modesty, respected his integrity, esteemed his judgment, and helped to school his legal aptitude. He knew the power of the man—knew it through ten years' association with him in the court-room; and it was this knowledge, gained in this way, which formulated his unconquerable belief in the Illinois candidate for the Presidential nomination. *It was Judge Davis and a handful of men who had learned to know and appreciate Lincoln* AS A LAWYER—*a small group of his fellow-practitioners on the Eighth Circuit: Davis, the judge; Swett, the advocate; and Logan, the leader of the bar, but especially Davis—who forced Lincoln upon the Chicago Convention in* 1860, *and thus gave him to the nation.*

[1] Judge Davis, who was three times elected to the Illinois Circuit Bench (1848, 1855, and 1861), was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1862, and served on that bench with distinction until 1877, when he resigned to become a United States senator from Illinois. He became acting vice-president and president of the Senate in 1881, and resigned in 1883. He died at Bloomington, Illinois, June 26, 1886.

XVIII

LINCOLN THE LEADER OF THE BAR

LINCOLN did not return to any assured clientage at the close of his congressional term, and he had his professional reputation still to make when he began to follow Judge Davis over the circuit. He had had a fairly wide acquaintance in the community before he went to Washington, but the State was rapidly increasing in population, and to the newcomers he was, of course, an utter stranger. Even to the majority of the old inhabitants, he was better known as a stump-speaker and politician than as a lawyer; and, recognizing this, he set to work with a singleness of purpose which had not previously characterized his interest in the law. We have his own word for it that he had then definitely determined to abandon public life, and his most intimate professional associates testify to a marked change in his attitude toward his work from this time on. Thenceforward he bent all his energies upon equipping himself for his legal duties, preparing his cases with greater care, fortifying himself with reading, and generally becoming more systematic in his studies. It was probably at this time that he began entering notes of cases and authorities in a memorandum-book which he carried with him on the circuit, and which provided him with a ready reference at moments when it was not possible to procure law reports or text-books.[1] His preparation, however, did not stop at legal learning. He began the study of the German language, and was interested in anything which could develop his mind, and he did not abandon any subject once he touched upon it. "In the course of my reading," he told a friend years afterward, "I constantly came across the word 'demonstrate.' I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I consulted Webster's dictionary. That told me *of certain proof beyond the probabilty of doubt*, but I could form no idea of what sort of proof that was. I consulted all the books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said to myself, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not know what "demonstrate" means,' and so I worked until I could give any proposition of the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what 'demonstrate' meant."

This study was performed at odd intervals while he was engaged in trial work on the circuit, and Herndon reports that he frequently saw Lincoln poring over his Euclid by candle-light at night in his bedroom, where three or four other men were sleeping after a hard day's work in the courts. It was discipline of this quality which developed and strengthened the man's mind at his most critical period, and his growth as a lawyer followed as a natural result, though he himself never made the slightest claim to legal eminence. "I am only a mast-fed lawyer," he once protested, meaning that his mind had not been nourished with the sort of educational provender which rounds out the ribs of aptitude, and this recognition of his deficiencies redoubled his efforts. At one time he had apparently thought that his ability as a speaker would carry him through, but doubtless his experience with Logan and other able lawyers taught him to mistrust his powers in this respect, and his advice to some law students, written in July, 1850, shows his altered attitude. *"Extemporaneous speaking should be practised and cultivated,"* he remarked. *"It is the lawyer's avenue to the public. However able and faithful he may be in other respects, people are slow to bring him business if he cannot make a speech. And yet there is not a more fatal error than relying too much on speech-making. If any one, upon his rare powers of speaking, shall claim an exemption from the drudgery of the law, his case is a failure in advance."*

But even with close application to business and the unmistakable favor of the court, Lincoln did not rise to any immediate recognition at the bar. His ability was of slow growth, and there was nothing showy or impressive about his practice in the courts. Little by little, however, it began to dawn upon the local public that he was the most uniformly effective man of all those who practised on the circuit, not only with the court, but

[1] This memorandum-book is now in the possession of Mr. Jesse W. Weik, through whose courtesy the writer was allowed to examine its copious citations and notes.

with the juries; but it was the lawyers who first evidenced the discovery by retaining him to try cases for them.

The confidence and appreciation of his competitors is the highest compliment which any lawyer can receive, and it was this professional recognition which largely determined Lincoln's subsequent career, for it enabled him to leave all the minutiæ of practice and the drudgery of preparation to other lawyers and to devote himself almost exclusively to trial work. The result was that, although he had probably a wider acquaintance than any other practitioner on the circuit, he had comparatively few personal clients, most of his business coming through other attorneys, who either retained him of their own initiative or at the suggestion of the litigants. Indeed, his reputation as an advocate became such that some attorneys advertised themselves as his partners; but this merely meant that they usually retained him to try their cases, or possibly that they had some general understanding with him that he would act as counsel for them during certain terms of court or in particular counties. It thus frequently happened that Lincoln knew nothing of either his cause or his client until he arrived at the county-seat where the trial was to be held, and as a term of court seldom lasted more than a few days, he had very little opportunity to prepare himself.

If the local attorney who retained him had an office, he made that his headquarters; but if, as often happened, there was no such accommodation available, the necessary consultations took place in the tavern, usually in the judge's private room, and regardless of his Honor's presence. Frequently, however, the conference was held out of doors to avoid interruptions, and it was no uncommon thing for Lincoln to be seen seated on the ground under the shade of some convenient tree in the court-house square, consulting with his associates, their clients and witnesses. Of course important litigations were not prepared in this haphazard fashion, but very few lawsuits in those days were complicated, and both sides usually wanted a prompt trial of the matter in dispute.

This class of work naturally brought Lincoln into close touch with all sorts of men and women, and trained him to be a quick and unerring judge of character. Each case was a distinct problem replete with human nature, and it was doubtless this constant insight into the springs and sources of human action which developed his instinctive understanding of the people and taught him to anticipate and lead popular opinion as no other public man in this country had ever done.

It is probable that Lincoln tried more cases between 1849 and 1860 than any other man on the Eighth Circuit. He was the acknowledged leader of the local bar, whose services were constantly in demand, and the one man who could be relied upon to take a case in any of the counties comprising the circuit, for he alone covered the entire route. It is misleading to belittle the value of this daily experience on the ground that most of the litigations were of no great monetary importance. Every lawyer familiar with trial work knows that small cases often raise more difficult questions of law and demand nicer knowledge of legal principles than causes on which millions depend; and it should also be remembered that many of the small suits were, in effect, test cases which settled the law for the new State.

Of course no one could have practised before the court and juries day after day and year after year in this way without learning something, and Lincoln's legal development was marked with every year of his practice. In 1853 the Illinois Central Railroad retained him as its counsel, and not long afterward he appeared for the Rock Island road and many other important representative interests, and his record of appeal cases in the Supreme Court is equaled but by few members of the Illinois bar.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of these active professional years on Lincoln's subsequent career. They brought him into close contact and collision with able lawyers of every caliber, with men of force and strong character, men whose business it was to reason, persuade, cajole, and intimidate others to their way of thinking, and who employed every device, from legitimate argument to brutal terrorizing, to accomplish their ends. The most capable layman is no match for the trained attorney in an argu-

ment, and a man who is familiar with the law can often silence and overawe an intellectual superior who is not armed with similar knowledge. Every lawyer of experience has seen business men of courage and conviction hesitate, vacillate, and practically disintegrate under legal menace and coercion; and all readers of the history of this country know that more than one occupant of the White House, armed with authority, but unskilled in the ways of the law, has been cowed into indecision by tactics familiar to all frequenters of the courts.

Lincoln's daily antagonists were such men as Logan, Stuart, Baker, Browning, Oglesby, Swett, Scott, Cullom, and Palmer—men, drawn from all parts of the country, who later distinguished themselves as judges, congressmen, senators, or governors of States; and besides these and more of equal brilliancy, he met other types and grades of the profession well qualified to prepare him for the great cause which was soon to be intrusted to his care.

Long before he was called to Washington, his daily life in the courts had familiarized him with the roarers and bulldozers of the profession, with the sly and tricky gentry who work by indirection, with the untrustworthy, treacherous, and unscrupulous practitioner, with the broad-minded advocate and the narrow, bigoted partizan.

Years before he encountered them in his cabinet, he had met such men as Stanton and Chase and Seward; and where a man of less experience or other training would have quarreled with that difficult trio or been himself torn apart in their struggles for supremacy, he handled them with a sure touch of command and made them work together for the nation. Stánton had his day in court with Lincoln when they met in the McCormick reaper case (as will appear hereafter), but that was the only time he ever successfully lorded it over Lincoln, who, unmoved by his roaring, employed his fanatical egotism to the best advantage. Chase played for the Presidency on the cabinet board, thinking his masked moves would escape the indolent attention of the "mast-fed lawyer," and suddenly found himself checked and manœuvered into a speedy resignation; and history has disclosed the fact that Seward, one of the most distinguished members of the New York bar, unwittingly received more than one lesson in law at the hands of the tactful Executive.

(To be continued)

IN THE LEE OF THE CENTER-HOUSE

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE

IT was near the middle of the first night watch, and a fresh breeze was blowing up out of the south, with the pleasant humming sound aloft that bespeaks auspicious weather. The moon, nearly at full, was high in the eastern sky, and the shadows of the lofty piles of canvas lay black to leeward. The bark rose and fell smoothly on the long, low swells that came racing in athwart her bow, but now and then she sank with a thud in a hollowed wave, sending the hissing foam outward for yards, and now and then a sea broke under her bow and leaped the rail, making shining runlets along the slanted deck.

Where the wind had a clean sweep under the foresail, there was a sharpness in the air; but in the lee of the center-house it was warm, and there Kerrigan, coming from his trick at the wheel, found Frithjof gazing outboard, in his eyes the brooding look that shuns the eyes of other men.

"Mither av saints!" growled Kerrigan, good-naturedly; "but a'n't there anny place aboard thot 's impthy av moon-shtruck sailormin? There 's Nicolay yon by the poort rail, wid the face av him as lang as a hand-spike, an' sighun' like a grampus for the gyurls he 's lift behint him; an' here be yez. I tho't betther av ye nor thot, laad."

"Ay ain' tank off no gals," answered Frithjof, defensively; "but it 's no vay to lif, lak sailormans."

"Av coorse ut a'n't," retorted Kerrigan; "but what will ye do about ut? 'T is all we 're fit for now, an' we 'll niver do aught ilse, me an' ye. The laad back there—Nicolay—belikes he 'll mak' love wance too often an' sittle down ashore in a little riddy-made shop, wid a wife to kape him as near shtraight as ut 's his nature; but we—we 'll go homeliss an' impthy-hearrtud till—the ind."

He was silent a long time, but when he spoke again it was still of Nicolao.

"The laad there," he said, "he 's the kind thot 's sure to find his mate sooner or lather. He 's thot kind. Have n't ye iver notused thot there niver was a sorry little runt av a mon but there was some thrue-hearrtud gyurl somewhere thot w'u'd folly him through thick an' thin, an' slave over him, an' wape for the ways av him, an' think him the worrld an' all; but tak' a big, handsome b'y, wid the soft

tongue an' bright eye, an' tin to wan iv'ry hoighty-toity, rid-cheeked lass w'u'd fall down an' worship him—an' thin desave him in the ind? Have n't ye notused ut? Well, 't is thrue. But there be ixciptions. Where 'd we be widout?

"Now I 'm no Vanus, but I was likely wance, an' I niver passed the lookun'-glass widout squarun' me shouldhers an' cockun' me eye an' thinkun' betther av mesilf. So, from beun' harrd to plaze, or belikes too aisy plazed, by the time I was twinty I 'd had the run av three baronies in pursuit av pleasure—an' found ut, an' grown weary av the same, as is the way av mon. An' mind, laad, thot up till thin I 'd niver sane aven a Tralee fishun'-coble nor smelt salt wather. An' now I smell nothun' ilse, barrun' the bilge-wather an' the tar. Glory be! but ut 's a shtrange worrld!"

"Eet ees," assented Nicolao, dropping heavily on the deck near them, with his back to the centerhouse. He had come upon them in time to hear Kerrigan's last words, and his heart was heavy in his breast. "Behol' the worl'! A few plank, a plenty work an' cusses, an' salt wasser an' mo' salt wasser—an' nuttin' else. Oh, I 'm seek an' tired off eet, an' I desire for to go home, to seta een the park an' hear the band play, an' watcha the gals go by, preten'in' not to see yo', but seein' efer'-t'ing. Buta here! Yah!"

"So 't was out av wan love an' into anither," continued Kerrigan, not heeding the interruption, "till wan night 't was a diff'rent tale. 'T was far in the ind av the year, I mind, an' the lang black nights had come, an' I 'd thramped the weary road up Barragh till Paddy Grogan's Mary's weddun'. 'T was bitther cowld an' the wind, wid a sting in ut, whistled across the bare hill till I was glad whin I saw the sparks av the peat from the hearth-fire flyun' shtraight out from the chimney as I came in sight av Paddy's.

"The room was full as I opened the dure, an' the fiddles was tunun' up, but I saw only wan thing an' heard only wan: 't was Kitty Gildea, wid the firelight on her hair an' face, an' the eyes av her sparklun' wid the joy av livun', an' her laugh like a bell on a Soonday marnun' comun' saft across Glengarrow wather. Mither av hiven! how ut all comes back!

"I stood like a gomerel starun' at her till her eyes dhropped an' her face turned rid as the airly dawn over her own hill, an' some wan laughed, an' some wan ilse called to me to shut the dure, an' had I sane the banshee or the little payple?

"'I 've not sane the banshee nor the little payple,' says I, 'but I 've sane the beginnun' av joy or sorrow; an' thot 's a riddle I 'll kapė for me own guessun',' says I, an' not anither worrd c'u'd they get from me."

"But what wass the mat' weeth Kitty Gildea?" asked Nicolao, eagerly.

"Just this," answered Kerrigan: "she 'd grown to a woman overnight, laad. Have n't ye iver notused ut in gyurls—a shlip av a laas wan day an' a woman the nixt? 'T was so wid her.

"As soon as I c'u'd go wid dacency, I wint to Kitty, a swagger in me legs, but wid me knees a-trimblun' till me teeth fair chatthered.

"'An' where have ye been the lang while, Miss Kitty Gildea?' I asked, givun' her the full len'th av her name, for the swate sound av ut.

"'An' where sh'u'd I be but in me mither's house?' says she. 'An' thot ye c'u'd have sane had ye gone to the top av the hill forninst yer own dure. Ye 're keen at the hill-climbun', I hear,' says she, an' giggled, m'anun' by thot thot I 'd been goun' to the very top av Skodor av late, coortun' ole McBride's Norah.

"' 'T was only to gain the stren'th to climb the hill forninst me dure the faster,' says I. Thin' thinkun' the r'ason none too good to hould wather, I hasthened to say: 'But I shall climb the hill ye mintion, for the sun rises beyant ut, an' the moon, an' all the shtars; an' the brightust av the last shine by day likewise,' says I, lookun' shtraight into the two eyes av her.

"'An' thot 's all the time,' says she, gigglun', 'which is marv'lous for shtars.'

"The fiddles shtruck up, an' I saw her head turn to the sound like the weather-cock to the wind, an' the light fut av her tap the flure, eager to be up an' away; so I tho't I 'd shine betther wid me heels nor wid me tongue, an' I leaned to her to say:

"'Will ye dance wid me, Kitty Gildea?'

"Do I ramimber thot dance? Do I not? 'T was the firrst wan av manny thot winther, but I see her in ut this minut' as

clear to me eye as the wake av the moon on the wather yon. An' she was like thot —fut av air an' silver, an' as light on the flure as a moonbeam.

"So I wint up Skodor no more, forgettun' Norah, as I 'd forgot manny another befure her; but ut 's siventane years since the night, an' I 've not yet forgot Kitty Gildea.

"But she lid me a dance, laads. Ut began the very nixt day, whin I went over the hill to till her mither I was goun' to the markut-town the nixt marnun', an' was there annything I c'u'd do for her by way av fetchun' or carryun'? I 'd niver tho't av ut befure, though she was a lone widdy, wid only her ole mither an' Kitty; but now thot ut w'u'd tak' me to the gyurl, ut samed neighborly an' a r'asonable thing to ask. A laad in love is like an ostrich, which shticks uts head in the sand an' thinks no wan parsaves ut.

"Kitty was comun' out av the dure wid a shawl on her head as I shtepped up to ut, an' both av us was taken aback, an' I lost me wits. I think she ixpictud me to say thot I 'd come over the hill, l'avun' her to tak' up the talk where we 'd lift ut the night befure; but me wits were gone, comun' on her so sudden-like, an' all thot I c'u'd say was to ask if her mither was at home. Niver forget, Nicolay, to till a gyurl what she ixpicts. She 'll be riddy for ye thin, an' thot will plaze her; but dapart from her thaory av the attack, an' she 'll mak' ye suffer for ut.

"'She is,' says Kitty, coolly, whin I asked her me question, an' she opened the dure, an' in I wint. 'T was the last thot I saw av the gyurl thot day.

"The old gran'mither was settun' by the hearth-fire, but Kitty's mither came to mate me wid a look on her face for all the worrld like thot av a house-dog thot suspicts yer dasigns.

"'Oh, 't is Thomas Kerrigan,' says she; 'an' will ye be s'atud, Thomas?'

"'Ut is, an' I will,' says I; 'an' thank ye kindly, ma'am. I was thinkun' av goun' to markut the marnun', ma'am,' I wint on, aisy-like; 'an' passun' the dure, I tho't I 'd shtep inside to ask ye if I c'u'd fetch or carry annything for ye, seeun' ye 're so much alone here, an' few passun'.'

"' 'T is neighborly,' says she; 'though I 'm thinkun' I 'm no more alone than I 've been the tin years gone. But 't is neighborly; I 'm not denyun' ut.'

"I knew naught to say to thot, beun' more nor usual witless, so tho't ut best to same not to hear ut; an' lettun' me eye wandher, I notused the ole gran'mither a-peerun' at me, an' I nodded to the fire.

"' 'T is rare an' comfortable,' says I, for the day had an edge on ut; 'ye 're rightly placed forninst the blaze the day, ma'am.'

"' 'T is the only place lift for ole bodies—to crawl into the chimney-corner,' says she. 'I know me place; 't is all thot 's lift for me.'

"'Ye 're lookun' fine an' hale, ma'am,' says I, 'an' younger iv'ry year. I 'm thinkun' Time 's forgot ye, ma'am. Ye 'd be l'adun' the dance yet but for yer kind hearrt: ye 'd not want to shpoil the pleasure av anny lass from invy av the pink cheeks av ye.'

"'Now don't ye be afther beggun' me to marry ye,' says she, chucklun'; 'for I 'd not dare to thrust ye, for all yer saft tongue. But ye 're niver Michael Kerrigan's gran'son.'

"'I 'm so reputhud, ma'am,' says I, 'though 't is little I know av ut mesilf.'

"She chuckled again at thot, an' pointun' to the sate by her, told me to dhraw near.

"'Me eyes are not so keen as they were whin I was a lass an' used to watch for yer gran'faather—rest his sowl!—come over yon hill a-coortun' me,' she tould me whin I took the bench forninst her. 'Ye 're like him, too, big an' handsome an' bould-like. 'T was a fine laad was the ole Michael. He came near marryun' me, b'y.'

"'I niver knew ut, ma'am,' says I, 'though I 've heard he was niver much in luck's way. An' how did he lose ye, ma'am?'

"' 'T was a quarrel,' says she, 'an' we parthud. Ye niver knew how near, ye came to beun' me gran'son.'

"I was a bould laad wid me tongue in thim days, an' not wan to bate about the bush; so up I answered, thinkun' av Kitty, an' not carun' who knew:

"' 'T is niver too late to mind, ma'am,' says I, 'an' Faather O'Hara can rimedy thot.'

"Did ye iver see a hin wid chicks whin the hawks was flyun', laads? Thin ye 've

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I THRIED TO LOOK ME JOY IN THE UNDHERTAKUN'"

sane Kitty's mither as I shpake. Up she came rufflun', an' wid her hands on her hips looked down at me scornful.

"'Ye 're a rovun' young mon wid the gyurls, I hear, Thomas Kerrigan,' says she. 'Ye think ye 've but to wink an' the cherry will drop in yer mouth. 'T is a poor shadow to run befure a laad, an' I 've little wish to have ut darken me dure, an' thot 's God's trut',' says she.

"'The rovun' fut makes no path, ma'am,' says I, 'so no harrm 's done; but now I wandher no more.'

"'An' what 's changed ye so sudden?' says she.

"'Yer daughter's face, ma'am, I 'm honust anough to till ye,' says I; 'an' if 't is no crime, I 'm thinkun' the path over yon hill betwane yer dure an' mine will be worn deep.'

"'I 'd far betther see yer back on ut nor yer face,' says she.

"'Do ye mane ut, ma'am?' says I, risun' to me fate. ' 'T is a saad tale if the wandherun' fut av a light-hearrtud laad l'aves pitch on yer flure. I 'll go if I must, an' not darken yer dure; but I spake ye fair an' honust, ma'am, an' 't is the firrst time I 've named Faather O'Hara in me—me wandherun's.'

"She looked up an' thin down, an' I c'u'd see me worrds had taken hould av her, though all thot she w'u'd say was:

"'There 'll be ithers to name him befure the banns is called, I 'm thinkun'.'

"'Thin Hiven send thot they name him airly,' says I; 'for if I don't call ye mither, I 'll go to me grave an orphan, ma'am.'

"She smiled a little winthry smile at thot, but the ole gran'mither cried out:

"'Lit be! Lit the laad be, Lizzie! 'T is no harrm in him coortun' over-manny lasses. There 's safety in manny, I 'm thinkun', but no token at all thot he 'll not marry wan come the time. I like the b'y mesilf, an' I was niver wan who c'u'd not see in the poke whin the shtring was untied. He 's a fine laad.'

"'I know no rale harrm in him,' said Kitty's mither; 'but whin ye hear a fut prowlun' in the dark, ye must bark yersilf, if ye have no dog.'

"So because she knew no rale harrm in me I shtayed on, though downhearrtud whin Kitty came not; for though ut 's the parrt av wisdom, 't is a poor tale coortun' the ole payple in place av the lass.

"'T was nayther work nor play wid me thin till I 'd sane Kitty wance more, so out I shtarted the nixt day for her mither's, goun' round the road for luck, not over the hill, as I 'd gone the day befure. 'T was well, too, for as I came to the turn by the bridge, there was Kitty befure me, goun' light-fut up to her mither's. She looked round quick as I came up, an' thin looked down, an' I saw thot her eyes were shinun'.

"' 'T is a fine day,' says she.

"'As fine as God iver made,' says I, enthusiastuc.

"'Barrun' the mist,' says she, shyly.

"'Ut makes yer cheeks the ridder,' says I.

"'An' thot 's too rid,' says she.

"'Yes, for me p'ace av mind,' says I.

"'An' what do ye be doun' so far from home?' says she.

"'I 'm lookun' for thot which I lost,' I tould her.

"'An' is ut val'able?' says she.

"'I can't live widout ut, for 't is me hearrt,' says I.

"'Oh!' says she, gigglun'; 'an' have n't ye l'arned to do widout ut by this?' Thin, befure I c'u'd answer the shlander, she wint on to say: 'I wantud to till ye thot we took ut kindly yer offerun' to fetch or carry to markut for me mither. To be sure, ye did not mintion ut again, an' ye did not come the marnun', though me mither had two pigs to sind, if the chance came. But 't was neighborly to think av ut at all. We said thot.'

"'T was thrue: I had not tho't av me offer wance since I made ut.

"Out av the tail av me eye I looked at her; but her face was as long an' serious as a mission sermon, though well I knew 't was all pratintious.

"'Ye huzzy!' I tho't. 'I 'll bate ye yet,' an' I looked at her raproachful.

"' 'T is sorrow I have thot ye 'd think me fat in the promus but lane in the performance,' says I. 'T is to-morrow I go, not the day. I mintioned ut to yer mither to set her thinkun' av her nades, an' now I 'm goun' to learn thim,' says I.

"'I tho't ye was lookun' for thot which ye 'd lost,' says she.

"'I found ut,' says I.

"'But where?' says she.

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'T IS SHAMEFUL TO DRIVE THIM SO FAST,' SAYS SHE"

" 'Ye have ut,' says I.

" 'Thin ye can tak' ut again, for I 've no use for ut,' says she. 'I 've a betther wan av me own.'

" 'Ye might ixchange, Kitty Gildea,' says I, to thry her; but she shook her head an' laughed.

" 'No,' says she; 'for I 'm but poor in the bargainun', beun' too honust. I 'd gain naught but ithers' l'avun's.'

" 'Ye 'd gain an honust laad's hearrt, Kitty Gildea,' says I, dolorous, to thry the effict av sadness on her.

" 'So the rid fox said to the white goose,' says she; an' wid thot we came to her mither's dure.

"I niver knew how she an' Sathan managed ut, for I saw the mither had naught to do wid the matther, but befure an hour had gone, I was shtandun' outside the dure wid three fathom av rope in me hands, ache ind av which was tied to the right hind leg av a half-grown pig thot I was to drive to me home an' tak' to the markut-town the morrow. I thried to look me joy in the undhertakun', but

me hearrt was dubious. Kitty's own face was sad.

"'Ye 'll find kind masthers for thim, Thomas Kerrigan,' says she; 'for they 're like pet lambs for ginthleniss. Ut fair breaks me hearrt to have thim go.'

"'They 're av the same mind, I 'm thinkun',' says I; for though I gave thim the hint to be off, they were far from takun' ut, an' runnun' circles about me, wound me up in the rope like an eight-day clock, till the tin legs av us was mixed shameful.

"I unraveled mesilf at last, all but wan leg, whin they changed their minds an' stharted off wid a rush, wid me hoppun' on wan fut, in the bight av the rope, clingun' to ut wid me two hands, an' flingun' me legs an' arrms wild-like to kape me balance on me ither fut."

"An' how many legs an' hands ees that?" asked Nicolao, grinning.

"Thirrty-wan ut must have been by the looks av ut," Kerrigan answered calmly; "for I was whirlun' down the road like a spinnun'-wheel, emittun' sacred language set to jig-tunes—staccatho.

"Kitty came out to us as they shtopped in the road like haythen idols tin rods from her mither's house.

"'T is shameful to drive thim so fast,' says she; 'for 't is harrd to l'ave wan's home so young.'

"'Was ut drivun' thim I was?' says I. 'Glory be! I tho't I was an irrasponsible carrt-wheel hitched to a—a nightmare. Did I show the pride av a conquerun' payple in me dam'anor?'

"'I 'll set ye a bit on the road, to kape the poor things comphany,' says she, not answerun' me question.

"I looked at her. Her face was still sad, but her eyes were dancun'.

"'Ye little Jezebel!' tho't I; thin I said aloud: 'There 's no nade,' says I. 'T will only mak' the partun' harder for thim—an' for ye,' says I. 'I 'd spare ye the sorrow willun'.'

"'I c'u'd not think av ut,' says she, shakun' her head, mournful. 'T is woman's lot to suffer. Why don't ye go on?'

"'Is ut shp'akun' to yer fri'nds ye are?' says I. 'If so, I 'd like to know the answer mesilf.' Thin I turned to her pet lambs. 'Get up, Sathan!' says I. 'Get up, Beelzebub!'

"'T is no language for the ginthle cr'athures,' says she, raprovun' me. 'Call thim pet names; they 'll raspond to thim.'

"'I will, thin,' says I; 'though I 'd like ut betther to know what their rasponsus are to be, for I 'm dizzy yet from the last wan. But here goes, an' if I see ye no more in this worrld, Kitty Gildea, ramimber thot I passed away for love av ye, takun' yer advice.' Thin I said softly to thim graven images: 'Come, darlint! Come, swatehearrt! We 'll be movun' on now, wid yer l'ave.' They did not budge an inch.

"'Ye see,' says I, turnun' to Kitty, raproachful. 'Yer fri'nds—' Thin they sthartud.

"Laads, ut was a quarther av a mile to the bridge where I had met Kitty goun' up to her mither's, but wid the rothary motion av the typhoon wid which I was associatud by the bight av a rope, I made ut twinty-siven nauthical miles in as manny seconds. Sometimes I samed to be goun', an' sometimes comun', an' sometimes both at wance, wid the air melojous wid me endearments. Only above all the tumult av batthle an' sudden death I heard the v'ice av Kitty fair hiccoughun' wid joyousniss.

"Through the wrack an' ruin av the worrld I saw loomun' ahead av me the bridge an' the wather rollun' undher ut. So says I to mesilf: 'Glory be! now I 'll alight from me char'ot; for if the trut' 's been tould av thim, nayther divels nor witches will cross runnun' wather.' 'T was thrue; they did not cross.

"I alightud harrd—on me circumfarence, wid the taut rope twistud about me middle, an' thim fiends in bacon goun' out av sight over the opposite sides av the bridge into shoal wather. All thot I c'u'd see av thim was the right hind fut av ache above the curb; but the hivens was melojous wid their lamentations or their pains av victhory, I c'u'd not till which, beun' ignorant av their lingo."

"Whata ye calla that 'circumf'rence?'" asked Nicolao, who was curious concerning particulars.

"I mane," explained Kerrigan, patiently, "thot I sthruck the bridge wid iv'ry parrt av me anathomy simultaneous at wance—an' sthruck ut harrd. I c'u'd not say thot me head ached more nor me body, nor me legs more nor me arrms. 'T was impartial an' widout prejudice.

Thim pigs w'u'd have made grreat jurymin.

"Thin, as I set up, not rubbun' anny parrt av me, because no parrt av me naded ut more nor anny ither parrt av me,—nor liss,—I heard behint me the v'ice av Kitty sayun':

"'The poor things was thirrsty.'

"'T was thot, was ut?' says I. 'Thin why in Hiven's name don't they dhrink?' says I.

"I heard her v'ice crack, as if her f'alun's was gettun' beyont her, an' thin she said solemn:

"'They can't get their hind legs down; ye 're houldun' thim,' says she.

"'Am I?' says I. 'Thin ut 's more nor I c'u'd have ixpictud from the pravious performance, an' I 've little faith in uts lastun'. So, Kitty dear, befure they change their minds an' think ut 's exercise they 're wantun', not dhrink, will ye kindly untie the rope from the leg av wan av yer pet lambs, so it can folly its wishes, whativer they are? I 'm twistud in the rope, an' so occupied wid houldun' thim thot I 've little mind for ither things.'

"I saw her shouldhers shakun' as she

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'DO YE KNOW ANNYTHING AV THE WAYS OF PIGS, LAADS?'"

l'aned over the edge av the bridge, an' thin she said:

"'Can't ye cut ut?'

"'I have n't anny knife,' says I.

"' 'T is a harrd knot,' says she.

"' 'T is a love-knot,' says I, an' wid thot I gave the rope a pull. 'T was like jerkun' the cord av a siren whistle, for the pig cursed me shameful, an' for a minut' I saw the shtump av his tail waggun' tumultuous, threatenun' calamithy. Thin he gave wan last kick an' dhropped out av sight.

"'He 's more comfortable now,' says Kitty; 'he can shtand on his fure legs.'

"'I 'm thinkun' I 'll be doun' the same,' says I; an' conthortun' mesilf disgraceful, I untwistud the rope about me middle, an' stood erict wance more, as God intindud iv'ry mon sh'u'd.

"'Will ye be goun' on now—now thot ye 're resthud?' says Kitty, innocent-like.

"'I will,' says I, 'if 't will not inconvanience yer fri'nds,' says I.

"Do ye know annything av the ways av pigs, laads? They 're quick—too quick—an' by nature cross-eyed, for they look wan way an' shtrike anither, which is a harrd thing to contind wid. I pulled wan av the bastes up on the bridge again, an' headed him right; but he took but wan look, thin doubled on his thrack betwane me legs, an' all thot I ramimber is av fallun' in a dhream through indlissniss, wid me head explodun' at last like a million sky-rockuts.

"The nixt thing I knew, me head was a boiler-foundry in full blast, by the sound av ut, an some wan was cryun' over me, an' thin I knew ut was Kitty. Firrst I thried to open me eyes, but some wan samed to be settun' on the lids, so I shtopped to think a bit, an' thot saved me; for Kitty was talkun' to a dead mon, an' unburdenun' her hearrt, which is the manner av women afther ye 're dead or gone.

"'Oh, I 've kilt him! I 've kilt him!' says she, wild-like; 'an' there niver was anny wan like him,' says she.

"'Am I ralely dead,' says I to mesilf; 'an' all for ridun' bareback on an unreginerate pig? 'T is fair disgraceful. An' thin I saw in a flash how 't w'u'd be afther the wake was over an' payple had sittled down contintud to the loss av me. I c'u'd see the face av iv'ry laad an' lass in the barony wan wide grin whiniver they tho't av me takun' off. Laads, I was in a cowld sweat wid the bare tho't av ut. 'T is no joke to be a laughun'-shtock to yer fri'nds for ridun' a pig into purgathory. Thin I heard Kitty again:

"'An' he did ut all for love av me,' she wailed; 'an' I was crool to him, though rajoicun' to think he cared for a gyurl like me.'

"'Come,' says I to mesilf; 'thot 's bether. There 'll be wan who will not make me a laughun'-shtock.' An' thin I thried again, an' me eyes came open, an' I saw the blue sky over me, an' the grane hills I knew well, an' the white road runnun' up to Kitty's mither's house. So I knew 't was not purgathory, an' I was shtill alive.

"So beun' more comfortable, me wits came back, an' I sittled mesilf to me grreat opporchunity; for Kitty had not sane me eyes.

"'Ut is n't iv'ry laad thot can win a lass by ridun' a pig to the gates of purgathory an' back,' tho't I. 'I 'll shtay dead till the propher time to come back to life,' says I to mesilf. Ut came the very nixt minut', wid Kitty keenun' over me again, disclosun' her mind.

"'Oh, darlint, come back to me!' says she, 'an' I 'll niver cross ye or taze ye in worrd or deed till the ind av me life,' says she. 'I 'll be thrue to ye, as ye w'u'd be thrue to me, for there was niver anny wan like ye, so full av sunshine an' joy.'

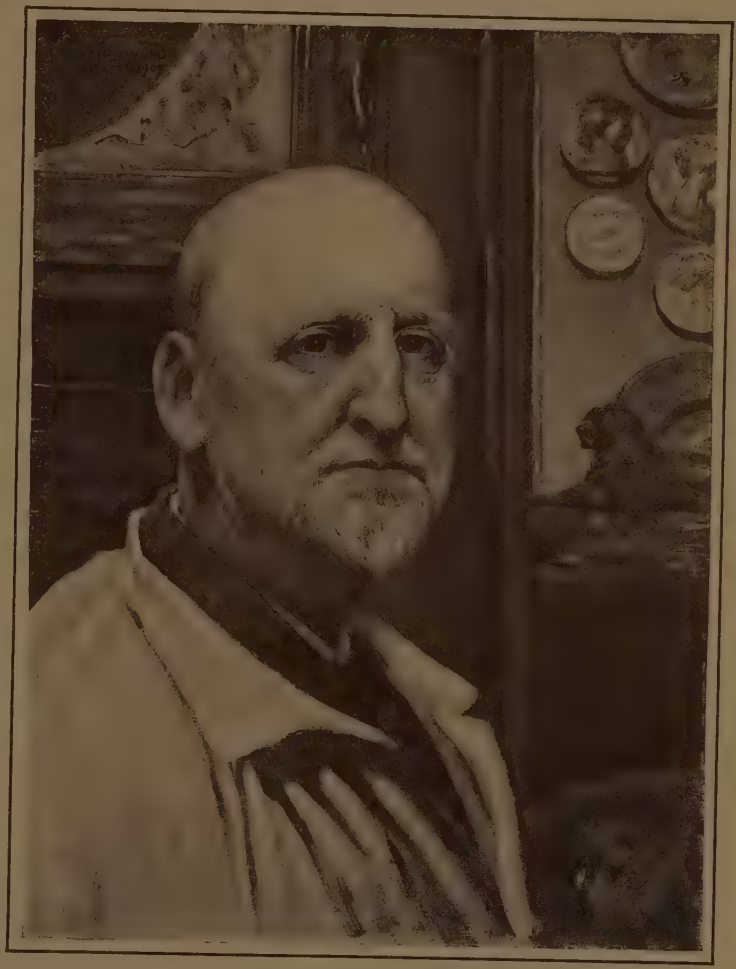
"'Do ye mane thot, Kitty Gildea?' says I, me hearrt in me throat.

"An' she meant ut, laads; an' so 't was hiven I found by the bridge in Glengarrow, an' not purgathory, as I tho't; for she was the wan lass in all the worrld, an' her eyes were the eyes av trut',—though full av laughter, too,—an' her face 't was the flower-face av a thrue woman, tindher an' fine."

Back on the quarter-deck the bell sounded the eight strokes of the end of the watch, and the bell at the knightheads repeated the sound. The feet of the men began to shuffle about on the deck, and the three friends rose, stretching themselves. Kerrigan walked to the rail and looked out across the moonlit water, and there Frithjof followed him.

"An' Kitty Gildea," he said—"Kitty Gildea would nefer deceive yo' lak some gals, heh? Ay tank——"

"She died, laad," said Kerrigan.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

GEORGE W. MAYNARD

FROM THE PAINTING BY HIMSELF

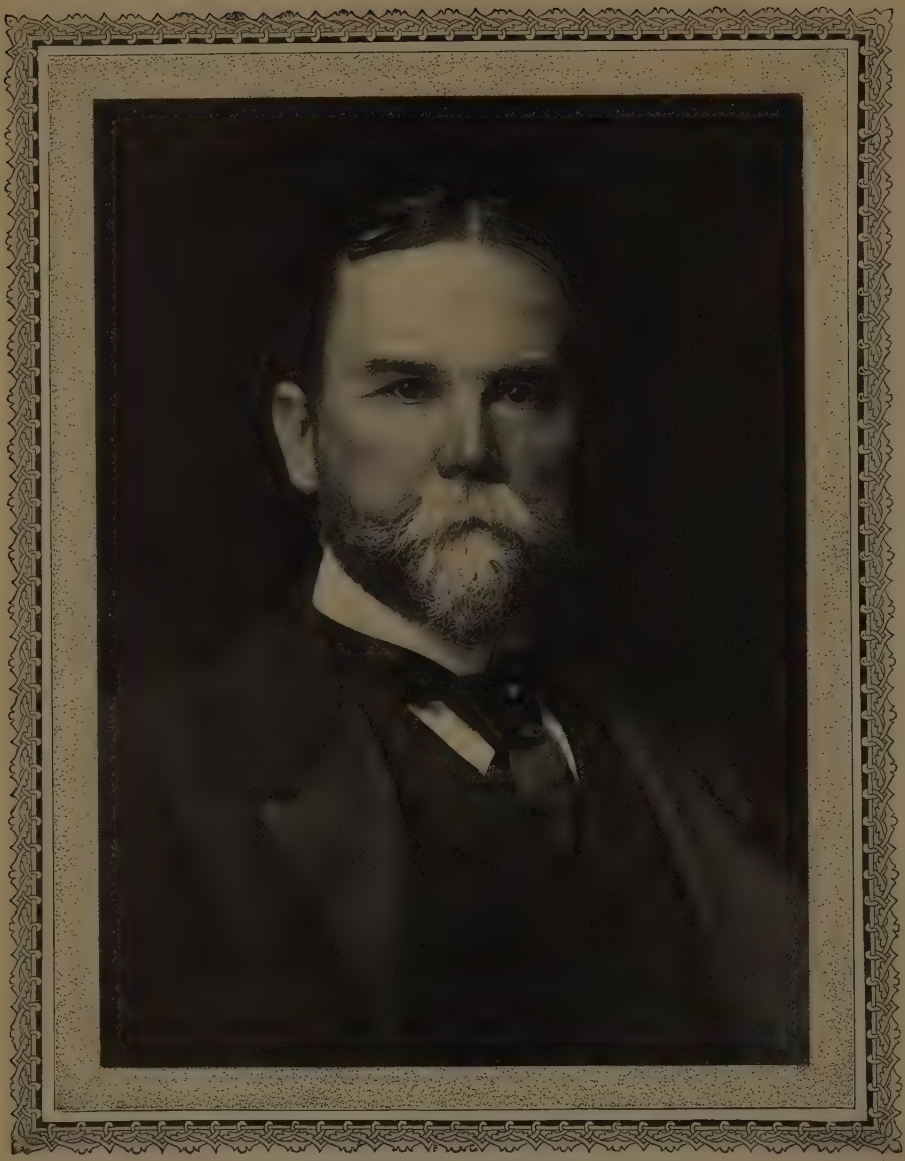
EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE—XIII

A FRIENDSHIP WITH JOHN HAY

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

IT was my high privilege to know John Hay for more than thirty years. During all that period he honored me with his friendship and helped me, in time of trial, with genuine sympathy and wise counsel. When, in the winter of 1870–71, I entered the service of the "New-York Tribune" as a reporter, he had recently joined the staff of that journal as an editorial writer. I find myself, in writing about the beginning of this long and cherished friendship, impelled irresistibly to a description of the "Tribune" office of those days. It was a most thoroughly democratic place. There was no outside guard at the door, no reception-room for visitors, no obstacle whatever to the progress of any one who chose to enter. It was situated in the fourth story of an old ramshackle five-story building, on the site now more than covered by the later towering edifice, and consisted of the most ill-furnished and ill-kept suite of rooms imaginable. There was scarcely a desk in any one of them that had not been for many years in a state of well-nigh hopeless decrepitude, and scarcely a chair with a full complement of its original legs, the place of the missing member or two being supplied often with a piece of board nailed to the side. There were only about half enough chairs and desks to go round. Reporters, and even editors, were obliged to take turns in writing their "copy," and secured a share in a desk only after a considerable period of service. One of my earliest recollections of the editorial room is of hearing Isaac H. Bromley say to Clarence Cook, the genial, gentle, and delightful friend, but most merciless of art critics: "Cook, are you through with that desk? If you are, scrape off the blood and feathers and let me come."

The editorial room fronted on Printing-house Square, and was entered through the reporters' room. A half-partition of wood and glass, the latter very dirty and never washed, separated the two. It was only eight feet or more in height, but, low as it was, to the minds of the reporters it was the most formidable of barriers. They regarded that front room as the very heaven of their aspirations. They looked with admiration and envy upon the men—Dr. George Ripley, Bayard Taylor, John R. G. Hassard, and John Hay among them—who walked daily through the city room into it. For, ill furnished and ill kept as was the "Tribune" office of those days, it harbored a moral and intellectual spirit that I met nowhere else during my thirty-five years of journalistic experience. Every member of the force, from reporter to editor, felt in his inmost soul that it was a great privilege to be on the "Tribune" and to write for its columns, and that there could be no higher ambition than to write for the same page as that for which Horace Greeley wrote. All the reporters who were in earnest studied that page with care daily, seeking to imbibe its spirit and to fit themselves by reading and practice to write ultimately for it. They became familiar with the styles of the different contributors to it, and discussed their relative merits with the enthusiasm and assurance of youth. However they might differ about the others, about John Hay they were in unbroken accord. They had heard that Mr. Greeley had said of Hay that he was the most brilliant man who



From a photograph by Hollinger & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

John Hay

had ever entered the office, and they agreed unanimously in that judgment. The first question when they came together was usually, "Have you read Hay's article?" That article was the object of boundless admiration and the cause of equally boundless discussion. When, in addition to these editorial contributions, he began the publication of the "Pike County Ballads" in the early part of 1871, the enthusiasm over him among the young men of the office rose to fever heat. We carried "Jim Bludso," which first saw the light in the "Tribune" of January 5, 1871, about in our pockets, and we preserved most of Hay's leading articles in our scrap-books, after committing them nearly or quite to memory. I found many of them in an old scrap-book of mine after his death, and re-read them with the same thrill of intellectual pleasure that I experienced thirty years ago.

Few newspaper writers have brought to their task the equipment which Hay possessed when he came to the "Tribune" in the winter of 1870. After passing through the great period of the Civil War as the private secretary of President Lincoln, he had served successively as secretary of legation at Paris, chargé d'affaires at Vienna, and secretary of legation at Madrid. He spoke several of the languages of Europe as fluently as he spoke his own, and he had that minute knowledge of their art and literature that only a born lover of art and literature can attain. One has only to read his "Castilian Days" to realize the full meaning of what I wish to convey when I say this. His conversation was literally a "joy forever," then as always. I have heard many good talkers in my day, thank God! but never a better one than John Hay. Scarcely less enjoyable than his talk was his writing. He wrote mainly upon foreign affairs, political, social, and literary; and whatever he wrote, intellectual men everywhere, who read it, talked about. Into whatever he did, then and throughout his life, he put his full powers. He was preëminently a good workman; he would do nothing except his best. But while he always did his best, he never made the mistake of taking journalistic work too seriously. He had the saving grace of humor, without which no journalist can hope to attain the largest measure of power and usefulness. I can best illustrate my meaning by relating an incident which occurred after he had been several years on the "Tribune" and I had gained entrance to the editorial room. It was the habit of the editorial writers to spend the earlier part of the day in talk and to sit down to write in the afternoon. On this particular afternoon, toward evening, Hay came across the room to the desks of Bromley and myself, which stood side by side, and, displaying a handful of manuscript, said: "All done, fellows!"

"What have you written on?" I asked. Leaning over us and lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, he replied: "I 've been going for them kings again, and *if they only knew it,* they 'd be shaking in their boots at this moment."

He had small liking for journalism, great as were his talents for it, and was inflexibly determined to get out of it as soon as possible. He refused persistently to learn anything of the technical side of the business, saying whenever he was asked to do so: "I will not know anything of the kind. Nothing shall lure me into a permanent alliance with journalism. As some one has said of literature, it is a good mistress, but a wretched wife." He walked up to my desk one night, between one and two o'clock in the morning, and urged me to go out to supper with the rest of them and then home. I said I could not because I had work that must be done. Looking at me for a moment, he said: "Bishop, I am sorry for you. You are a son of the Puritans, and a victim of that curious disease called conscientiousness." You had to know John Hay in order not to misunderstand that remark. A more conscientious man never lived, but his saving sense of humor forbade that his conscientiousness should ever become a disease.

At another time, when we were speaking of a common acquaintance who had suddenly reversed his attitude toward a question of large public importance and was advocating his new view with an astonishing air of conviction, I said that I could not understand him at all, for I was quite sure he had been influenced by interested motives. "Of course you cannot understand him," said Hay. "You have a Puritan conscience, and there is no arguing with

that; but he has a conscience that is far less troublesome, for it permits him to believe whatever he wishes to." He had an unerring insight into character, and a sure and always light touch in pointing out its salient quality. It was not till you had thought for a moment of what he had said that you realized how much there was in his half-humorous and seemingly careless utterance. The quickness of his humor was equal to its lightness. I could give many instances of this in his "Tribune" experience, but one must suffice. One night, when the whole force was on duty late, news came of the death of an illustrious personage whose obituary must be prepared in haste. Noah Brooks, who was usually called upon for such emergencies because of his readiness as a writer, went to the library for books and returned with an armful, moving in a peculiar jog-trot gait that he adopted when in a hurry. As he passed Hay's desk, the latter, without looking up or pausing in his writing, said as if merely thinking aloud, "'Books in the running Brooks.'"

I was under the impression, till I examined the files of the "Tribune," that the three best-known of the "Pike County Ballads"—"Jim Bludso," "Little Breeches," and "The Mystery of Gilgal"—were all published first in the columns of that journal, but I find that the first-named was the only one that originally saw the light there. All were published, together with the fourth, "Banty Tim," and other poems, by James R. Osgood in the spring of 1871, and were collected from various current periodicals. They had become as familiar as Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" by the time they appeared in book form, and were quoted almost as widely. Whether the dialect poems of Harte were the inspiration of the "Pike County Ballads" has been a more or less disputed question. The "Heathen Chinee" was first published in the "Overland Monthly" in August, 1870, under the title of "Plain Language from Truthful James. (Table Mountain, 1870.)" It was copied immediately in the "Tribune," and, in fact, in every newspaper in the land. Hay's delight in it was unbounded, as had been his enthusiastic admiration for the "Luck of Roaring Camp" and the other stories with which Harte had leaped into fame. All the world, at least that part of it that had any connection with or interest in letters, went about talking of Harte and quoting him and reading him aloud when it assembled anywhere. The "Heathen Chinee" passed at once into the vocabulary and literary assets of every writer, from the most humble to the highest, and it was extremely rare to find a newspaper leader without a quotation from it, or to take part in a conversation in which reference to it was not made. Hay may have been influenced by his delight in it to compose his four dialect poems. They appeared, as I have shown, a few months later, and from the time of their publication were not infrequently confounded with the poems of Harte. The latter was often a visitor to the "Tribune" office in those days, and I have a vivid recollection of his description to Hay of an incident that had happened to himself at a literary reception on the previous evening, when a sentimental young woman assured him (Harte) that she had never read anything so delightful as his "Little Breeches," and that she really could not read it without laughter ending in tears.

Hay was always generous of praise for the work of others and depreciatory of his own. He was constantly saying of the poetry of the new school that arose after Harte in the West: "That is the real thing. They are doing what I would like to do and can't." He never for a moment ranked himself with Harte in speech, and I am sure he did not in thought. He spoke invariably of his "Ballads" as things of slight account, and by no means objects of pride. Many years after the time of which I am writing, an incident occurred which called forth from him an extremely interesting letter about the origin of one of them. In December, 1888, a Mississippi steamer was burned under conditions strikingly similar to those described in "Jim Bludso." She caught fire, and her pilot headed her for the shore, jumping overboard when she reached it. The steamer was burning furiously and the lives of the passengers were in peril. She drifted away from the shore as soon as the pilot left the wheel. James Givens, a deck-hand, ran to the wheel, brought the steamer's head again to the bank, and, in order to hold her there, locked the wheel in position. While he was doing this the flames com-

pletely surrounded the pilot-house. Givens, when his task was done, made a dash through the flames, jumped into the river, and struggled ashore, but died later of his injuries. He had literally "held her nozzle ag'in' the bank, till the last galoot 's ashore" in true Bludso fashion, and he saved seventy of the hundred lives on board.

When the accounts of this disaster were published here and abroad, the newspapers were quick to see the resemblance to the Bludso incident, and the ballad was reproduced far and wide. The London journals were especially interested in the coincidence, and made it the subject of a veritable renaissance of Hay literature. I made a collection of these utterances and sent them to Hay, with the result of receiving from him the following valuable and characteristic letter:

Washington, D. C., Jan. 11, '89.

MY DEAR BISHOP: I thank you very much for your kind letter and the inclosures, which I would not otherwise have seen. I thoroughly appreciate a good word for "Jim," who is a friend of mine. I shudder and hide in the cellar only when the Boy with the small knickerbockers is mentioned.

A curious thing happened during that summer when we were holding up the Republican party by the tail.

On the first appearance of "J. B.," Mark Twain wrote to me saying that I was all wrong making him an engineer—that only a pilot could have done what I represented him as doing. This troubled me somewhat—though I thought I was right. During the summer of '91, a cotton-broker of New Orleans, a son of "J. B." (whose name was Oliver Fairchild, by the way), came to see me at the "Tribune" office and absolutely confirmed my story, saying that his father *was* engineer of the *Fashion* and died in just that way. But the case was, of course, uncommon—the pilot usually does the work—and Jim Givens comes again to discredit me.

I am afraid this is ominous of my fate—to be right as a historian and wrong as an artist.

Wishing you and yours a happy New Year,

I am faithfully yours,

John Hay.

There have been few better letter-writers than John Hay. He wrote more nearly as he talked than any man I have ever known, and, as he could not talk in a dull or uninteresting way, so he could not write a dull letter. Some day, when time shall have made it not indiscreet to publish a compilation of his letters, they should be given to the world. They will prove to be not only an intellectual delight, but an inestimable contribution to the history of the time in which he lived and in which he bore so honorable and useful a part. It would be quite out of the question to publish them now, for they relate intimately to men now living and to public affairs that are still in process of evolution. Unlike many brilliant letter-writers, he did not write with the obvious expectation that his letters would be published. He let himself go freely, as was his wont in familiar conversation, and the consequence was that he never wrote without saying something that the recipient of the letter would most unwillingly let die. I have had many such letters from him which, to my vast regret, I have destroyed.

I was talking with him one day in Washington, while he was Secretary of State, when he spoke of the extraordinary number of letters that Gladstone had preserved, and said that they should be of incalculable value to the historian, adding: "Real history is told in private letters. No man should ever destroy one that contains light on public men or public affairs." 'Why," I exclaimed, "you have written me dozens which you have enjoined me to destroy as soon as read, letting no eye but mine see them, and I have obeyed you, though it took all my moral strength to do so." He waved my protest aside with a laugh, but I shall never cease to regret that I was not in possession five years earlier of his views about the value of such letters. That other correspondents of his were less resolute in destruction than I was, is a fact within my knowledge, and from them an abundant supply must and will be drawn in due season. I find, among the many that I have preserved, several that I can only quote partly from with propriety now. In the early part of 1901 I wrote to him at the State Department, asking him to tell me in strict confidence what he thought was likely to be the outcome of a threatened disturbance in a South American country. "It is difficult to say," he replied, "what will happen on the Spanish Main. It is the land of the fantastic and the unexpected." In the midst of the Presidential campaign of 1904, the curious discovery was made and published

that the chairman of the Democratic National Committee had the same name as one of the principal characters in "The Mystery of Gilgal." The scene of that ballad is laid in "Taggart's Hall—Tom Taggart's of Gilgal," and one of the stanzas is:

> Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
> The time was fall, the skies was far.
> The neighbors round the counter drawed,
> And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

I sent a paper containing the reproduced ballad to Hay, and in replying he wrote: "Thanks for your letter and the paper. I thought of that coincidence the other day, and wondered whether I should escape. It was a curious case of innocent prophecy."

The sudden death of his eldest son in the summer of 1901 was a blow from which he never recovered. It deepened and made permanent that shadow of melancholy that had always, at least since I had known him, been lurking about him. I waited for some time before writing to him, in order to separate myself from the great flood of condolence that I knew would pour in upon him from all parts of the world, and received a reply really tragic in its pathos:

Newbury, N. H., Aug. 30, 1901.

My dear Bishop: I thank you for your kind letter. I have received many like it—and have answered very few. I think of little else when I am not at work, and even when I am busy his genial, powerful face, with its winning smile, is continually coming before me, his rich mellow voice and jolly laugh are sounding in my ears. To think of all that splendid vitality, that abounding force—to which almost any achievement would have been easy—extinguished at dawn, and I, like Browning's waning moon, "going dispiritedly, glad to finish."

I could not get away from my post—everybody agreed—and for a little while longer I suppose I am as well there as anywhere. I have been working all summer—to good purpose—and shall have several important bits of work to submit to the Senate, if nothing adverse happens. But after that—no one can tell. . . . I am not sanguine, though leading Senators assure me it will be all right this time. At least my course was clear; I had to try again, to save us from a threatened dishonor. If I fail again, I shall know what my duty to myself requires.

Yours faithfully,

John Hay.

I have spoken of Hay's conversation as a "joy forever." It was that and more. There was in it an intellectual exhilaration that was contagious and irresistible. He loved to talk, and his keen joy in it was so genuine and so obvious that it infected his listeners. He was as good a listener as he was a talker, never monopolizing the conversation at table or elsewhere, never "taking the floor," and never treating the company, as Queen Victoria said Mr. Gladstone treated her, like "a public meeting." He talked without the slightest sign of effort or premeditation, said his good things as if he owed their inspiration to the listener, and never exhibited a shadow of consciousness of his own brilliancy. His manner toward the conversation of others was the most winning form of compliment conceivable. Every person who spent a half-hour or more with him was sure to go away, not only charmed with Hay, but uncommonly well pleased with himself. Surely, he reflected, as he passed out of that enchanted circle—surely there must be something above the ordinary in my own thought and conversation, since Hay can find such obvious pleasure in them. Hay once said to me of Mr. Evarts, of whose gifts as a conversationalist we were speaking, that he had the rare faculty of saying at a dinner-table the best thing that was said there,—invariably something that was quoted everywhere for days and even years afterward,—and giving the impression while saying it that he had better things in reserve if he really cared to produce them. Hay posssessed much the same faculty. Surely he never left upon any one the impression that he had exhausted his intellectual resources.

It was simply impossible for him to talk for any length of time without saying something that delighted you inexpressibly, and that you could carry away and tell to others for their delight. I have in mind many of his sayings of this sort, but, alas! most of them, like his letters, are too thoroughly saturated with "contemporaneous human interest" to be published now. Those that I shall venture to give must be disguised in order to strip them of this quality, and I fear such treatment may deprive them of much of their flavor.

I was talking with him on one occasion,

while he was Secretary of State, about some negotiations that he was conducting with two of the most "fantastic and unexpected" of the countries of the Spanish Main. After telling me of his efforts to reach an agreement with the special envoys who had been sent to Washington for the purpose, there came into his eye that inimitable twinkle of enjoyment which was always the herald of a coming good thing, and leaning forward in order to get into a more thoroughly confidential position with me, he said: "Talking with those fellows down there, Bishop, is like holding a squirrel in your lap and trying to keep up the conversation."

On another occasion, when several persons were present, including a member of the cabinet, the latter said: "I see that the anti-imperialists are changing their ground about the Philippines. They have been saying heretofore that we should not have stayed in the islands after the battle of Manila; that we should get out of them and leave them to their fate; and that they are doing infinite harm to us and our institutions, because in ruling them against their will we are violating the Declaration of Independence and destroying our own love of liberty. Now they say that we ought to give them away, or sell them to Germany or Japan or any nation that will take them off our hands." "That," said Hay, "reminds me of the young woman who had got religion and was telling her experience in conference meeting. Wishing to adduce proof of the thoroughness of her conversion, she said: 'When I found that my jewelry was dragging me down to hell, I gave it all to my sister.'"

Not long after Roosevelt acceded to the Presidency, an amiable but somewhat self-laudatory gentleman who found much pleasure in appointing himself to important diplomatic missions, returned to Washington from a brief trip abroad and went about saying he had been to England on a secret mission of great moment for the President and the Secretary of State. In an unlucky hour he said this in the hearing of a newspaper correspondent who published it. Our friend, whom we will call Jones for the moment, was then in an extremely embarrassing position, from which he endeavored to extricate himself without delay. I happened to be in Washington about a week later, and in the course of a talk with Hay I said: "That was a very amusing incident about Jones and his 'secret mission.'" To this Hay replied: "I am grateful to Jones, for he gave me the opportunity of saying the one good thing I have said in my life. I usually think of them too late, but this I thought of in time. I knew, when I read about Jones's 'mission' in the morning paper, that he would call at the State Department before the day was far advanced. His card came in very soon after I reached the office, and I had him shown in at once. Stepping up to my desk in visible trepidation, he began to deliver a little speech which he had obviously prepared with care. 'Mr. Secretary,' he said, 'I sincerely trust that nothing that I have done in this matter has in any manner embarrassed you in your negotiations with Great Britain, and I think I can say with entire truth that I have done nothing for which I should blush.'

"When he paused," said Hay, "I realized that the Lord had delivered him into my hands, and with all the suavity I could command, I said: 'Mr. Jones, I can assure you, without the slightest reservation, that nothing that you have done has in any manner embarrassed me in my negotiations with Great Britain, and I can assure you, also without reservation, that I am quite sure you have done nothing for which you could blush.'" "Did he see it?" I asked. "Certainly not," replied Hay. "He went about Washington, saying he had just come from a most satisfactory interview with the Secretary of State." "Had he any authority?" I asked. "Jones—authority? Why, Bishop, I am amazed at your ignorance. Jones is vicegerent of the Almighty in all international affairs!"

We were speaking one day about the pertinacity of office-seekers. "I will tell you," said Hay, "an incident that has never been published about Lincoln. I was sitting with him on one occasion when a man who had been calling on him almost daily for weeks in pursuit of an office was shown in. He made his usual request, when Lincoln said: 'It is of no use, my friend. You had better go home. I am not going to give you that place.' At this the man became enraged, and in a

very insolent tone exclaimed, 'Then, as I understand it, Mr. President, you refuse to do me justice.' At this, Lincoln's patience, which was as near the infinite as anything that I have ever known, gave way. He looked at the man steadily for a half-minute or more, then slowly began to lift his long figure from its slouching position in the chair. He rose without haste, went over to where the man was sitting, took him by the coat-collar, carried him bodily to the door, threw him in a heap outside, closed the door, and returned to his chair. The man picked himself up, opened the door, and cried, 'I want my papers!' Lincoln took a package of papers from the table, went to the door and threw them out, again closed it, and returned to his chair. He said not a word, then or afterward, about the incident." There have been many pictures of Lincoln, but few more graphic than that, as Hay drew it for me.

It is hard for those who knew and loved Hay—and all who knew him did love him—to reconcile themselves to the thought that he can draw no more pictures for us; that this admirable and perfect and rarely matched artist in words can delight us no more forever. As he said of the voice of his son, his own is still sounding in our ears. It was in every fiber and tone the voice of the intellectual man, of the scholar and the gentleman, a voice that itself was music, and the music of a pure and gentle and noble soul. And the words to which the music was set! Who that has had the exquisite pleasure of listening to that incomparable speech, with its unerring and instinctive use of the only right word in every case, its clear-cut and incisive enunciation, the constant play of a humor that was next-door neighbor to melancholy, and the finer because of that close association, can ever forget it, or think of its loss without a pang? I cannot pass beneath the windows of his library in that beautiful Washington home where I experienced the highest pleasure I have ever known, without saying to myself, as a sense of supreme and irreparable loss sinks deep into my heart:

> But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!

THE JEWS IN ROUMANIA

BY CARMEN SYLVA

Queen of Roumania

LIFE is a hard struggle everywhere. Suffering and grief seem to be the common lot of man. In whatever direction we turn, we find the road beset with stones and brambles. On all sides we are confronted by the same universal toil and wretchedness. But preëminently do these conditions exist in Roumania. There we find more rocks and brambles, more misery and hardships, than anywhere else, because it is the poorest country in the world.

But little money is spent in Roumania. Since there are no industries or manufactures, there is hardly any commerce, and only a limited number of mechanics. The country cannot depend upon its own resources, its revenues being derived solely from agriculture. It sometimes happens that in one year the soil yields enormously, and in the succeeding year, owing to a failure of the crops, we have famine. When this occurs, the country is threatened with ruin, as was seen after the recent two years' dearth. The absence of industrial resources makes it far more difficult for this country to recover after such periods of disaster than is the case elsewhere. This, I think, is hardly understood abroad, else other countries would surely not expect from this young nation

what she actually does not possess. They would help and encourage her in times of misfortune, instead of pursuing and overwhelming her; instead of making unjust demands, they would extend a helping hand until she could recover her strength somewhat; they would spare her for a season until good crops should once more bring plenty to the land; and they would no longer require her to harbor and support others when she herself stands in dire need of assistance.

It is difficult for any but those who have seen it for themselves to imagine what a poor harvest means in a purely agricultural state. It is horrible. Hunger in its most appalling aspect stalks everywhere—in the fields, in the villages, in the huts. Famine is a terrifying thing to behold: it has fangs and claws, but no pity. It is, moreover, the most indomitable enemy that can attack a country, for there are no arms to take up against it, and absolutely no means of fighting it. What is there to try where no remedy exists? By what means can bread be obtained when money itself cannot buy it? How set about making a cure when recovery is out of the question? Picture fields that look like empty threshing-floors; starving cattle, their bones starting through their flesh, browsing on the barren ground, and falling dead from sheer exhaustion; men, women, and children without so much as a handful of meal left to provide their meager diet of polenta, or "mamaliga," as it is called here. Unfortunates such as these are asked to assist others; to share with others when nothing is left; to harbor and protect when they are stripped of everything; to succor the poor and wretched when they are themselves at the last gasp of misery. Outsiders have not the smallest conception of all this, nor of how hard the struggle for bare existence is in our country; no one who has not seen it can possibly imagine what it is.

There are hardly any mechanics among the Roumanians, the trades in particular being all in the hands of foreigners. They are the hatters, the shoemakers, the tailors. In Moldavia even the butchers and bakers are for the most part foreigners. In some localities the peasants live off their prune crops, and even the proprietors, in seasons of dearth, depend upon their distilleries. They manufacture brandy, which they sell to the foreigners. These retail it in their taverns, having first adulterated it to such an extent, however, that the people drink a sort of vitriol. The taverns are far too much frequented in bad seasons; it is one way of cheating an empty stomach.

Such, then, are the hardships which our people must endure—the conditions under which they are expected to encourage outsiders to seek a livelihood on soil that is not always able to support its own children. It is an economic question so serious, so vital, for us, that the suggestion of foreign immigration seems almost ironical: instead of ameliorating the situation, it would simply make it so much the worse. All building is at a standstill; the masons are out of work, and so are the glaziers and the slaters, and all the other mechanics necessary under normal conditions, and this affects all the working-classes down to the humblest artisans. The chief consumers are of course the peasants, who form the largest class; but they stop buying entirely when the crops fail. The proprietors, too, spend no money at such times, their very last obole being required to aid their starving peasantry. If they did not themselves practise the most rigid self-denial, they would be left without either men or beasts to cultivate their estates. Thus even the rich are poor in bad seasons, and are without the means to contribute toward the establishment of any national industry; so we find that everything down to the commonest article is imported.

The problem that confronts us is, whether foreigners can find a subsistence in Roumania in hard times. It is not a question of whether they should or could be harbored, but whether it is possible for the soil to support them,—a question surely of too grave moment to be dismissed with a stroke of the pen, and one, moreover, that no one who has not lived here and studied the situation for himself is capable of judging.

There is not another civilized country in the world wholly without industries of its own, importing even its most trifling articles, and confronted every year with the uncertainty as to whether a sufficient sum of money will come across the frontier to replace that which has gone out. And so the problem resolves itself into a

purely economic one. Can we honestly welcome a class that takes money out of the country, but never brings any in? For it is a fact that no money has ever been introduced into Roumania through any one in trade. Any that such a man may possess, goes abroad, first to purchase his stock and outfit, and later for supplies to carry on his business, even such articles as buttons and the commonest kinds of braids not being manufactured here except on the very smallest scale.

A Roumanian of the laboring class can subsist on almost nothing; so long as he is able to keep himself supplied with corn-meal he is satisfied. His hut is built of a sort of beaten clay, whitewashed by his wife. Life is still extremely simple among our people, luxury being found among the townsfolk only. Even then it in no wise helps the poorer classes, as everything beyond the bare necessities is imported. The thrifty proprietor who wishes to guard against seeing his possessions knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer, deprives himself even of necessities in order to save his estates.

Those who are on the verge of ruin are certainly not in a position to prevent emigration. That it is desirable to stop it there can be no doubt, as it serves only to complicate matters the more. Eighty workmen left Bucharest in a single day because there was no more work for house-painters. In the preceding year a hundred houses had been erected, and now for three years none has been built. It would be hard to give any just idea of the misery into which the dearth of these years has thrown this unfortunate little country, and at the same time it would be well worth the trouble were any one to come and make a personal study of it for himself, instead of adding to the load by cruel accusations.

Whatever happens, the peasants are taken care of, for they are necessary; but artisans can be dispensed with for a time, and hence, as these cannot subsist on nothing while waiting for better times, they go elsewhere in search of employment. It often happens, though, that they come back, finding conditions in other countries no better than in our own.

Instead of looking at the matter fairly and from a practical point of view, it has been dealt with sentimentally; and instead of sympathy and pity being extended to us, we have been pelted with stones.

Thanks to her own heroic and unaided efforts,—efforts which represent a degree of self-sacrifice and privation unique in the history of any people,—our country is now in a fair way to overcome her difficulties; and if the state coffers are once more full, it is due quite as much to her wonderful patience as to the wisdom and careful management of the administration. Salaries and pensions were cut down, and not a single new office was created.

When the children of the land are depriving themselves of the necessities of life, how can they be expected to take strangers in? And during all this period, when our peasants were eating but one meal in two days, not a single foreign pen was taken up to call attention to their sufferings. No one told how the children could be seen going about the fields on hands and knees, searching for any stray blades of grass that might be found—a sight to make one weep. No one described how the very bones were coming through the hides of our wretched beasts, nor how thousands of them actually died of starvation.

But no sooner did the foreign population begin to emigrate than the very leaves became tongues to lash us with. No one came to investigate the wretched condition of the country; it occurred to no one to inquire into the real causes that led to the emigration; instead, they wrote touching articles about the poor emigrants. As for the natives, those who endured the scourge, no one thought of mentioning them. The Roumanians remained silent, and every one abused them. No greater act of injustice was ever committed. Those who quitted the country in the period of her distress had come there originally solely in the hope of making more money than in their native lands.

The inhabitants of a sorely afflicted country ought not to be censured for considering their own children and their necessities before all else; and under the circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at if they welcome the departure of those who have no possible interest in sharing the period of suffering and the crisis through which the land is passing. At least one should hesitate before pro-

nouncing judgment on those whom he has never helped, nor so much as thought of helping, and who have made almost superhuman sacrifices in order that their country might fulfill its foreign obligations.

That the people of Roumania, in spite of all, have been unable to care for those foreigners who were living off their soil should hardly be a matter for surprise; on the contrary, the world ought to regard with real admiration this young country which has struggled so valiantly to keep her pledges, and which has recovered her financial footing when even Nature herself seemed unwilling to aid her. All confidence and honor should be accorded a people who have voluntarily denied themselves for love of their country. Such abnegation could not have been required of foreigners; only those who have been bred on the soil of the fatherland can rise to such heights of self-sacrifice.

HOW THE ANTELOPE PROTECTS ITS YOUNG

BY H. H. CROSS

THERE is a general impression that the antelope is about extinct, but this is not the fact. They do not congregate in such large bands as they did thirty years ago, and range over a much larger extent of territory, generally seeking places remote from railroads and settled country.

The time has passed when a hunter can put a white rag or handkerchief on a ramrod and stick it up behind a bush or rock and flag the curious little creatures, waiting their certain approach. The flag now causes only fear. There has been bred in them an increasing wildness and dread of men. They have become so timid as to seem almost to fear their own shadows, and they scrutinize every object with fear.

In early times the writer has observed great droves of them at some favorite watering-place, but now they venture near such spots mostly at night, congregating at some high place near by, where their sharp black eyes can see all about, and only two or three going down at a time to drink. But if the night is very dark, the whole band will go down together.

I once saw a band of frightened antelopes that had been started up by cowboys out on a round-up. Indians follow the chase only to kill for food, and not for sport; but these men, firing their guns and yelling furiously, had started this band in the early morning and frightened them so that they had run all day, first in one direction and then in another, until, without water or food, they had become so completely exhausted that they could hardly stand. Two men who were accompanying me dismounted and on foot captured a fine buck and a doe.

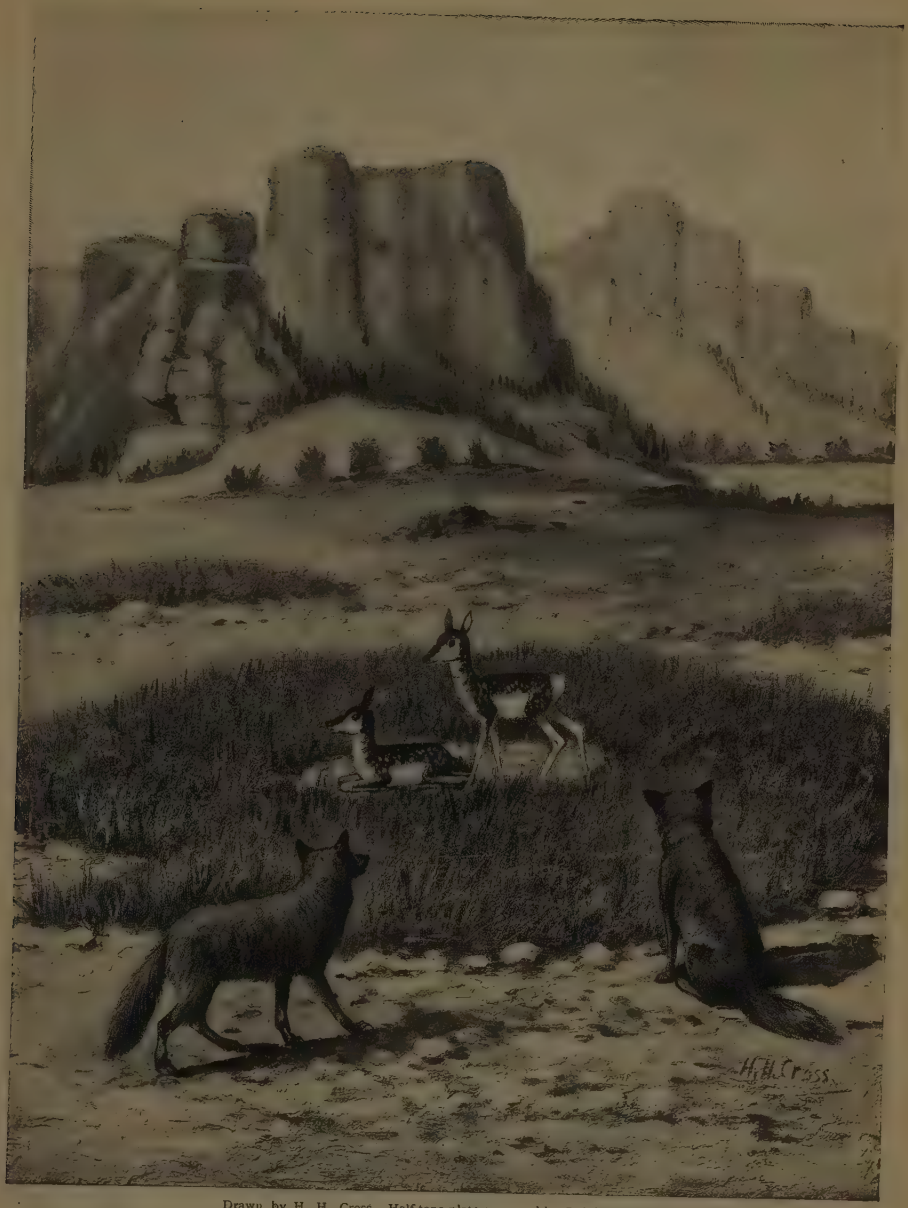
It is most interesting to watch a band of antelopes moving over a country with which they are unfamiliar, and note how cautious and suspicious they are, advancing slowly as though feeling their way, looking at every object to detect danger, and sometimes flying in the wildest terror from imaginary enemies.

The antelope lives always in open country, unlike members of the deer family, which invariably prefer a thick, dense forest. They cannot be driven into timber cover or thickets of brush, but will literally turn about and run over a pursuer, if necessary, rather than be forced into cover. If they are ever obliged to pass by or through such places for food and water, they take a great deal of time to do so, as if they were determined to see everything that could be seen en route.

Nature has given them three very essential and advantageous faculties as a protection against danger—a sharp eye, keen ear, and sensitive nose. The eye stands out like that of the horse, thus enabling them to see to the rear as well as ahead.

Drawn by H. H. Cross. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

THE ANTELOPE PREPARING A PLACE FOR ITS YOUNG IN A CACTUS PATCH



Drawn by H. H. Cross. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

WOLVES WATCHING THE YOUNG OF THE ANTELOPE PROTECTED BY A CACTUS PATCH

Drawn by H. H. Cross. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

AN ANTELOPE DEFENDING ITS YOUNG AGAINST AN EAGLE

In June, July, and August they become very bold. They will stand and look at a person approaching, defiantly stamping their feet, snorting, and whistling; and a wayfarer may often approach within a few rods of them, especially if on horseback or in a wagon, before they will retreat. But as soon as the weather grows cold they become very wild again, and can rarely be approached within gunshot. It is not uncommon to find them at dawn feeding in the midst of a band of horses, which seem to like their society, while horned cattle will drive them away. If attacked by timber wolves, and there are horses in sight, the antelope will hasten to join them for safety, as the wolf has a slim chance against a herd of horses.

Some curious traits and affinities come to the notice of observers of the life of these animals.

The Scotch staghounds are fierce hunters and the only dogs able to catch and kill wolves. Yet, when out wolf-hunting with five or six of these, I have frequently seen them start up a band of antelopes, and, giving chase, overtake them, but only to play around and among them, and have never in a single instance seen the dogs do one of these antelopes any harm. Yet if these dogs should catch a deer or a female elk, they would literally tear it to pieces, if not driven off by their master. I know no theory to account for their not harming the antelope save that at certain seasons this animal has a very peculiar odor which is thrown off from a gland near the tail, and which permeates the whole animal; and the dogs will not touch the skin of the antelope at these times, though they will always eagerly devour a fresh deer-hide.

The manner in which the mother antelope protects her young until they are old and strong enough to join the full-grown bands in their wanderings, is an interesting and wonderful instance of Nature's providence. These beautiful creatures live in an open country infested by all kinds of enemies, and especially prowled over by the coyote, the gray wolf, and the timber wolf, which subsist upon the young of all kinds of animals; yet the mother can easily protect her babies from the fiercest of these marauders. The enemy most dreaded is the soaring eagle.

There is a variety of cactus, a prickly plant which grows in great abundance all over the Western plains, which furnishes her the means for this protection. Horses, cattle, buffalo, and, in fact, all animals know the danger of treading on this plant. It grows in large patches, some four or six inches in height above the ground, and forms a thick mat varying in breadth from the size of the top of a man's hat to many feet. It is in the center of one of these patches that the female antelope prepares a place of safety for her young. The thorns of this cactus, while very poisonous and terribly painful to every other animal, for some reason are almost harmless to the antelope. The cactus may lacerate her legs, making them bleed freely, but neither the stickers nor their poison remain; while other animals seldom bleed, but retain the poisonous stickers in the wounds until they become malignant sores, causing excessive swelling of the limbs and very great and long-continued suffering.

When the antelope has selected her patch of cactus, backing away a few feet, she will make a running jump, bounding high in the air and alighting in the middle of the patch, with all four feet close together, the hoofs pointing downward. Then, springing out again and repeating this operation until she has chopped the roots of the cactus-plant to pieces, she loosens and clears a space large enough for standing-room. She will then enlarge it by pawing and digging with her sharp hoofs. Here she gives birth to her young in undisturbed security, knowing that she can leave them in comparative safety during the day and return to them at night to give them suck. Should it be in a locality where eagles abound, however, the mother does not venture far away, as the soaring eagle often swoops down on the young, taking them away if she is not there to do battle for their lives.

The young do not remain long in their intrenchment, for they mature very fast, and soon become strong and fleet enough to run with the herd. They are very swift of foot, and can be overtaken only by one riding a fast horse, and then only after a long chase. When the little things get tired, they run to a thick clump of sage-brush, and, hiding their heads in it, think they are entirely hid; but to catch them they must never be approached from the rear, for they are more frightened by a noise that they cannot see than by the sight of

man. By dismounting and coming upon them from the front, one can easily capture them, and can take them up in the hands.

Wild antelopes are fierce fighters, and when excited with rage make a very savage appearance, with their long, bristly hair standing on end. In captivity they are more amiable in disposition, and are safer pets than deer, which are apt to be vicious and turn upon one in a dangerous way when provoked. The battles between the males take place during the breeding-season. Their horns are shaped differently from those of all other horned animals, and project straight out of the head directly over the eyes, are oval in form, and spread apart at the top, the points curving backward toward the shoulders, forming sharp hooks exceedingly dangerous to an adversary.

In battle they lower their heads, thrusting forward underneath and catching their opponent's legs between their horns, then lifting the head and thrusting upward against the under side of the body, with a sort of twisting jerk that hooks the sharp points into the flesh and often disembowels and kills the enemy.

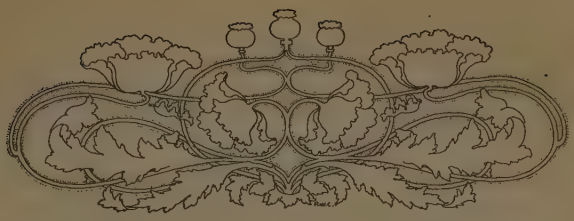
Many writers claim that the antelope sheds its horns as do different members of the deer family, but this is not the case. It would be impossible for the antelope to shed its horns, for the horn has a core with a grain like a growth of wood or whalebone. While it may to a certain extent be said to shed its horns, it is only as a tree may shed its bark, which cracks and splits and peels away in flakes. Before the horn has matured in the first year's growth of a young buck, the outer shell loosens and slips off the core as a glove slips off the finger. The inner or new horn is then very soft and tender, but soon hardens upon exposure to the air.

It is generally supposed that the female antelope does not have horns, but there are very frequent exceptions. The writer has seen as large horns on the female as on the buck, and in one instance a phenomenal growth, and these were covered with long, thick hair extending as far up the horns as the prongs near their tips. In another instance I saw a mother fiercely resisting with her horns the furious attack of a gigantic eagle, and successfully driving him away from her offspring, much worse damaged than she herself was from the encounter.

In fact, among their species nature not infrequently shows variations, all perhaps traceable to some circumstance of environment. Some hunters do not find antelope meat palatable at all, yet there are seasons and regions where, with proper treatment, it will be found very juicy and sweet. Not all are of the same color, nor have they the same markings. In color antelope are usually of a reddish brown on the back and sides, and their legs are light and tawny; yet I have seen a jet-black buck and a white female with a black head and black eyes, the latter showing her to be true bred and not an albino.

In the feathered world of the West there is an analogous case of the utilization of the cactus-plant for protection of progeny. Singularly enough, though in a dry country, it is a wading bird, one of the varieties of the curlew, with a long bill and long, slender legs, which, like the antelope, uses the cactus as a home and defense for her nest and young.

She will carry sticks in her long bill and drop them in position as nearly as possible in the center of a cactus-patch while hovering over it. When she has accumulated enough, alighting on the heap, she arranges her nest, wherein she lays four beautiful turquoise-colored eggs about as large as those of a domestic hen, and then comes and goes from her nest at will, knowing that it cannot be molested.



THE FIRST THOUGHT

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

NOT the birth-throes of the primeval world
Touched the bright, watchful angels. All God made
That found they good, and smiled, indeed, to see
Earth's varied ways, wherein moved, unafraid,
Brute life that throbbed o'er plains in beauteous flower—
All this wide wealth Man's coming self to dower.

The spirits smiled at these, but were not moved.
Ever they watched creation's work ascend
Through myriad million years of Him to Whom
Time counts as naught, Who thinks but of the end.
At last, beneath the glory of the sun,
The final triumph of His work seemed done.

Foreshadowed in a thousand wondrous types,
Forecast to finish what God's self began,
Shaped to encounter Doubt, Despair, and Dread,
There rose upon the grassy plains—a Man;
Upright and goodly, but through Instinct still
Subservient to Nature's mighty will.

Too newly born for reason now he moved,
Seized all he needed with impulsive grasp;
But those far Watchers saw, like nebulæ,
The conscious Thought slow forming (while the clasp
Of Instinct loosened) till, one glorious morn,
They, in the Child-Man's eyes, beheld it dawn.

So crude that Thought that only Those Above
Could know its value, recognize the seed
Of godlike intellect; and they arose
Crying: "He lives! This is the Man indeed!
This little Thought is worth all yet unfurled
Of opulence in the material world."

From this shall Love-Courageous generate,
And Love's high sister, Infinite Desire.
Lo, through these two he shall so grow, so change,
That to the utmost star he shall aspire.
Oh, little, first-born Thought, thy fleeting span
Is sire of all! Thou art indeed the Man.

NEARING THE CITY

BY MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

THE quiet hills stretched far behind,
The swift train cut the broad green plain,
Like some mad stream of impulse blind
That rushes headlong toward the main.
The peace of apple-trees in bloom
No longer wooed the soul to dream,
While songs of hillside brooks made room
For harsher sounds of brass and steam.
The keen, electric thrill of life
Rose vibrant through the sunless air,
Already traffic's noisy strife
Foreboded the unrest of care.
Not ev'n the memory of the thrush,
Outpouring lyrics o'er the fold,
Could drown the cries or still the rush
Of those who gave their souls for gold.

Yet in this net of complex ways,
Where time is all too brief for dreams,
With heart still stirred perchance by days
Passed long ago near willowed streams,
The child named Thought—who hither came
From guardian hill, from cradling mead,
Who learned through God or lure of fame
To master life—became a Deed.

THE NERVE OF BARNEY THE NAUTICAL

BY ELIZABETH HYER NEFF

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"IT does look to me like you 're givin' Delight a wonderful settin' out fer a girl that 's run off and married a family enemy," remarked Dave Johnson as he backed the green wagon up to Miss Cynthia's side porch and saw the collection of household goods that he was to take to the new home of the elopers over the Ridge.

Miss Cynthia carefully set down the basket of canned fruit that she was bringing out. "I 'm mighty sure I don't want none of the ongrateful critter's plunder

round hyur," she retorted. "Her clo'es is no good to me only fer carpet rags. I can't wear 'em."

"But that yallow plush rockin'-cheer from the parlor, and the red album with the silver corners—you had them before she was born, I reckon," persisted Dave, with a droll smile that Miss Cynthia did not see.

"No, she did n't just own that cheer, but she set in it so much that—that—I hate to see the thing." There was a queer break in her tone, and she suddenly stooped to pick up a big bundle. "I reckon you better put these bed-clo'es in to set them baskets of dishes on," she added.

"My land!"—Dave shouldered the bundle,—"you don't mean to say that girl made all them pillers and quilts and blankets, do you?"

"If she did n't, she 's slep' in 'em all one time or 'nother. Handle them p'serves mighty careful. She made 'em herself, and she 's a powerful hand fer p'serves, specially peach, and I don't hardly eat 'em at all. Look out fer that crock of butter! That crate of chickens has got to go on, too; she raised 'em herself. Hev you got the furniture on right? The mooly cow is goin' to be tied on behind the wagon. I give that to her when it was a calf. I won't hev a thing of hern left on the place."

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'IT DOES LOOK TO ME LIKE YOU 'RE GIVIN' DELIGHT A WONDERFUL SETTIN' OUT'"

"No; nor ye won't hev many of yore own left, nuther, I see," chuckled Dave, who was fast learning the inconsistencies of his fierce cousin-in-law.

"If this weather don't change, we 're goin' to hev frost," she replied pointedly, and he promptly agreed with her.

After his return from Delight's new home, he kept cruel silence. Miss Cynthia was also silent for three days, and then the best farmer in Claypool township revealed herself a woman.

"I reckon that ongrateful hussy is sorry by this time she run off with that Ransome feller," she burst forth at dinner on the third day—a very poor dinner, for her talents did not include culinary art.

Dave most deliberately finished a chunk of underdone corn-bread before he answered: "Well, no; I did n't see no signs of sorrow. Fer 's I see, they was wonderful pleased with one 'nother. And she give me a mighty good dinner."

"Did she? What 'd she hev?" Miss Cynthia laid down her unpeeled potato with the liveliest interest.

"Oh-h, fried chicken, cream gravy, mashed potaters, sweet potaters with that honey stuff over 'em like she used to fix 'em hyur, cabbage-slaw with cream dip on it, and hot biscuits like snowballs, and jelly and p'serves and cake and coffee, and the best apple-pie I ever set my teeth into. Um-m-m! That was a dinner!"

"Where 'd she git p'serves, I wonder?"

"Likely the old man give it to 'em—Hen Ransome. You know he 's a wonderful cook. Queer about that, ain't it? A man was tellin' me how he come to be, the other day when I was in town. He said Hen Ransome was one of the likeliest young farmers round hyur in his time, but he was awful tender-hearted, and when he got disapp'inted in love it nigh about broke him up. Seems he just thought the world and all of some girl, and she went back on him. It like to killed him, he was so tender-hearted, and after a while he got roped in by a vixen of a woman. Yes, she was a first-class terror; but he had the patience of Job, and he tried to conquer her with kindness till she up and run away with the hired hand and left him with three little boys. Shame, was n't it?"

"He did n't need to marry her. There was—others," snapped Miss Cynthia, with a curious softness in her eyes which Dave would not see.

"So he just took and made the best of it," he proceeded indifferently, "Hen did. He was mortal 'fraid of women, missin' it twicet that way, and him so tender-hearted, too; and he 's never looked at a woman sence, if he could help it. He never would have one in the house to do the work, and that 's the way he come to be such a housekeeper himself. He hired help on the farm and done the scrubbin' and washin' and knittin' and sewin' himself till he got the name of bein' the best housekeeper in the county. They say he made such a sweep of all the premiums at the fair for rugs and quilts and pies and sich that the women stopped makin' entries. He said he had to be mother and father, too, to his little boys; and I tell you what, if Delight's young feller is a sample of his raisin', he 's done a mighty fine job, enemy or none. It 's sort of pitiful and sort of funny, too, that, for all there ain't a woman's foot touched his floor sence his wife vamosed, them boys all run off and got married soon 's they was twenty-one. John was the last one to go, and now his father 's left over there all alone with one hired man. Seems kind of pitiful, don't it, without even a sister?"

"I reckon it ain't no wuss fer him than what it is fer other folks that hev to go it alone," commented his hearer, with relentless grimness.

When Dave went out to the barn, she took her carpet-rags up to the window that overlooked the two farms and the disputed boundary and sat there all the afternoon, looking at a long, low white house over on the river road the shining windows and snowy, ruffled curtains of which seemed an attractive sight to her eyes. At any rate, when evening came there was not even a little ball of rags to show for the time she had spent.

The winter had been a long one without the sunny young presence that had gone out of the house, but the furry white blanket was lifted from the fields at last; the streams were unlocked, and rushed to the river in turbulent fullness, while the hills, which had looked like great hairy animals crouched with their feet under them for the winter, with their round backs bristling against the sky, now

seemed to stretch and swell in the thrilling joy of rehabilitation.

"Something 's got to be done with them boundary fences," remarked Dave Johnson as he walked through the fields one bright morning with his employer to plan the spring work. He shook the bleached top rail critically. "Fust thing you know, them cattle of Ransome's 'll break into our wheat."

"Like 's not," Miss Cynthia caught him up eagerly. "An' if they do, won't I hev the law on him!"

"Aw—better not. When the fences rot down it 's time to forgit the quarrel. That pore Miss Nancy can't fix fences; he 's too busy knittin'."

From her window Miss Cynthia kept watch of the old boundary fence as well as of the trim white house by the river. On Monday mornings she always took her carpet-rag basket up there, whatever else demanded her attention; but if she sewed, it was only when a tall figure with a blue apron was not hanging up the snowiest of clothes across his yard. When he was, the work lay idle. One afternoon, when the washing had all been taken down from her neighbor's line, she hitched Barney to the buggy and drove briskly to town; for Barney balked no more, and went shopping with a funny, apologetic little air, as if gay clothes were a great weakness for one who had a reputation as a farmer. She bought a green dress, an astounding hat, and a spangled wrap, and when the cross-roads dressmaker had done her worst upon the goods, neither the badness of its fit nor the worst angle of the hat could disguise Miss Cynthia's striking good looks.

The boundary fences had not yet been mended, something of greater importance always being ready when Dave Johnson suggested that he could attend to them. They had fallen down completely in more than one place, but the meek and ladylike cows that grazed in the pasture adjoining Miss Cynthia's tempting wheat-field kept virtuously on their own preserves. If one of them had stepped across the line she would have been discovered, so close was the watch from the upper window of the brick house. One moonlight night a stealthy figure came down the lane with a basket, laid down the fence in a wide gap, and scattered a line of corn into the wheat-field. The next morning the owner of the farm remarked in deep satisfaction at her breakfast-table: "I see them cattle has broke into my field, like you said. He 'll hev to pay fer that."

"I don't reckon they 've had time to do much damage. I 'll go right out and fix the fence."

"You jest 'tend to yore plowin', Dave Johnson, and I 'll fix that fence, if it 's goin' to be fixed," and the champion farmer laid down a remarkably solid biscuit and rose to get her straw hat. When she reached the gap, the meek and ladylike cow which had ventured so far over the line was eating the last ear of decoy corn, after which she went quietly home, heedless of the temptress who softly called: "Come, Bossy! Sook! Sook! Sook!"

Dave Johnson hurried down the lane, and the champion farmer turned to meet him with a look of annoyance.

"Barney 's gone!" he said.

"Barney?"

"Yes; it must have been him that broke down the fence. How nice and regular he laid down the rails! Yes; here 's his tracks right through into Ransome's pasture. No tellin' what damage he 's done. Them cows did n't take a bite of our wheat, after all, did they?"

"No-o; nothin' much," snapped Miss Cynthia, crossly.

"I 'll go right over and find Barney and see what mischief he 's up to," said Dave, replacing the fence rails.

"No, you put Gineral Grant or Pocahontas in the plow and go to work. I 'low I hev more time to hunt up a stray than what you hev."

"All right, if you want the job," agreed Dave, and went back home, closely followed by his employer, who did not go after her horse at once. It was quite half an hour before she did go back down the lane, arrayed in such splendor in the green dress and unspeakable hat that the invulnerable cows lifted their heads in mild admiration.

Barney was not in the pasture nor in her neighbor's wheat nor yet in the barn lot—the trim, grassy barn lot which she admired as she crossed it. Some one was scrubbing the kitchen floor as she passed on her way to the front door. She

rounded the corner so fiercely that she almost bumped into a large speckled gray bulk that seemed to be an appendage of the house. It was the trunk and legs of Barney—but he seemed to be a headless horse.

"You, Barney!" gasped his mistress.

Then Barney 's head appeared as far inside the pantry window as his long neck would carry it, turning to look backward at the familiar voice, but not withdrawing an inch. For Barney knew a good thing when he had it. The rim of a luscious frosted lemon-pie flapped from his mouth, and he turned back to make one bite of a mince and then to crush half of a three-storied jelly-cake in greedy enjoyment. His mistress took up a broom from the porch and thumped him soundly, but Barney was willing to stand some pretty hard whacks till he finished the jelly-cake and the last loaf of fresh bread. Then the rest of him became visible. By the time she had got him out, with her hat on one side over a red face, the kitchen door was opened by a tall, good-looking man with a kind face and mild blue eyes. Taken unawares, Miss Cynthia's fierceness melted into an inarticulate "Oh—ugh!"

A look of glad recognition flashed into the man's face, but he only said: "Good-morning, ma'am. Won't you step in?"

"No, sir," snapped Cynthia, quite recovered. "I jest come over to inform you that yore fence is down—rotted down,—and one of yore cows was in my wheat-field this mornin', and that my horse has likely foundered himself on yore bakin'. I 'd hate to lose him the wust kind, I would. And it 's yore fence that 's down."

The man was looking at her intently, and only half heard what she said.

"What did you say was the matter with yore horse, Cyn—er—Miss Claypool? I am very sorry if anything has damaged him."

"Well, I don't know how much he got, but he was as fer into yore pantry winder as he could git, and he acted like he was helpin' himself pretty generous to whatever he found there."

"My Saturday's baking! Could he get anything, I wonder?"

"I don't reckon he left anything. And it ain't goin' to do him no good—all them fresh pies and cakes. And he 's a fine horse, if he is a leetle old."

The gentle face was troubled. "That 's too bad—er—Miss Claypool, and I 'm jest awful sorry. I 'll go for old Mosey Ricketts, the hoss-doctor, right off. I wonder how much—yes, he made a clean sweep—all but one pie! I don't mind it, if only it don't hurt yore hoss. I can make out with pancakes over Sunday, and one pie 'll do fer supper and breakfast, and I can make apple-dumplin's fer dinner. Won't you come in—Miss Claypool?"

"No, I 'm 'bleeged to ye. I jest come to notify ye about the fence and git my horse," responded Cynthia, rigidly. Being a champion farmer does not destroy maidenly coyness, and Cynthia Claypool respected the proprieties.

"I wish you 'd come in and let me make you a cup of coffee. I hope you 're feelin' right well, Miss Claypool. I 'll git round to that fence right off, and I 'll go fer the hoss-doctor as quick as I can saddle my mare."

"I 'm as well as common, I reckon, and I must be goin'. Good day."

"Good day—Cynthy. You look—right natural."

Not more than a week after the depredations of the gluttonous Barney, his mistress again crossed the farms to her neighbor's house. He was hanging up a line of spotless washing across the yard.

"Why, Cyn—Miss Claypool! How d' y' do? Won't ye come in a minute and rest you?"

"No, I ain't got time. I jest come to notify you that yore hogs is havin' a rootin'-bee in my wheat, an' I 'd jest 's lief you 'd keep 'em home."

"My hogs!" He wound his hands up in his blue apron like an embarrassed woman. "Why, how in the world did they ever get away over there and break through two other fences? Somebody surely turned them in—unless old Bettie broke through. She is a terror. I 'll have her butchered in the fall. I hope they ain't done much damage?"

"There 's no tellin' till I git back. I dares n't hardly go to town. What with cows breakin' in and hogs rootin' up what they left, and Barney nigh about bustin' himself on yore bakin', I 'm so tormented

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT A STEALTHY FIGURE CAME DOWN THE LANE WITH A BASKET"

I don't know what to do. I hev to fight fer myself. I have n't got anybody to look after things."

"I know it, and I 'm jest awful sorry. I can't get a man for love or money to build that fence now, everybody 's so busy gettin' in crops. But I 'll do it as quick as I can, for I don't want no more trouble about it. It has made enough in days that 's past and gone," he said, with gentle memories in his fine eyes.

A tender light came into his caller's face.

"There 's no need of trouble now," she said softly.

"Well, then, we won't have it—Cynthy. We 'll jest settle it now, if you 're agreed—"

"Yes," and the fierce black eyes grew tenderer.

"I 've been thinkin'—you 're alone over there, and I 'm alone over here, and—it never was our quarrel—and for the sake of the old times—when we was young—don't you think, Cynthy—?"

"Well?"

"You won't mind my proposin' it—will you? I have thought it over a heap—"

"Yes?"

"I think we—that is, you and me—might jine together—ah—might jine together and build one line fence instid of two."

"Oh, might we, though?" Miss Cynthia's eyes were dangerously inflammable. "No, siree! Them two line fences is goin' to be built over. You build yourn and I 'll build mine—and there won't be no quarrel then." Her angry eyes dropped before the grieved surprise in his.

"Just as you want it, Miss Claypool. Just exactly as you say. And I 'll do my side this week."

Miss Cynthia went drearily home, and the gorgeous apparel was in ruins from a shower before she reached her door. It rained all that day sullenly and steadily, and she went up to her window and looked over at the low white house. Once she went to the bureau and took out a small package that held a gaudy valentine, a crumbling candy heart, and the picture of a mild-faced youth, while a new wistfulness softened the stern lines of her face. Then she watched the river rise till its yellow flood was flush with its banks. It rose fast, for the freshets were rushing down from the hills and the heavy rain drummed rhythmically on the porch roof.

It was still raining when she went to sleep that night, and raining when she awoke in the morning.

"The doctor come by while I was feedin' an' he says the river 's over the road down by the mill an' risin an inch an hour. Dr. Billy it was," said Dave Johnson at breakfast.

"An' I reckon it 's goin' to be wuss before it 's better," assented Cynthia. "I

hope it ain't goin' to be like the flood was seven years ago."

She went up to her window and looked at the river. It was over the road now, a swift current that already carried wreckage from little homes it had despoiled. The long, low house was barely above the water-line. All day and all night the rain drummed its funeral march, and in the morning a cloudburst added its flood. With the first gray gleam Miss Cynthia was at her window. The valley was a sea that reached to her barn-yard. Far out in its yellow expanse lay a long white house like a stranded boat. She hurried downstairs. Dave Johnson was lighting the kitchen fire.

"I reckon the folks over on the river road is near about drownded," she said; "and bein' 's we 're the nearest neighbors, I 'low we ought to get 'em out."

"That 's easy fer folks that ain't got a boat—nor a balloon! What you goin' to git 'em out in?"

"All the same, they 've got to be helped out." She locked her capable hands and thought hard. Then she spoke: "You go out and drive two staples into the waterin'-troft and hitch Barney on to it."

Dave went out, roaring with laughter.

"Who 's goin' to be captain of this craft? Who 'll navigate Barney?" he asked, leading him up to the porch, where his mistress was ready for a voyage in a very short skirt and a huge pair of rubber boots.

"I 'll navigate Barney and the troft, too, if I don't upset," she retorted as she *squshed* after Barney and his singular float. The water was shallow enough for the rubber boots until she was within shouting-distance of the long white house. There Barney planted his feet and refused to plunge and swim.

"Hello-o! Hel—lo-o!" called the rescuer.

A window in the house opened. "Hello! Why, is it you? How did you get here?"

"I can't get Barney to swim. I 've come to git you out. Can't you call him?"

It was no use. Barney's ears lay back, and his "captain" sat in her low gondola, helpless. Suddenly Barney plunged into the deep water and only the long tow-line kept his crew from being drawn under. His eyes were fixed upon a frosted lemon-

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

"BARNEY WAS WILLING TO STAND SOME PRETTY HARD WHACKS TILL HE FINISHED THE JELLY-CAKE"

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"HIS EYES WERE FIXED UPON A FROSTED LEMON-PIE THAT WAS ENTICINGLY WAVED AT HIM FROM THE PANTRY WINDOW"

pie that was enticingly waved at him from the pantry window.

"The nerve of that Barney!" cried Miss Cynthia as he mounted his fore feet on the porch steps and ate the pie. "And he like to busted before!" Git yore baggage,—you kin carry a leetle,—an' git on hyur—quick! If you 've got any more of them pies, you might fetch 'em along. Pity to leave 'em to spile."

Two weeks afterward Miss Cynthia stood in her porch in the rich glory of the May morning. She started as a gentle voice spoke behind her.

"I 'low the mud is dried up enough fer me to be goin' home ag'in," it said. "I reckon I hev bothered you about long enough."

"Yore house will be turrible damp, though. An' you surely air workin' fer yore board. I ain't had no such livin' sence them young folks run off."

"I wish I could do more than a little cleanin' and cookin' fer all you done fer me, Cynthy. I 've done up a good big bakin' of the things you like, fer you 'll hev a heap to do when you git to plowin' ag'in. And—there 's—there 's somethin' else—I want to say."

"Is there?"

"Yes. You know—the boundary fences was both washed away."

"I know it."

"Well—we was young together—Cynthy—and I never forgot—those days. Maybe—you have n't forgot them, either."

"Maybe not."

"And don't you think we could—you and me—now that we are both alone, and there 's no one to object—don't you think we could make up our minds to—build one fence?"

"No!" bristled the woman. "We 'll build two new fences."

The man was silent behind her, and she turned to him after a little. The pain in his mild face turned her away again.

"I did n't mean no offense. I just thought—but, of course, it shall be just as you want it—just as you want it," he said quietly.

She went to his side as he stood in the lacy shadow of the honeysuckles, and the stern face was gentle. "I don't want two fences, Henry, and I never said so. I don't want one, nuther, if you 're tryin' to find that out—"

"Oh, Cynthy! You don't say—you would n't hev me, now? You would n't, dear, would you?"

"Why not?" said the practical voice in a new tone.

He bent shyly to glance into her face. The look in it swept away twenty-five years as an hour. There was a moment of eloquent silence, and then a soft little sound, which the redbird in the balm-of-Gilead tree answered with a clear carol of jubilant congratulation.

Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"WITH DRY, REDDENED EYES SHE STARED AT THE WOMAN WHO MUST HAVE STOLEN JOHN FROM HER"

FENWICK'S CAREER[1]

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

VIII

WHEN Fenwick was alone, he walked to a chest of drawers in which he kept a disorderly multitude of possessions, and took out a mingled handful of letters, photographs, and sketches. Throwing them on a table, he looked for and found a photograph of Phœbe with Carrie on her knee, and a little sketch of Phœbe—one of the first ideas for the "Genius Loci." He propped them up against some books, and looked at them in a passion of triumph.

"It 's all right, old woman—it 's all right!" he murmured, smiling. Then he spread out Lord Findon's check before the photograph, as though he offered it at Phœbe's shrine.

Five hundred pounds! Well, it was only what his work was worth—what he had every right to expect. None the less, the actual possession of the money seemed to change his whole being. What would his old father say? He gave a laugh, half scornful, half good-humored, as he admitted to himself that not even now, probably, would the old man relent.

And Phœbe!—he imagined the happy wonder in her eyes, the rolling away of all clouds between them. For six weeks now he had been a veritable brute about letters! First, the strain of his work (and the final wrestle with the "Genius Loci," including the misfortune of the paints, had really been a terrible affair!); then—he confessed it—the intellectual excitement of the correspondence with Madame de Pastourelles: between these two obsessions, or emotions, poor Phœbe had fared ill.

"But you 'll forgive me now, old girl—won't you?" he said, kissing her photograph in an effusion that brought the moisture to his eyes. Then he replaced it, with the sketches, in the drawer, forgetting in his excitement the letters which lay scattered on the table.

What should he do now? Impossible to settle down to any work! The north post had gone, but he might telegraph to Phœbe and write later. Meanwhile he would go over to Chelsea and see Cunningham and Watson,—repay Watson his debt!—or promise it at least for the morrow, when he should have time to cash the check,—perhaps even—pompous thought!—to open a banking account.

Suddenly a remembrance of Morrison crossed his mind; and he stood a moment with bent head, sobered, as though a ghost passed through the room. Must he send 100*l.* to Mrs. Morrison? He envisaged it unwillingly. Already his treasure seemed to be melting away. Time enough, surely, for that. He and Phœbe had so much to do,—to get a house and furnish it, to pay pressing bills, to provide models for the new picture! Why, it would be all gone directly!

He locked up the check safely, took his hat, and was just running out when his eye fell on the three hours' sketch of Madame de Pastourelles which had been the foundation of the portrait. He had recently framed it, but had not yet found a place for it. It stood on the floor, against the wall. He took it up, looked at it with delight—by Jove! it was a brilliant thing!—and placing it on a small easel, he arranged two lamps with movable shades, which he often used for drawing in the evening, so as to show it off. There was in him more than a touch of theatricality, and as he stood back from this little arrangement to study its effect, he was charmed with his own

[1] Copyright, 1905, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

fancy. There she queened it, in the center of the room,—his patron saint, and Phœbe's. He knew well what he owed her,—and Phœbe should soon know. He was in a hurry to be off; but he could not make up his mind—superstitiously—to put out the lights. So, after lingering a few moments before her, in this tremor of imagination and of pleasure, he left her thus, radiant and haloed!—the patron saint in charge.

On his way out he found an anxious landlady upon his path. Mrs. Gibbs was soon made happy, so far as promises could do it, and in another minute he was in a hansom speeding westward. It was nearly seven o'clock on a mild April evening. The streets were full, the shops still open. As he passed along Oxford street, monarch it seemed of all he beheld, his eyes fell on Peter Robinson's windows, full of dainty spring stuffs, and gay with ribbons, laces, and bright silks. An idea rushed into his mind. Only the week before, on his first visit to the new Chelsea quarters whither Cuningham and Watson had betaken themselves, he had stumbled upon an odd little scene in the still bare, ungarnished studio. Cuningham, who had been making money with some rapidity of late, was displaying before the half-sympathetic, half-sarcastic eyes of Watson some presents that he was just sending off to his mother and sisters in Scotland. A white dress, a lace shawl, some pretty handkerchiefs, a sash, a fan,—there they lay ranged on brown paper on the studio floor, a medley of bright color. Cuningham was immensely proud of them, and had been quite ready to show them to Fenwick also, fingering their fresh folds, enlarging on their beauties. And Fenwick had thought sorely of Phœbe as he watched Cuningham turn the pretty things over. When had he ever been able to give her any feminine gauds? Always this damned poverty, pressing them down!

But now—by Jove!—

He made the hansom stop, rushed into Peter Robinson's, bought a dress-length of pink-and-white cotton, a blue sash for Carrie, and a fichu of Indian muslin and lace. Thrusting his hand into his pocket for money, he found only a sovereign—pretty nearly his last!—and some silver.

"That 's on account," he said loftily, giving the sovereign to the shopman; "send the things home to-morrow afternoon,—to-morrow *afternoon,* mind,—and I 'll pay for them on delivery."

"Very well, sir. But you can pay for them all on delivery, if you prefer it," said the shopman, politely, tendering the sovereign.

"Oh, that 'll be all right—that 'll be all right," said Fenwick, impatiently, hurrying away. "Mind you send them —to-morrow afternoon—sharp!"

He jumped into his hansom again, and for sheer excitement told the man to hurry and he should have an extra shilling. On they sped, and as they bowled down Park Lane, Fenwick, looking now at the walkers and carriages in the Park, and now at the gaily appointed houses on his left, saw himself already rich and famous, and plunged headlong into the exultation of his first success.

Meanwhile, at the very moment, probably, that Fenwick was in Peter Robinson's shop, an omnibus coming from Euston passed through Russell Square, and a woman, volubly advised by the conductor, alighted from it at the corner of Bernard street. She was very tall and slender; her dress was dusty and travel-stained, and as she left the omnibus she drew down a thickly spotted veil over a weary face. She walked quickly down Bernard street, looking at the numbers, and stopped before the door of Fenwick's lodgings.

The door was opened by Mrs. Gibbs, the landlady.

"Is Mr. Fenwick at home?"

"No; he 's just this minute gone out. Did you want to see him, miss?"

The young woman hung back a moment in hesitation. Then she advanced into the hall.

"I 've got a parcel for him"—she showed it under her arm. "If you 'll allow me, I 'll go up and leave it in his room. It 's important."

"And what name, miss—if I may ask?"

The visitor hesitated again, then she said quietly:

"I am Mrs. Fenwick—Mr. Fenwick's wife."

"His wife!" cried the other, startled. "Oh, no; there is some mistake—he has n't got no wife!"

Phœbe drew herself up fiercely.

"You must n't say such things to me, please! I *am* Mr. Fenwick's wife, and you must please show me his rooms."

The emphasis and the passion with which these words were said left Mrs. Gibbs gaping. She was a worthy woman, for whom the world—so far as it could be studied from a Bernard-street lodging-house—had few surprises; and a number of alternative conjectures ran through her mind as she studied Phœbe's appearance.

"I 'm sure, ma'am, I meant no offense," she said hurriedly; "but, you see, Mr. Fenwick has never—as you might say—"

"No," said Phœbe, proudly, interrupting her; "there was no reason why he should speak of his private affairs. I have been in the country, waiting till he could make a home for me. Now will you show me his room?"

But Mrs. Gibbs did not move. She stood staring at Phœbe, irresolute,—thinking, no doubt, of the penny novelettes on which she fed her leisure moments,—till Phœbe impatiently drew a letter from her pocket.

"I see you doubt what I say. Of course it is quite right that you should be careful about admitting anybody to my husband's rooms in his absence. But here is the last letter I received from him, a week or two ago."

And, drawing it from its envelop, Phœbe showed first the signature, "John Fenwick," and then pointed to the address on the envelop—"Mrs. John Fenwick, Green Nab Cottage, Great Langdale."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Gibbs, staring still more widely, and slowly retreating. "And he never lettin' me post a letter since he came here—not once—no confidence nowhere—and I' m sure I have been his good friend!"

Phœbe moved towards the staircase.

"Is Mr. Fenwick's room on the first floor or the second?"

Lost in protesting wonder, Mrs. Gibbs wheezily mounted the stairs far enough to point to the door of Fenwick's room.

"Here 's matches"—she fumbled in her apron pocket. "There 's a candle on the mantelpiece—though I dare say he 's left his lamp going. He generally does—he don't take no account of what I says to him about it."

Phœbe passed on. Mrs. Gibbs called after her:

"So I 'm to say, 'Mrs. Fenwick,' am I, madam, when Mr. Fenwick gets back?"

She stood leaning against the banisters, one hand behind her, looking her visitor up and down with impertinent eyes.

"Certainly," said Phœbe. Then she put her hand to her head, and said in a low, bewildered voice, "At least if I 'm here—if he comes back soon—but I can't stay."

Mrs. Gibbs went down-stairs again, consumed with conjecture and excitement.

"Wife, indeed!—that 's what they all say—bound to. But of all the cool young women! I hope I have n't done no harm letting her into the studio. But that letter and all—it was enough to make a jelly of you—things a-turnin' out like this. And me all a-tremblin' and givin' in!"

Phœbe opened the studio door, noticed the bright light with amazement, and shut the door behind her. She stood there, with her back to it, sharply arrested, her eyes held by the spectacle before her.

Close to her, in the center of the freest portion of the floor, rose the sketch of Eugénie de Pastourelles, lit by the two lamps, which threw a concentrated glow upon the picture, and left all the rest of the room shadowy. Nothing could have been more strange than the aspect of the drawing, thus solitary and brightly illuminated. Phœbe looked at it in bewilderment, then round the littered studio. Beyond the lamps, she saw the large new canvas, showing dimly the first "rubbing-in" of an important subject. On the floor, and running round the walls, was a thin line of sketches and canvases. The shallow, semi-circular window at the further end of the room was not yet curtained, and the branches of the still leafless plane-tree outside showed darkly in the gathering dusk. The room, apart from its one spot of light, struck bare and chill. Except for the "throne" and a few chairs, it contained scarcely any furniture. But, for Phœbe, it was held by two presences. Everything around her spoke of John. Here were his familiar belongings—his clothes that she had mended, his books, his painting-things.

And over John's room—her husband's room—the woman in the picture held sway.

She slowly approached the drawing, while a sob mounted in her throat. She was still in the grip of that violent, half-hysterical impulse which had possessed her since the evening of Bella Morrison's visit. Nights almost sleepless, arrangements made and carried out in a tumult of excitement, a sense of impending tragedy, accepted, and almost welcomed, as the end of long weeks of doubt and self-torment, which had become at last unbearable,—into this fatal coil of actions and impressions the young wife had been sinking deeper and deeper with each successive hour. She had neither friend nor adviser. Her father, a weak, inarticulate man, was dying; her stepmother hated her; and she had long ceased to write to Miss Anna, because it was she who had urged John to go to London! All sane inference and normal reasoning were now, indeed, and had been for some time, impossible to her. Fenwick, possessed by the imaginations of his art, had had no imagination—alack!—to spend upon his wife's case, and those morbid processes of brain developed in her by solitude and wounded love and mortified vanity. One hour with him!—one hour of love, scolding, tears—would have saved them both. Alone, she was incapable of the merest common sense. She came prepared to discover the worst, to find evidence for all her fears. And for the worst she had elaborately laid her plans. Only if it should turn out that she had been an unkind, unreasonable wife, wrongly suspicious of her husband, was she uncertain what she would do.

With dry, reddened eyes, she stared at the portrait of the woman who must have stolen John from her. The mere arrangement of the room seemed to her excited nerves a second outrage;—Mrs. Gibbs's reception of her, and all that it had implied, had been the first. What could this strange illumination mean, but that John's thoughts were taken up with his sitter in an unusual and unlawful way? For weeks he could leave his wife without a letter, a word of affection. But before going out for an hour, he must needs light these lamps and place them so, in order that this finicking lady should not feel herself deserted, that he should still seem to be admiring and adoring her!

And, after all, was she so pretty? Phœbe looked at the pale and subtle face, at the hair and eyes so much less brilliant than her own, at the thin figure, and the repose of the hands. Not pretty at all! she said to herself, violently, but selfish and artful, and full, of course, of all the tricks and wiles of "society people." *Did n't* she know that John was married? Phœbe scornfully refused to believe it. Such women simply did n't care what stood in their way. If they took a fancy to a man, what did it matter whether he were married or no? The poor girl stood there, seething with passion, pluming herself on a knowledge of the world which enabled her to "see through" these abominable great ladies.

But if she did n't know, if Bella Morrison's tale were true, then it was John on whom Phœbe's rage returned to fling itself with fresh and maddened bitterness. That he should have thus utterly ignored her in his new surroundings,—have never said a word about her to the landlady with whom he had lodged for nearly a year, or to any of his new acquaintances and friends,—should have deliberately hidden the very fact of his marriage—could a husband give a wife any more humiliating proof of his indifference, or of her insignificance in his life?

Meanwhile the picture possessed her more and more. Closer and closer she came, her chest heaving. Was it not as though John had foreseen her coming, her complaints, and had prepared for her this silent, this cruel answer! The big picture, of course, was gone in to the Academy; but his wife, if she came, was to see that he could not do without Madame de Pastourelles. So the sketch, with which he had finished, really, months ago, was dragged out, and made queen of all it surveyed, because, no doubt, he was miserable at parting with the picture. Ingenuity and self-torment grew with what they fed on. The burning lamps, the solitude, the graceful woman, with her slim fine-lady hands,—with every moment they became in Phœbe's eyes a more bitter, a more significant offense. Presently, in her foolish agony, she did actually believe that he had thought she might descend upon him, provoked be-

yond bearing by his silence and neglect, and had carefully planned this infamous way of telling her—what he wanted her to know!

Waves of unreasoning passion swept across her. The gentleness and docility of her youth had been perhaps mechanical, half-conscious; she came, in truth, of a hard stock, capable of violence. She put her hands to her face, trembled, and turned away. She began to be afraid of herself.

With a restless hand, as though she caught hold of anything that might distract her from the picture, she began to rummage among the papers on the table. Suddenly her attention pounced upon them; she bent her head, took up some, and carried them to the lamp. Five or six large envelops, bearing a crest and monogram, addressed in a clear hand, and containing each a long letter,—she found a packet of these, tied round with string. Throwing off her hat and veil, she sat down under the lamp, and, without an instant's demur, began to read.

First, indeed, she turned to the signature—"Eugénie de Pastourelles." Why, pray, should Madame de Pastourelles write these long letters to another woman's husband? The hands which held them shook with anger and misery. These pages filled with discussion of art and books, which had seemed to the woman of European culture and French associations so natural to write,—which had been written as the harmless and kindly occupation of an idle hour, with the shades of Madame de Sévigné and Madame du Deffand standing by,—were messengers of terror and despair to this ignorant and yet sentimental Westmoreland girl. Why should they be written at all to *her* John, her own husband? No nice woman that she had ever known wrote long letters to married men. What could have been the object of writing these pages and pages about John's pictures and John's prospects?—affected stuff!—and what was the meaning of these appointments to see pictures, these invitations to St. James's Square, these thanks "for the kind and charming things you say"—above all, of the constant and crying omission, throughout these delicately written sheets, of any mention whatever of Fenwick's wife and child. But, of course, for the two correspondents whom these letters implied, such dull, stupid creatures did not exist.

Ah! but wait a moment. Her eye caught a sentence, then fastened greedily on the following passage:

"I hardly like to repeat what I said the other day—you will think me a very intrusive person!—but when you talk of melancholy and loneliness, of feeling the strain of competition, and the nervous burden of work, so that you are sometimes tempted to give it up altogether, I can't help repeating that some day a wife will save you from all this. I have seen so much of artists!—they of all men should marry. It is quite a delusion to suppose that art—whatever art means—is enough for them, or for anybody. Imagination is the most exhausting of all professions!—and if we women are good for nothing else, we *can* be cushions—we can 'stop a chink and keep the wind away.' So pay no attention, please, to my father's diatribes. You will very soon be prosperous—sooner perhaps than you think. A *home* is what you want."

Kind and simple sentences!—written so innocently, and interpreted so perversely! And yet, the fierce and blind bewilderment with which Phœbe read or misread them was natural enough. She never doubted for a moment but that the bad woman who wrote them meant to offer herself to John. She was separated from her husband, John had said,—declaring, of course, that it was not her fault. As if any one could be sure of that! But, at any rate, if she were separated, she might be divorced—sometime. And then—*then!*—*she* would be so obliging as to make a "cushion" and a home for Phœbe Fenwick's husband! As to his not being grand enough for her, that was all nonsense. When a man was as clever as John, he was anybody's equal,—one saw that, every day. No, this creature would make people buy his pictures, she would push him on, and after a while—

With a morbid and devastating rapidity, a whole scheme by which the woman before her might possess herself of John unfolded itself in Phœbe's furious mind.

Yet, surely, it would only want one word from her,—from her, his wife?—

She felt herself trembling. Her limbs began to sink under her. She dropped upon a chair, sobbing. What was the use

of fighting, of protesting? John had forgotten her, John's heart had grown cold to her. She might dismay and trample on her rival,—how would that give her back her husband?

Oh, how could he—how *could* he have treated her so! "I know I was ill-tempered and cross, John,—I could n't write letters like that—but I did, *did* love you,—you know—you know I did!"

It seemed as though she twined her arms round him, and he sat rigid as a stone, with a hard, contemptuous mouth. A lonely agony, a blackness of despair, seized on Phœbe, as she crouched there, the letters on her lap, her hands hanging, her beautiful eyes, blurred with tears and sleeplessness, fixed on the picture. What she felt was absurd; but how many tragedies—ay, the deepest—are at bottom ridiculous! She had lost him; he cared no more for her; he had passed into another world out of her ken; and what was to become of her?

She started up, goaded by a blind instinct of revenge, seizing she scarcely knew what. On the table lay a palette, laden with some dark pigment with which Fenwick had just been sketching in part of his new picture. In a pot beside it were brushes.

She caught up a large brush, dipped it in the paint, and going to the picture—panting and crimson—she daubed it from top to bottom, blotting out the eyes, the mouth, the beautiful outline of the head,—above all, the hands, whose delicate whiteness specially enraged her.

When the work of wreck was done, she stood a moment gazing at it. Then, violently, she looked for writing-paper. She could see none; but there was an unused half-sheet at the back of one of Madame de Pastourelles's letters, and she roughly tore it off. Making use of a book held on her knee, and finding the pen and ink with which, only half an hour before, Lord Findon had written his check, she began to write:

"Good-by, John,—I have found out all I want to know, and you will never see me again. I will never be a burden on a man who is ashamed of me, and has behaved as though I were dead. It is no good wasting words,—you know it 's true. Perhaps you may think I have no right to take Carrie. But I can't be alone,—and, after all, she is more mine than yours. Don't trouble about me. I have some money, and I mean to support myself and Carrie. It was only last night this idea came to me, though it was the night before that— Never mind,—I can't write about it, it would take too long, and it does n't really matter to either of us. I don't want you to find me here; you might persuade me to come back to you, and I know it would be for the misery of both of us.—What was I saying?—oh, the money— Well, last night, a cousin of mine from Keswick—perhaps you remember him—Freddie Tolson—came to see me. Father sent him. You did n't believe what I told you about father,—you thought I was making up. You 'll be sorry, I think, when you read this; for by now, most likely, father has passed away. Freddie told me the doctor had given him up, and he was very near going. But he sent Freddie to me, with some money he had really left me in his will,—only he was afraid Mrs. Gibson would get hold of it, and never let me have it. So he sent it by hand, with his love and blessing,—and Freddie was to say he was sorry you had left me so long, and he did n't think it was a right thing for a man to do. Never mind how much it was. It 's my very own, and I 'm glad it comes from my father, and not from you. I have my embroidery money too, and I shall be all right—though very, very miserable. The idea of what I would do came into my head while I was talking with Freddie, and since I came into this room I have made up my mind. I 'm sorry I can't set you free altogether. There 's Carrie to think of, and I must live for her sake. But, at any rate, you won't have to look after me, or to feel that I 'm disgracing you with the smart people who have taken you up—

"Don't look for us, for you will never, never find us.

"Good-by, John. Do you remember that night in the ghyll, and all the things we said?

"I 've spoilt your sketch,—I could n't help it,—and I 'm not sorry—not yet, anyway. She has everything in the world, and I had nothing—but you. Why did you leave the lamps—just to mock at me?

"Good-by. I have left my wedding-ring on this paper. You 'll know I could n't do that if I ever meant to come back!"

She rose, and moved a small table in

front of the ruined picture. On it she placed, first, the parcel she had brought with her, which contained papers and small personal possessions belonging to her husband; in front of the packet, she laid the five letters of Madame de Pastourelles, her own letter in an envelop addressed to him, and upon it her ring.

Then she put on her hat and veil, tying the veil closely round her face, and, with one last look round the room, she crept to the door and unlocked it. So quietly did she descend the stairs that Mrs. Gibbs, who was listening sharply, with the kitchen door open, for any sound of her departure, heard nothing. The outer door opened and shut without the smallest noise, and the slender, veiled figure was quickly lost in the darkness and the traffic of the street.

PART II. AFTER TWELVE YEARS

IX

"QUAND vous arriverez au troisième, monsieur, montez, montez toujours! Vous trouverez un petit escalier tournant, en bois. Çà vous conduira à l'atelier."

Thus advised by the wife of the concierge, Fenwick crossed the courtyard of an old house in the Rue du Bac, looked up a moment at the sober and distinguished charm of its architecture, at the corniced, many-paned windows, so solidly framed and plentifully lined in white, upon the stone walls, and the high roof, with its lucarne windows just touched with classical decoration; each line and tint contributing to a seemly, restrained whole, as of something much worn by time, yet merely enhanced thereby, something deliberately built, moreover, to stand the years and abide the judgment of posterity. The house in Saint-Simon's day had belonged to one of those newly ennobled dukes, his contemporaries and would-be brethren, whose monstrous claims to rank with himself and the other real magnificence among the "ducs et pairs de France" drove him to distraction. It was now let out to a multitude of families, who began downstairs in affluence and ended in the genteel or artistic penury of the garrets. The first floor was occupied by a deputy and ex-minister, one of the leaders of the Centre Gauche,—in the garrets it was possible for a *rapin* to find a bedroom at sixteen francs a month. But it was needful that he should be a seemly *rapin*, orderly and quietly ambitious, like the house, otherwise he would not have been long suffered within its tranquil and self-respecting walls.

Fenwick climbed and climbed, discovered the little wooden staircase, and still climbed. At the very top he found a long and narrow corridor, along which he groped in darkness. Suddenly, at the end, a door opened, and a figure appeared on the threshold.

"Fenwick!—that you? All right!—No steps! The floor was left *au naturel* about 1680—but you won't come to grief."

Fenwick arrived at the open door, and Dick Watson drew him into the large studio beyond. Fenwick looked round him in astonishment. The room was a huge *grenier* in the roof of the old house, roughly adapted to the purposes of a studio. A large window to the north had been put in, and the walls had been rudely plastered. But all the blasts of heaven seemed still to blow through them, and through the chinks or under the eaves of the roof; while in the middle of the floor a pool of water, the remains of a recent heavy shower, testified to the ease with which the weather could enter if it chose.

"I say," said Fenwick, pointing to the water, "can you stand this kind of thing?"

Watson shivered.

"Not in this weather. I 'm off next week. In the summer it 's pleasant enough. Well, it 's deuced lucky I caught sight of you at that show yesterday! How are you? I believe it 's nearly two years since we met last."

"I 'm all right," said Fenwick, accepting a shaky seat and a cigarette.

Watson lighted a fresh one for himself, and then with arms akimbo surveyed his visitor.

"I 've seen you look better. What 's the matter? Have you been working through the summer in London?"

"I 'm all right," Fenwick repeated; then, with a little grimace—"or I should be, if I could pay my way, and paint the things I want to paint." He looked up.

"Well, why don't you?"

"Because—somehow—one has to live."

Watson climbed on to his high stool, still observing his visitor. For a good many years now, Fenwick had been always well and carefully dressed,—an evident Londoner, accustomed to drawing-rooms and frequenting expensive tailors. But to-day there was something in his tired, disheveled look and comparatively shabby coat which reminded Watson of years long gone by,—of a studio in Bernard street, and a broad-browed, handsome fellow, with queer manners and a North-country accent. As to good looks, Fenwick's face and head were now far finer than they had been in first youth; Watson's critical eye took note of it. The hair, touched lightly with gray, had receded slightly on the temples, and the more ample brow, heavily lined, gave a nobler shelter than of old to the still astonishing vivacity of the eyes. The carriage of the head, too, was prouder and more assured. Fenwick, indeed, as far as years went, was, as Watson knew, in the very prime of life. Nevertheless, there was in his aspect as he sat there a prophetic note of discouragement, of ebbing vitality, which startled his friend.

"I say"—said Watson, abruptly,—"you 've been overdoing it. Have you made it up with the Academy?"

Fenwick laughed.

"Goodness, no!"

"Where have you been exhibiting this year?"

"At the gallery I always take. And I sent some things to the Grosvenor."

Watson shook his head.

"It 's an awful pity. You 'd got in—you should have stayed in—and made yourself a power."

Fenwick's attitude stiffened.

"I have never regretted it for a single hour,—except that the scene itself was ridiculous."

Watson knew very well to what he referred. Some two years before, it had been the nine days' wonder of artistic London. Fenwick, then a newly elected Associate of the Academy, and at what seemed to be the height of his first success as an artist, had sent in a picture to the spring exhibition which appeared to the hanging committee of the moment a poor thing. They gave it a bad place, and an academician told Fenwick what had happened. He rushed to Burlington House, tore down his picture from the wall, stormed at the astonished members of the hanging committee, carried off his property, and vowed that he would resign his associateship. He was indeed called upon to do so; and he signalized his withdrawal by a furious letter to the "Times" in which the rancors, grievances, and contempts of ten checkered and ambitious years found full and rhetorical expression. The letter naturally made a breach between the writer and England's official art. Watson, who was abroad when the whole thing happened, had heard of it with mingled feelings. "It will either make him—or finish him!" was his own judgment, founded on a fairly exhaustive knowledge of John Fenwick; and he had waited anxiously for results. So far no details had reached him since. Fenwick seemed to be still exhibiting, still writing to the papers, and, as far as he knew, still selling. But the aspect of the man before him was not an aspect of prosperity.

Watson, however, having started a subject which he well knew to be interminable, would instantly have liked to escape from it. He was himself nervous, critical, and easily bored. He did not know what he should do with Fenwick's outpourings when he had listened to them.

But Fenwick had come over, charged, and Watson had touched the spring. He sat there, smoking and declaiming, his eyes blazing, one hand playing with Watson's favorite dog, an Aberdeen terrier who was softly smelling and pushing against him. All that litany of mockery and bitterness, which the Comic Spirit kindles afresh on the lips of each rising generation, only to quench it again on the lips of those who "arrive," flowed from him copiously. He was the age indeed for "arrival," when, as so often happens, the man of middle life, appeased by success, dismisses the revolts of his youth. But this was still the language—and the fierce language—of revolt! The decadence of English art and artists, the miserable commercialism of the Academy, the absence of any first-rate teaching, of any commanding traditions, of any "school" worth the name,—the vulgarity of the public, from royalty downwards, the snobbery of the rich world in its dealings with art:

all these jeremiads which he recited were much the same, *mutatis mutandis,* as those with which, half a century before, poor Benjamin Haydon had filled the "autobiography" which is one of the capital "documents" of the artistic life. This very resemblance indeed occurred to Watson.

"Upon my word," he said, with a queer smile, "you remind me of Haydon."

Fenwick started; with an impatient movement he pushed away the dog, who whimpered.

"Oh, come—I hope it 's not as bad as that," he said roughly.

Watson sharply regretted his remark. Through the minds of both there passed the same image of Haydon lying dead by his own hand beneath the vast pictures that no one would buy.

"Why you talk like this, I 'm sure I don't know," Watson said, with an impatient laugh. "I 'm always seeing your name in the papers. You have a great reputation, and I don't expect the Academy matters to your clientèle."

Fenwick shook his head.

"I have n't sold a picture for more than a year,—except a beastly portrait—one of the worst things I ever did."

"That 's bad," said Watson. "Of course that 's my state—perennially! But you 're not used to it."

Fenwick said nothing; and the delicate sensibility of the other instantly divined that, friends as they were, the comparison with himself had not been at all welcome to his companion. And indeed at the time when Watson left England to begin the wandering life he had been leading for some three years, it would have been nothing less than grotesque. Fenwick was then triumphant, in what, it was supposed, would be his "first period,"—that "young man's success," brilliant, contested, noisy, from which indeed many roads lead, to many goals; but with him, at that time, the omens were of the best. On the threshold of the Academy, credited with "ideas," laden with commissions, and generally welcome in society, which had first admitted him as the protégé of Lord Findon and the friend of Madame de Pastourelles, and was now ready—on conditions—to amuse itself with him, independently, as a genius and an "eccentric,"—Fenwick was apparently mounting fast to an assured and permanent position. He had many enemies; but so have all "fighters." The critics spoke severely of certain radical defects in his work, due probably to insufficiency of early training; defects which time might correct—or stereotype. But the critics "must be talking"; and the public, under the spell of a new and daring talent, appeared to take no notice.

As these recollections passed through Watson's mind, another expression showed itself in the hollow-cheeked, massive face. It was the look of the visionary who sees in events the strange verification of obscure instincts and divinations in which he himself perhaps has only half believed. He and Fenwick had been friends now—in some respects, close friends—for a good many years. Of late they had met rarely, and neither of the men was a good correspondent. But the friendship, the strong sense of congruity and liking, persisted. It had sprung originally—unexpectedly enough—from that loan made to Fenwick in his days of stress and poverty; and there were many who prophesied that it would come to an end with Fenwick's success. Watson had no interest in and small tolerance for the prosperous. His connection with Cuningham, in spite of occasional letters, had dropped long ago, ever since that clever Scotch painter had shown himself finally possessed of the usual Scotch power to capture London and a competence. But his liking for Fenwick had never wavered through all the blare of Fenwick's success.

Was it that the older man, with his melancholy Celtic instinct, had divined from the first that he and Fenwick were in truth of the same race—the race of the δυσάμμοροι—the ill-fated—those for whom happiness is not written in the stars?

He sat staring at his companion, his eyes dreamily intent, taking note of the restless depression of the man before him, and of the disagreeable facts which emerged from his talk,—declining reputation, money difficulties, and—last and most serious—a new doubt of himself and his powers, which Watson never remembered to have noticed in him before.

"But you must have made a great deal of money," he said to him once, interrupting him.

Fenwick turned away uneasily.

"So I did. But there was the new house and studio. I have been trying to sell the house. But it 's a white elephant."

"Building 's the deuce," said Watson, gloomily. "It ruins everybody, from Louis Quatorze and Walter Scott downwards. Have no barns—that 's my principle—and then you can't pull 'em down and build greater! But, you know, it 's all great nonsense, your talking like this! You 're as clever as ever—cleverer. You 've only got to *paint,* and it 'll be all right. But of course, if you will spend all your time in writing letters to the papers, and pamphlets, and that kind of thing—well!—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

Fenwick took the remark good-temperedly. "I 've finished three large pictures in eight months—if only somebody would buy 'em. And I 'm in Paris now"—he hesitated a moment—"on a painting job. I 've promised C—— (he named a well-known actor-manager in London) to help him with the production of a new play! I never did such a thing before—but—"

He looked up uncertainly, his color rising.

"What?—scenery for 'The Queen's Necklace'? I 've seen the puffs in the papers. Why not? Hope he pays well. Then you 're going to Versailles, of course?"

Fenwick replied that he had taken some rooms at the Hôtel des Réservoirs and must make some sketches in the palace; also in the park, and the Trianon garden. Then he rose abruptly.

"Well, and what have you been after?"

"The same old *machines,*" said Watson, tranquilly, pointing to a couple of large canvases. "My subjects are no gayer than they used to be. Except that—ah, yes! I forgot—I had a return upon myself this spring,—and set to work on some 'Bacchantes.'" He stopped, and picked up a canvas which was standing with its face to the wall.

It represented a dance of bacchantes. Fenwick looked at it in silence. Watson replaced it with a patient sigh. "Théophile Gautier said of some other fellow's bacchantes that they had got drunk on 'philosophical' wine. He might, I fear, have said it of mine. Anyway, I felt I was not made for bacchantes, so I fell back on the usual thing."

And he showed an "Execution of a Witch," filled with gruesome and poignant detail, excellent in some of its ideas and single figures, but as a whole crude, horrible, and weak.

"I don't improve," he said abruptly, turning away. "But it keeps me contented,—that and my animals. Anatole! —*vaurien!—où es-tu?*"

A small monkey, in a red jacket, who had been sitting unnoticed on the top of a cabinet since Fenwick's entrance, clattered down to the floor, and, running to his master, was soon sitting on his shoulder, staring at Fenwick with a pair of grave, soft eyes. Watson caressed him, and then pointed to a wicker cage outside the window in which a pigeon was pecking at some Indian corn. The cage door was wide open. "She comes to feed here by day. In the morning I wake up and hear her there—the darling! In the evening she spreads her wings, and I watch her fly towards Saint Cloud. No doubt the jade keeps a family there. Oh! some day she 'll go—like the rest of them—and I shall miss her abominably."

"You seem also to be favored by mice?" said Fenwick, idly looking at two traps on the floor beside him.

Watson smiled.

"My *femme de service* sets those traps every night. She says we are overrun—the greatest nonsense! As if there was n't enough for all of us! Then in the night—I sleep there, you see, behind that screen—I wake, and hear some little fool squeaking. So I get up, and take the trap down-stairs in the dark,—right away down—to the first floor. And there I let the mouse go—those folk down there are rich enough to keep him. The only drawback is that my old woman is so cross in the morning, and she spends her life thinking of new traps. *Ah, b'eu!—Je la laisse faire!*"

"And this place suits you?"

"Admirably—till the cold comes. Then I march. I must have the sun."

He shivered again. Fenwick, struck by something in his tone, looked at him more closely.

"How are you, by the way?" he asked repentantly. "I ought to have inquired before. You mentioned consulting some big man here. What did he say to you?"

"Oh! that I am phthisical, and must take care," said Watson, carelessly; "that 's no news. Ah! by the way,"—he hurried the change of subject,—"you

know, of course, that Lord Findon and madame are to be at Versailles?"

"They will be there to-night," said Fenwick, after a moment.

"Ah! to-night. Then you meet them?"

"I shall see them, of course."

"What a blessed thing to be rid of that fellow! What 's she been doing since?"

Fenwick replied that since the death of her husband, about a year before this date, Madame de Pastourelles, worn out with nursing, had been pursuing health—in Egypt and elsewhere. Her father, stepmother, and sister had been traveling with her. The sister and she were to stay at Versailles till Christmas. It was a place for which Madame de Pastourelles had an old affection.

"And I suppose you know that you will find the Welbys there too?"

Fenwick made a startled movement. "The *Welbys?* How did you hear that?"

"I had my usual half-yearly letter from Cuningham yesterday. He 's the fellow for telling you the news. Welby has begun a big picture of Marie Antoinette, at Trianon, and has taken a studio in Versailles for the winter."

Fenwick turned away and began to pace the bare floor of the studio.

"I did n't know," he said, evidently discomposed.

"By the way, I have often meant to ask you. I trust he was n't mixed up in the 'hanging' affair?" said Watson, with a quick look at his companion.

"He was ill the day it was done, but in my opinion he behaved in an extremely mean and ungenerous manner afterwards!" exclaimed Fenwick, suddenly flushing from brow to chin.

"You mean he did n't support you?"

"He shilly-shallied. He thought—I have very good reason to believe—that I had been badly treated, that there was personal feeling in the matter—resentment of things that I had written, and so on; but he would never come out into the open and say so."

The excitement with which Fenwick spoke made it evident that Watson had touched an extremely sore point.

Watson was silent a little, lit another cigarette, and then said with a smile:

"Poor Madame de Pastourelles!"

Fenwick looked up with irritation.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I am wondering how she kept the peace between you, her two great friends."

"She sees very little of Welby."

"Ah! Since when?"

"Oh! for a long time. Of course they meet occasionally—"

A big, kindly smile flickered over Watson's face.

"What—was little Madame Welby jealous?"

"She would be a great goose if she were," said Fenwick, turning aside to look through some sketches that lay on a chair beside him.

Watson shook his head, still smiling; then remarked:

"By the way, I understand she has become quite an invalid."

"Has she?" said Fenwick. "I know nothing of them."

Watson began to talk of other things. But as he and Fenwick discussed the pictures on the easels, or Fenwick's own projects, as they talked of Manet, and Zola's "L'Œuvre," and the Goncourts, as they compared the state of painting in London and Paris, employing all the latest phrases, both of them astonishingly well informed as to men and tendencies,—Watson as an outsider, Fenwick as a passionate partizan, loathing the Impressionists, denouncing a show of Manet and Renoir recently opened at a Paris dealer's,—Watson's inner mind was really full of Madame de Pastourelles, and that salon of hers in the old Westminster house in Dean's Yard, of which during so many years Fenwick had made one of the principal figures. It should perhaps be explained that some two years after Fenwick's arrival in London, Madame de Pastourelles had thought it best to establish a little *ménage* of her own, distinct from the household in St. James's Square. Her friends and her stepmother's were not always congenial to each other, and in many ways both Lord Findon and she were the happier for the change. Her small paneled rooms had quickly become the meeting-place of a remarkable and attractive society. Watson himself, indeed, had never been an habitué of that or any other drawing-room. As he had told Lord Findon long ago, he was not for the world, nor the world for him. But whereas his volatile lordship could never draw him from his cell, Lord Findon's daughter was

sometimes irresistible, and Watson's great shaggy head and ungainly person had occasionally been seen beside her fire, in the years before he left London. He had therefore been a spectator of Fenwick's gradual transformation at the hands of a charming woman; he had marked the stages of the process; and he knew well that it had never excited a shadow of scandal in the minds of any reasonable being. All the same, the deep store of hidden sentiment which this queer idealist possessed had been touched by the position. The young woman, isolated and childless, so charming, so nobly sincere, so full of heart,—was she to be always Ariadne, and forsaken? The man, excitable, nervous, selfish, yet, in truth, affectionate and dependent,—what folly, or what chivalry, kept him unmarried? Ever since the death of M. le Comte de Pastourelles, dreams concerning these two people had been stirring in the brain of Watson, and these dreams spoke now in the dark eyes he bent on Fenwick.

Presently, Fenwick began to talk gloomily of the death of his old Bernard-street landlady, who had become his housekeeper and factotum in the new Chelsea house and studio which he had built for himself.

"I don't know what I shall do without her. For eleven years I 've never paid a bill or engaged a servant for myself. She 's done everything. Every morning she used to give me my pocket-money for the day."

"This remedy, after all, is simple," said Watson, with a sudden turn of the head.

Fenwick raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"I imagine that what Mrs. Gibbs did well, 'Mrs. Fenwick' might do even better—*n'est-ce pas?*"

Fenwick sprang up.

"Mrs. —?" he repeated vaguely.

He stood a moment bending over Watson—his eyes staring, his mouth open. Then he controlled himself.

"You talk as though she were round the corner," he said, turning away and buttoning his coat afresh. "But please understand, my dear fellow, that she is not round the corner, nor likely to be."

He spoke with a hard emphasis, smiling, and slapping the breast of his coat. Watson looked at him and said no more.

Fenwick walked rapidly along the Quai Voltaire, crossed the Pont Neuf, and found himself inside the inclosure of the Louvre. Twenty minutes to four. Some impulse, born of the seething thoughts within, took him to the door of the Musée. He mounted rapidly, and found himself in the large room devoted to the modern French school.

He went straight to two pictures by Hippolyte Flandrin—"Madame Vinet" and "Portrait de Jeune Fille." When, in the first year of his London life, he had made his hurried visits to Paris, these pictures, then in the Luxembourg, had been among those which had most vitally affected him. The beautiful surface and keeping which connected them with the old tradition, together with the modern spirit, the trenchant simplicity of their portraiture, had sent him back, eager and palpitating, to his own work on the picture of Madame de Pastourelles, or on the last stages of the "Genius Loci."

He looked into them now, sharply, intently, his heart beating to suffocation under the stress of that startling phrase of Watson's. How many years since those two little words "Mrs. Fenwick" had passed the lips of any living being! Still tremulous, as one in flight, he made himself recognize certain details of drawing and modeling in "Madame Vinet" which had given him hints for the improvement of the portrait of Phœbe; and, again, the ease with which the head moved on its shoulders, its relief, its refinement,—how he had toiled to rival them in his picture of Madame Eugénie!—translating as he best could the cold and disagreeable color of the Ingres school into the richer and more romantic handling of an art influenced by Watts and Burne-Jones!

Then he passed on to the young girl's portrait,—the girl in white muslin, turning away her graceful head from the spectator, and showing thereby the delicacy of her profile, the wealth of her brown hair, the beauty of her young and virginal form. Suddenly his eyes clouded; he turned abruptly away, left the room without looking at another picture, and was soon hurrying through the crowded streets northwards toward the Gare St. Lazare.

Carrie!—his child!—his own flesh and

blood. His heart cried out for her. Watson's brusquerie, the young girl of the picture, and his own bitter and disappointed temper—they had all their share in the emotion which possessed him.

The child whom he remembered, with her mother's eyes, and that light, mutinous charm, which was not Phœbe's,—why, she was now seventeen!—a little younger, only a little younger, than the girl of the portrait. His longing fancy pursued her, saw her a wild, pretty, laughing thing, nearly a woman, and then fell back passionately on a more familiar image—of the baby at his knee, open-mouthed, her pink lips rounded for the titbit just about to descend upon them, her sweet and sparkling eyes fixed upon her father.

"My God! where are they?—are they alive or dead? How cruel—*cruel!*" And he ground his teeth in one of those paroxysms which every now and then, at long intervals, represented the return upon him of the indestructible past. Often for months together it meant little or nothing to him but the dull weight of his secret; twelve years had inevitably deadened feeling, and filled the mind with fresh interests, while of late the tumult of his Academy and press campaign had silenced the stealing, distant voices. Yet there were moments when all was as fresh and poignant as it had been in the first hours, when Phœbe, with her golden head and her light, springing step, seemed to move beside him, and he felt the drag of a small hand in his.

He stiffened himself, like one attacked. The ghosts of dead hours came trooping and eddying round him, like the autumn leaves that had begun to strew the Paris streets,—all the scenes of that first ghastly week when he had hunted in desperation for his lost wife and child. His joyous return from Chelsea, on the evening of his good fortune; Mrs. Gibbs's half-sulky message on the door-step that "Mrs. Fenwick" was in the studio; his wild rush upstairs, the empty room, the letter, the ring; his hurried journey north, the arrival at the Langdale cottage, only to find on the table of the deserted parlor another letter from Phœbe, written before she left Westmoreland, in the provision that he would come there in search of a clue, and urging him for both their sakes to make no scandal, no hue and cry, to accept the inevitable, and let her go in peace; his interview with the servant Daisy, who had waited with the child in a hotel close to Euston while Phœbe went to Bernard street, and had been sent back to the North immediately after Phœbe's return, without the smallest indication of what her mistress meant to do; his fruitless consultations with Anna Mason: the whole dismal story rose before him, as it was wont to do periodically, filling him with the same rage, the same grief, the same fierce and inextinguishable resentment.

Phœbe had destroyed his life. She had not only robbed him of herself and of their child, she had forced him into an acted lie which had poisoned his whole existence, and, first and foremost, that gracious and beautiful friendship which was all, save his art, that she had left him. For in the first moments of his despair and horror, he had remembered what it would mean to Madame de Pastourelles, did she ever know that his mad wife had left him out of jealousy of her. He was not slow to imagine the effect of Phœbe's action on that proud, pure nature and sensitive conscience; and he knew what she and her father must feel towards the deception which had led her into such a position and made such a tragedy possible. He foresaw her recoil, her bitter condemnation, the final ruin of the relation between himself and her; and yet more than these did he dread her pain, her causeless, innocent pain. To stab the hand which had helped him, the heart which had already suffered so much,—in the very first hours of his own shock and misery, he had shrunk from this, he had tried his best to protect Madame de Pastourelles.

Hence the compact with his landlady, by which he had in fact bribed her to silence, and transformed her into a devoted servant always under his eye; hence the various means by which he had found it possible to quiet the members of his own family and of Phœbe's,—needy folk, most of them, cannily unwilling to make an enemy of a man who was likely, so they understood, to be rich, and who already showed a helpful disposition. When once he had convinced himself that he had no clue, and that Phœbe had disappeared, it had not been difficult indeed to keep his secret and to hide the traces of his own

wrongdoing, his own share in the catastrophe. Between Phœbe's world and the world in which he was now to live there were few or no links. Bella Morrison might have supplied one. But she and her mother had moved to Guernsey, and a year after Phœbe's flight Fenwick ascertained that old Mrs. Morrison was dead, and that Bella had gone to South America as companion to a lady.

So in an incredibly short time the crisis was over. The last phase was connected with the cousin—Freddy Tolson—who had visited Phœbe the night before her journey to London, and was now in New South Wales. A letter from Fenwick to this young man, containing a number of questions as to his conversation with Phœbe, and written immediately after Phœbe's flight, obtained an answer after some three or four months, but Tolson's reply was wholly unprofitable. He merely vowed that he had discovered nothing at all of Phœbe's intention, and could throw no light whatever upon her disappearance. The letter was laboriously written by a man of imperfect education, and barely covered three loosely written sides of ordinary note-paper. It arrived when Fenwick's own researches were already at a standstill, and seemed to leave nothing more to hope for. The police inquiries which had been initiated went on intermittently for a while, then ceased; the waters of life closed over Phœbe Fenwick and her child.

What was Fenwick's present feeling towards his wife? If amid this crowded Paris he had at last beheld her coming to him, had seen the tall figure, and the childish look, and the lovely, pleading eyes, would his heart have leapt within him?—would his hands have been outstretched to infold and pardon her?—or would he have looked at her somberly, unable to pass the gulf between them, to forget what she had done?

In truth, he could not have answered the question; he was uncertain of himself. Her act, by its independence, its force of will, and the ability she had shown in planning and carrying it out, had transformed his whole conception of her. In a sense, he knew her no longer. That she could do a thing at once so violent and so final was so wholly out of keeping with all his memories of her, that he could only think of the woman who had come in his absence to the Bernard-street studio and defaced the sketch of Madame de Pastourelles as in some sort a stranger, one whom, were she to step back into his life, he would have had to learn afresh. Sometimes, when anything reminded him of her suddenly,—as, for instance, the vision in a shop-window of the very popular mezzotint which had been made from the "Genius Loci" the year after its success in the Academy,—the pang from which he suffered would seem to show that he still loved her, as indeed he had always loved her, through all the careless selfishness of his behavior. But, again, there were many months when she dropped altogether, or seemed to drop, out of his mind and memory, when he was entirely absorbed in the only interests she had left him—his art, his quarrels, and his relation to Eugénie de Pastourelles.

There was a time indeed, some two or three years after the catastrophe, when he passed through a stage of mental and moral tumult natural to a man of strong passions and physique. Even in their first married life, Phœbe had been sometimes jealous, and with reason. It was her memory of these occasions that had predisposed her to the mad suspicion which wrecked her. And when she had deserted him, he came violently near, on one or two occasions, to things base and irreparable. But he was saved,—first by the unconscious influence, the mere trust, of a good woman, and secondly, by his keen and advancing intelligence. Dread lest he should cast himself out of Eugénie's delightful presence, and the fighting life of the mind,—it was by these he was rescued, by these he ultimately conquered.

And yet, was it, perhaps, his bitterest grievance against his wife that she had, in truth, left him *nothing?*—not even friendship, not even art. In so wrenching herself from him, she had perpetuated in him that excitable and unstable temper it should have been her first object to allay, and had thus injured and maimed his artistic power; while at the same time she had so troubled, so falsified, his whole attitude towards the woman who on his wife's disappearance from his life had become naturally and insensibly his dearest friend, that not even the charm of Madame de Pastourelles's society, of her true, delicate,

and faithful affection, could give him any lasting happiness. He himself had begun the falsification, but it was Phœbe's act which had prolonged and compelled it through twelve years.

For a long time, indeed, his success as an artist steadily developed. The very energy of his resentment—his inner denunciation—of his wife's flight, the very force of his fierce refusal to admit that he had given her the smallest real justification for such a step, had quickened in him for a time all the springs of life. Through his painting, as we have seen, he wrestled out his first battles with fate and with temptation; and those early years were the years of his artistic triumph, as they were also the years of Madame de Pastourelles's strongest influence upon him. But the concealment on which his life was based, the tragedy at the heart of it, worked like "a worm i' the bud." The first check to his artistic career—the "hanging" incident and its sequel—produced an effect of shock and disintegration out of all proportion to its apparent cause,—inexplicable indeed to the spectators.

Madame de Pastourelles wondered, and sorrowed. But she could do nothing to arrest the explosion of egotism, arrogance, and passion which Fenwick allowed himself after his breach with the Academy. The obscure causes of it were hidden from her; she could only pity and grieve; and Fenwick, unable to satisfy her, unable to reëstablish his own equilibrium, full of remorse towards her and of despair about his art, whereof the best forces and inspirations seemed to have withered within him like a gourd in the night, went from one folly to another, while his pictures steadily deteriorated, his affairs became involved, and a shrewd observer like Lord Findon wondered who or what the deuce had got hold of him,—whether he had begun to take morphia, or had fallen into the clutches of a woman.

In the midst of these developments, so astonishing and disappointing to Fenwick's best friends, Eugénie de Pastourelles was suddenly summoned to the deathbed of the husband from whom she had been separated for nearly fifteen years. It was now nearly twelve months since Fenwick had seen her; and it was his eagerness to meet her again, much more than the necessities of his new commission, which had brought him out post-haste to Paris and Versailles, where indeed Lord Findon, in a kind letter, had suggested that he should join them.

. . . . . .

Amid these memories and agitations, he found himself presently at the Gare St. Lazare, taking his ticket at the *guichet*. It was characteristic of him that he bought a first-class return without thinking of it, and then, when he found himself pompously alone in his compartment, while crowds were hurrying into the second-class, he reproached himself for extravagance, and passed the whole journey in a fume of discomfort. For eight or nine years he had been rich, and he loathed the small ways of poverty.

Versailles was in the glow of an autumn sunset as he walked from the station to the famous Hôtel des Réservoirs on the edge of the park. The white houses, the wide avenues, the château on its hill, were steeped in light,—a light golden, lavish, and yet melancholy, as though the autumn day still remembered the October afternoon when Marie Antoinette turned to look for the last time at the lake and the woods of Trianon.

As Fenwick crossed the Rue de la Paroisse, a lady on the other side of the road, who was hurrying in the opposite direction, stopped suddenly at sight of him, and stared excitedly. She was a woman no longer young, much sunburnt, with high cheek-bones and a florid complexion. He did not notice her, and after a moment's hesitation she resumed her walk.

He went into the park, where the statues shone flame-like amid the bronze and orange of the trees, where the water of the fountains was dyed in blue and rose, and all the faded magnificence and decaying grace of the vast, incomparable scene were kindling into an hour's rich life under the last attack of the sun. He wandered awhile, restless and unhappy, yet always counting the hours till he should see the slight, worn figure which for a year had been hidden from him.

He dined in the well-known restaurant, wandered again in the mild dusk, then mounted to his room and worked awhile at some of the sketches he was making for his new commission. While he was so engaged, a carriage drew up below, and two persons descended. He recognized

Lord Findon, much aged and whitened in these last years. The lady in deep mourning behind him paused a moment on the broad pathway, and looked round her, at the hill of the château, at the bright lights in the restaurant. She threw back her veil, and Fenwick's heart leapt as he recognized the spiritual beauty, the patient sweetness, of a face which through twelve troubled years had kept him from evil and held him to good,—had been, indeed, "the master light" of all his seeing.

And to his best and only friend he had lied, persistently and unforgivably, for twelve years. There was the sting, and there the pity of it.

(To be continued)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

ETHICS IN THE HEART

SOMETHING has been said here about "Ethics in the Air" and "Ethics in the Ballot-box." Something more may be said about the way that current exposures, political and commercial, and political and commercial overturnings, have caused inquiries into private and public records, and a general searching of hearts, throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

Honest insurance men say that it is not fair to load all the business wrong-doing of our day upon the insurance world, simply because that particular wrong-doing has been exposed. And manifestly it is not. In fact, the knowledge that many had—that Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham and Mr. J. B. Bishop had, for instance (as was shown in the December CENTURY)—about the infamies of the Price of Peace in the concerns of great New York corporations,—such inside knowledge is possessed by many to-day of the semi-fraudulencies, or actual frauds, in other businesses, and much of this private and special knowledge is being made, just now, conspicuously public. This is true, even if the fact is not reassuring to those who wish to think well of their fellow-countrymen.

For example, some sorts of corrupt use of congressional opportunities have long been suspected. But, of late, verdicts in criminal cases have proved and exhibited to the whole nation the wrong-doing of members of our highest lawmaking body; and other members of that august chamber have, as a mere incident of the insurance investigations, been lamentably compromised. As close an inquiry as that into insurance matters conducted along the whole line of senatorial elections, senatorial business alliances, and the like, would only make thoroughly evident to the entire public certain questionable details which now are surely known to only a limited circle. Some good new blood has come of late into the Senate, and the wave of indignation which has lately beat about the seats of the mighty, in the high financial and high political world, may not spend its force till the effect is seen in a Senate which shall be as honorable in all its parts as it is now in many of its parts.

A remarkable speech made last November on the local judiciary by the newly elected district attorney of New York was, after all, in its essentials, with all its well-nigh reckless audacity, merely a putting into defiant and public form of a knowledge of things hidden from the multitude, but, much of it at least, well known to the knowing. In times like these,—times of the unsettling of parties both as to national and State and city affairs, a thorough unsettling so far as city affairs extend,—in times like these, we say, an utterance from such a source, on such a question, is sure to bear fruit in the near or distant future.

Then there are also the patent-medicine and the pure-food disclosures, and the blackmailing disclosures, and the railroad rebate disclosures, and the election-fraud disclosures, and the like. But the significant thing is that, aside from all questions of public exposure, if one talks to any expert in almost any line of business, facts as to irregular and unethical, sometimes

downright fraudulent, practices are apt to come out, which may never reach the public, but which are calculated to depress the citizen who hates to think that the business standards of his countrymen have suffered a depression.

The good citizen and square dealer falls back, however, upon two points of comfort: first, that there was a prodigal amount of rascality in the days when there was vastly less publicity; and, second,—and here is his best consolation,—that the standards of public opinion are as high as ever, and that, contemporary with this hideous exposure of wrong-doing, the signs are numerous of a revival of the ethics of business, as well as of the ethics of politics.

In a private discussion, not long ago, of one of the most pathetic cases of ruined reputation that recent events have illustrated, the fact came out that this man—so widely honored and beloved, and still so sympathetically regarded—had long realized the misfortune of his situation, deeply deprecating the supposed necessity of continuing certain corrupt and demoralizing practices. It is evident that if such ethical questions as he, for many unhappy years, decided according to unfortunate custom, could reach his authority again, after a period of exposure and retribution such as has just taken place, he would not hesitate to declare to his associates that, obviously, "honesty is the best policy," as well as the most agreeable part that honorable men can play. So it is now everywhere easier for honest impulses and suggestions to prevail in all matters relating to the conduct of business.

The most conspicuous exposure that has taken place is, of course, that which was precipitated by certain insurance imbroglios; and there was good fortune in the fact that these exposures, almost more than any other possible ones, touched individual interests well-nigh infinite in extent. The lesson of common honesty has therefore been carried into every family in the entire country where exist responsibility and thrift. Every man in the business world is now watching his neighbor; better than that, he is watching himself—taking to himself all sorts of warnings; making to himself all kinds of good resolutions; witnessing and taking part in a revival of applied ethics, not only in the community but in his own heart.

There is, indeed, nowadays such a searching of souls, and such a stern application of higher standards, that there is almost danger that judges themselves will "stand up so straight" that they may fall backward into the pool of judicial demagogy. But the searching will go on; and, on the whole, its dangers are few, while its benefits will be many and immense.

OPEN LETTERS

A Preacher and Patriot

THE special functions which a Christian or Jewish-American preacher of religion has had to perform during the last generation have been such as to call for a very unusual facility in assimilation of new knowledge and adjustment to new social phenomena and theories of society, if the man was to succeed. On the one side—that of new knowledge about the universe, its Maker, and his methods—there has been a prodigious extension of the horizon and a revolution in man's thought as to the processes by which all that is has come into being. Along with this there has been shed a wealth of new light on the sacred literatures of Semitic peoples and the early Christian church, knowledge which has been first appropriated by the clergy and then mediated by them to the laity. Then, also, man has set science serving him in ways bringing much increase of comfort, luxury, and wealth. Both capital and labor have found the strength there is in combination, and the consequent increase of class spirit has made more acute the social problem; while other reconstructions in industry, commerce, family life, and political government have joined in making it more difficult each decade for the clergyman to speak authoritatively as

a social guide and ethical teacher, unless competent.

The special distinction of the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, who celebrated his seventieth birthday February 11, is that preëminently among American clergymen, during this period of disintegration of old beliefs and reconstruction of new, he has kept his eyes open to the new knowledge of scientists, Biblical scholars, and sociologists, and has interpreted this new truth for the spiritual, ethical, and political guidance of his fellow-men, not only in this country, but to some degree throughout the English-speaking world.

The hypothesis of evolution as a method of cosmic and human development, the use of the scientific or inductive method in higher criticism of the Bible, the program of federation among religionists for common spiritual and ethical aims, and the demand for application of the Golden Rule in settlement of all industrial disputes and for the judgment of all commercial practices and ideals—each of these has had in him a prompt, persistent, and prudent champion. By word of mouth and in his many books, as well as in many anonymous contributions to the editorial columns of some of our leading monthlies and weeklies, he has shaped the opinion of his time to a degree that few appreciate.

Civil-service reform, municipal good government, restriction of monopolies, the moralization of wealth, church federation, and unity, owe much of their present hold on our people to him. The honors that have come to him in his career have been deserved, and his fame will increase as the history of the epoch in which he has wrought is written by men of the future.

Just as the fame of F. D. Maurice and other of the Broad-church leaders in the Church of England during the last century increases as men who were possessed of clear vision of the social import of Jesus' gospel of love and good-will among men, so the fame of Dr. Gladden among American preachers and teachers will increase. For he was one of the first among our clergy to pass from the individualistic to the social conception of the gospel, and to differentiate clearly between the church as an end in itself and as a means of ushering in the kingdom of God.

He has written hymns of faith which will live long and are now sung the world over. To the common people he has mediated new truth which greater scholars than he discovered. He has warned society against practical materialism and mammonism. He has taught both capital and labor truths which each needs to heed. He has challenged and rebuked sinners in high places, and called a halt to ecclesiasticism grown servile to predatory wealth.

In the list of American preachers, from Jonathan Edwards to Henry Ward Beecher, who have been ethical censors of society as well as spiritual guides to men, he has been a noble successor of a royal line.

George Perry Morris.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Gentle Spring in Boston

ONE of those days in which It does n't know
Whether to rain or snow:
So, to disturb humanity nothing loath,
Does both.

Henry Austin.

A Providential Discovery

WHEN the Circle's fair was ended we had forty dollars net,
An' the members of the Circle had been duly called an' met
To agree on how to spend it for the glory of the cause,
An' agreeable to custom an' the Circle's rules an' laws.

Sister Sarah Newton Tarbox thought it orto go to pay.
On the minister's back salary, an' Sarah had her say
Until Sister Marthy Colby p'inted out it would n't do
Under subdivision sixty-six of chapter twenty-two.

Sister Sarah, squelched, set silent an' she would n't say a word,
Save thet now an' then, sarcastic, to the Circle she referred
To the heathen, fat an' lazy, in a far-off, furrin clime,
An' the preacher outen flour more 'n half the mortal time.

Sister Prudence Wilson Connors humbly ventured to suggest
Thet the minister was needin' of a Sunday coat an' vest,
An' we argyed on it, prayerfull, till the whole plan was knocked out
By a leetle p'int of order raised by Sister Susan Stout.

Sister Prudence set there thoughtful through the follerin' debate,
With her Christian sperrit ruffled, an' allowed she orto state
Fer the clearin' of her conscience thet she would n't oncet demur
If we threw it in the river, it was all the same to her.

Sister Amy Ellen Droppers thought the money sh'u'd be lent
To some needy soul an' honest at a moderate per cent.,
But the by-laws of the Circle, so said Sister Sophy Squeer,
On the plan of lendin' money wa'n't exactly plain an' clear.

Sister Amy Ellen hinted she had nothin' more t' say
On the plan thet she suggested ef the law stood in the way,
But she said it was a pity the committee on expense
Had n't framed the Circle's by-laws in accord with common sense.

Sister Evalina Spriggins said she thought it plain to see
What a Furrin Mission Circle's bounden duty orto be,
An' she could n't see how preachers of the Sperrit was to roam
With the Furrin Mission Circles spendin' money here at home.

At which Sister Phœbe Lucy Brown arose, an', summat het,
Said she guessed she knew her duty, an' she did n't choose to set
An' to hear a sister hintin' in a most onchristian way
Thet the Furrin Mission Circle was a-goin' *fur* astray!

An' then Sister Spriggins told her thet she had n't meant no slur
On the Furrin Mission Circle an', leastwise of all, at her,
Said she knew thet Sister Phœbe knew her business, it was true,
An' she 'd heerd she knew most everybody else's business, too.

Then good Sister Patience Hitchcock said the Circle better burn
Every cent of it than quarrel, an' she motioned to adjourn
At which Sister Ellen Jackson riz up slowly on her feet
An' declared there was an error in the Circle's balance-sheet.

'Stid o' havin' forty dollars over all the fair's expense
She had found we had a deficit of sixty-seven cents,
She had got her figgers crosswise when she added up her sheets
An' had put expended items in the column o' receipts!

So with harmony pervailin' Sister Spriggins led in prayer,
An' Sister Phœbe Lucy Brown observed to Sister Blair
Thet we 're all poor, mortal creeters, who don't seem to understand
How the good Lord holds us, helpless, in the holler of his hand!

J. W. Foley.

Epigrams

SOCIETY. — An assemblage of well-dressed persons who would rather be bored together than alone.

HAPPINESS. — An exception to the rule that the demand always creates a supply.

POVERTY. — By common consent an admirable training for mental and moral perfection — in others.

J. F. Finley.

Mrs. Howe to Mark Twain

The following lines were read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe at the meeting of the Authors Club of Boston, October 25, 1905, which took the form of a reception to Mr. Samuel L. Clemens:

MARK the gracious, welcome guest,
Master of heroic jest;
He who cheers men's dull abodes
With the laughter of the gods;
For the joyless ones of earth
Sounds the reveille of mirth.
Well we meet, to part with pain,
But he and we shall ne'er be TWAIN.

Big Jean Duval

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

With drawings by A. B. Frost

JEAN DUVAL crossed the Canada line
And smuggled back a jug of high wine.

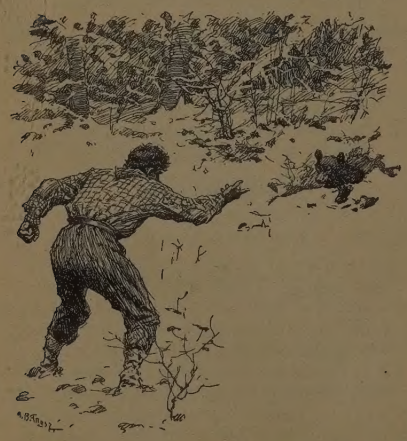
Jean Duval threw his wife from the door,
Flung the children about the floor;
Ran to the wood and cried he would fight
And whip any beast in spruce-wood white,
Lynx or panther, moose-bull or bear;
But none came forth to take up his dare.

He pulled a young spruce from the ground,
Cleared high brush-heaps at a bound.
A deer heard him shout and dashed away,
But the old bear grumbled where he lay;
For the old bear dreamt of leafy trees,
Of sweet blueberries and honey-bees,
And it made him angry, wakened so
To a dreary world of frost and snow;
He started out to find what thing
Dared to disturb his dream of spring.

Jean Duval saw him crawl from his lair;
"Oh, ho!" he cried, "is it you, old bear!
Come on, O black one, and I 'll throw you
As out of the shanty my woman I threw!"

The grouse flew nearer to watch the fight,
The white hare paused at so odd a sight;
The squirrel mocked, as a squirrel can,
To see such a tumbling given a man,
To see big Jean a-rolling go —
Worse than the wife he tossed in the snow!

At last the bear was through with him,
And Jean was sober, and sore of limb;
Sadly he took the homeward track,
Crept to his wife and besought her back.
"No more," thought Jean, "will I cross the line;
There 's trouble for me in a jug of high wine!"



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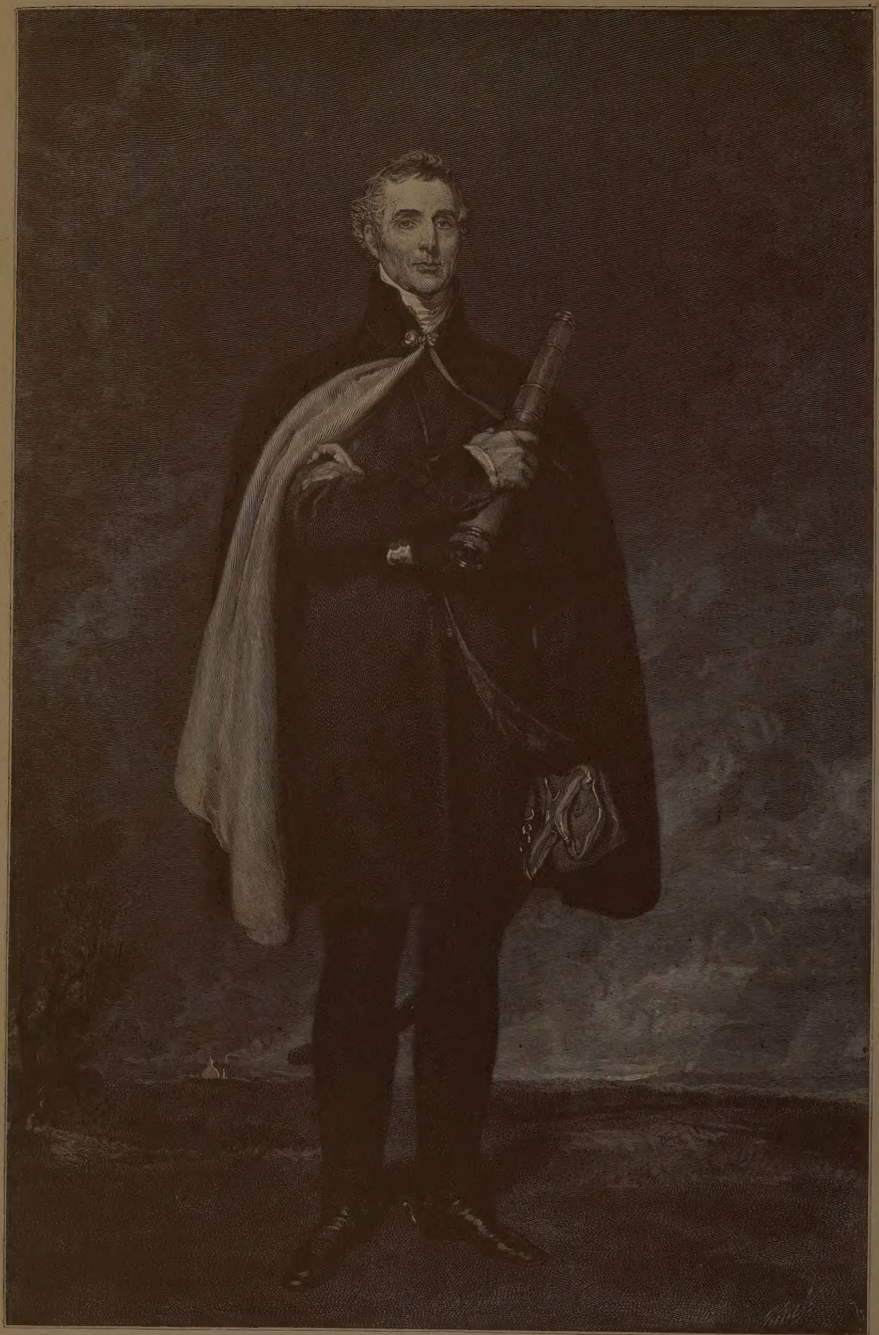

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FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE